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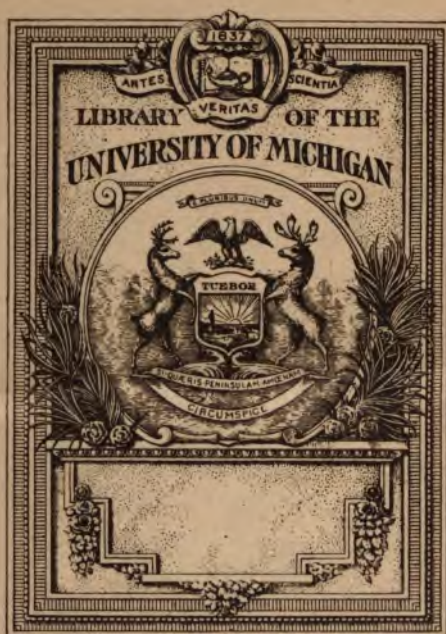
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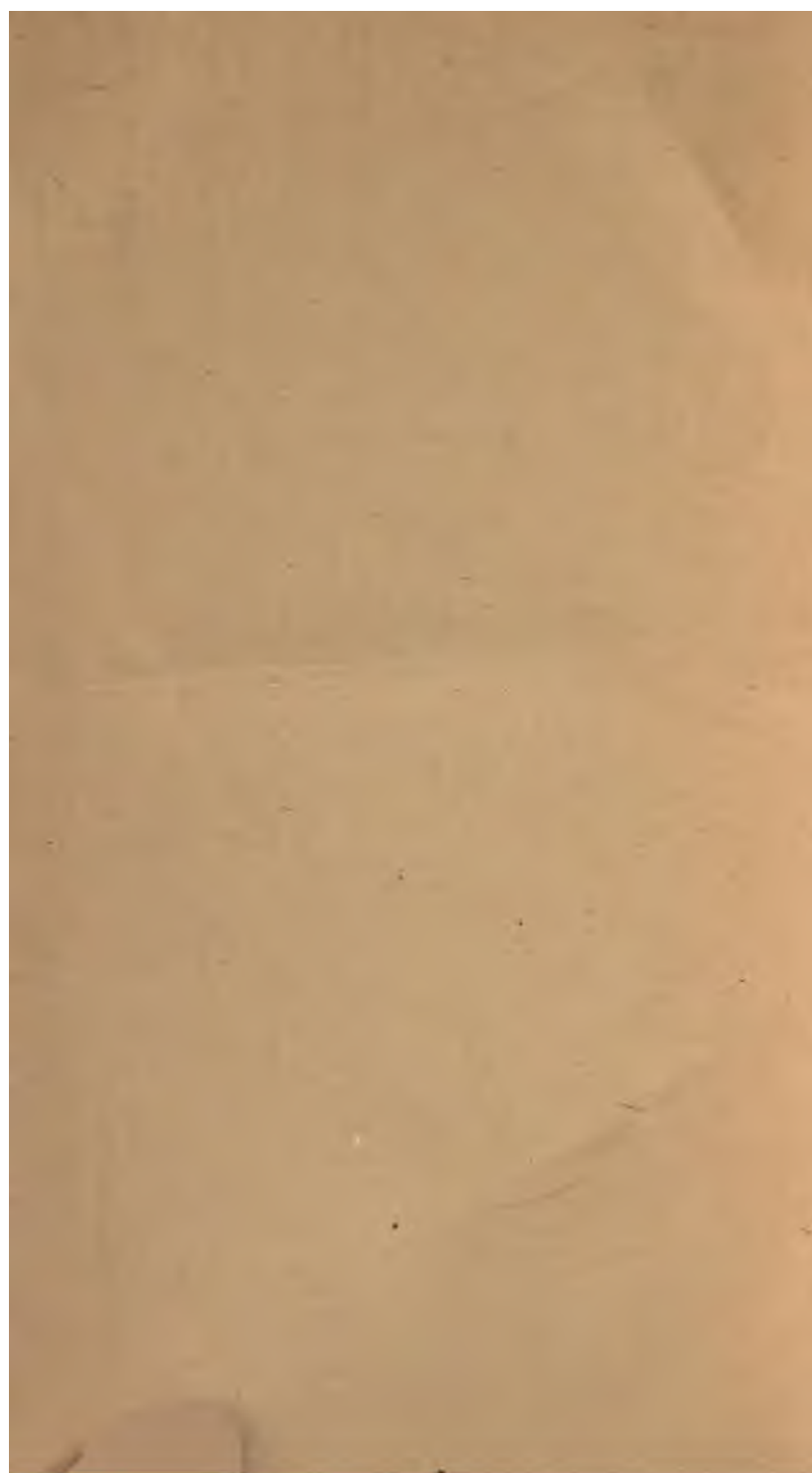
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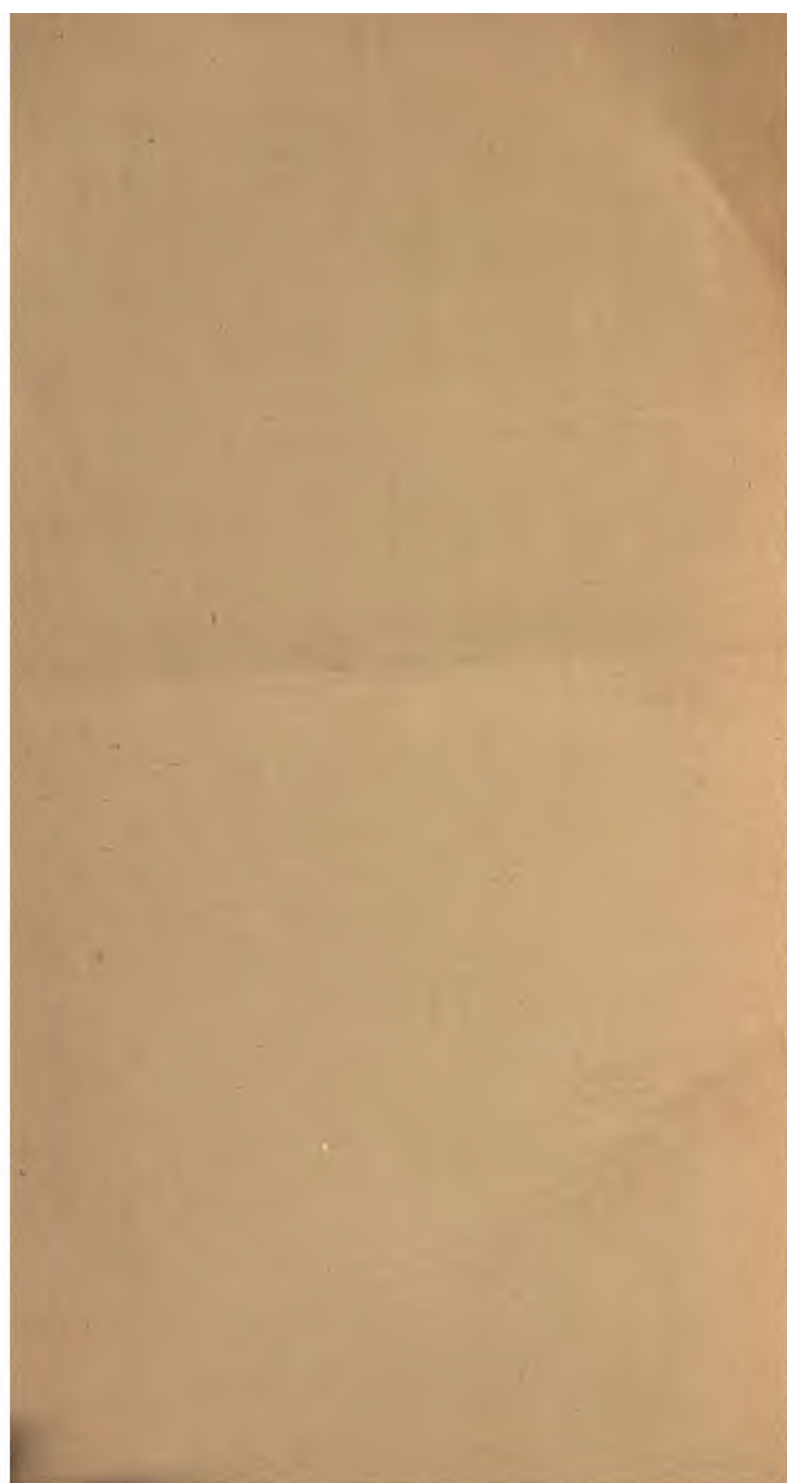


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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

BARON KOTZEBUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY

CHARLES SMITH.



VOL. 1.

CONTAINING

COUNT OF BURGUNDY,
THE WILD YOUTH,
INDIGENCE AND NOBLENES OF MIND,
SELF IMMOLATION,
LA PEYROUSE,
ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN.



NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR STEPHEN STEPHENS, NO. 165, PEARL-STREET.

1800.

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THE
AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION
TO THE
FIRST VOLUME.

ON this collection of my theatrical productions, I have little to say. As they had the good fortune of meeting with the public's approbation, they will undoubtedly displease the reviewers. I am so well accustomed to the asperity of those censors against public approbation; to their illiberal hints against the morality of my pieces; to their evident endeavours to attack the weaker parts, and still more to discolour the good, that I shall not lose a single word on that subject.

I know better than any reviewer that I do not produce master pieces, and that, as a dramatic writer, I deserve but a subordinate rank. My productions are chiefly calculated for stage effect; they obtain that end, and in this point of view they ought to be judged. The public, which, for years back, has done me justice, will, I trust, furnish me in future with oil against the bitings of these musquetoos.

Some have objected to the *Count of Burgundy*, as appearing in the third act suddenly too accomplished. But has not that rather been the fault of the actor, who was unable to penetrate deep enough into the author's meaning?—If the young Count brings it forth as declamation what he has to say in the third act, to the people, to his mother, &c. &c.; if he raises his sentiments into sentences by ostentation in his

expression; if he does not speak it carelessly, just so as his feeling lays it upon his tongue; if he permits himself but one moment, in accent and manners, to play the hero; then indeed the audience must find a striking difference between him and the child of nature in the two first acts. I am sorry to learn, that most of the young actors perform the Count's part in that manner, but that is not my fault. It was my duty not to insert any thing in the third act that might be contradictory to the words of the first and second, and this duty, I trust, I have fulfilled. If they are spoken, as I thought them to myself; the audience will recognize the hermit's son in the reigning Count.

False Shame is a subject, which, I believe, has for the first time been brought upon the stage; and this fault being the source of so many evils in this world, I hope to have acquired some merit by inspiring many a good heart with *confidence to confidence*.

The idea of *La Peyrouse*, suddenly rose within me, when, some time ago, I read in the public prints that the wife of this unfortunate man, had embarked, in search of him on uninhabited coasts. My imagination followed her to sea, created interesting situations, and lost itself in the empire of possibilities. But that in the plan of this piece—in spite of the most careful evasion of every thing improper—an error against morality should have been found, is a delicacy, to which I was not prepared.

As to the *Wild Youth*—it is but a Christmas amusement, and is not to represent any thing else.

THE AUTHOR.

FRIEDENTHAL, Jan. 1, 1797.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

To lay before the public a faithful translation of all the dramatic productions of the celebrated Kotzebue, who is justly styled the GERMAN SHAKESPEAR, is the design of the present undertaking.

The difficulty of translating from the German into the English language is very considerable, as has been sufficiently verified by the many unsuccessful attempts which have been made for that purpose.

But if there is, in general, a difficulty in translating from so copious a language as the German, it must obviously be considerably increased when we attempt dramatic writings, in which in order to do justice to the original it is essentially necessary, that we should be well acquainted with the very genius and spirit of that language.

To represent the meaning of KOTZEBUE precisely as he intended it, shall be the main aim throughout this publication ; and if in accomplishing so important an object the language should in some instances be found rather deficient in point of elegance, I doubt not of obtaining a ready excuse from a candid public.

To the intelligent reader, whether he be in the habit of seeing theatrical representations or not, it is of no moment what alterations are made in the performance : but when at a leisure hour he sits down to peruse the author, he will certainly desire to see

every effusion of his heart in its real purity. He wishes neither for curtailment nor alterations—much less for any additions, which being often the productions of men of inferior talents, greatly diminish the splendor of the original author.

THE AMERICAN TRANSLATOR.

NEW-YORK, February 10, 1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

BROTHER PETER, *an hermit at the foot of the Alps.*
HENRY, *his son.*
KNIGHT CUNO, *of Hallwyl.*
COUNT HUGO of Werdenberg, *Governor of Arles.*
GUIDO, *a boy.*
KNIGHT WALTER, *of Blonay.*
BRUNO.
BENEDICT, *a cooper.*
NICHOLAS, *a journeyman.*
MARTIN, *a grazier.*
BLOCK, *a cabinet-maker.*
AN OLD MAN.
HALBERDEERS, *pages, &c.*
PEOPLE.

WOMEN.

MATILDA, *Countess of Burgundy, a nun.*
ELSBETH, *Cuno's daughter.*
GERTRAUD, *Elsbeth's former nurse.*
A YOUNG WOMAN.
A LITTLE GIRL.

THE
COUNT OF BURGUNDY.

SCENE.

*A woody country at the foot of the Swiss mountains
In the back ground an hermitage ; opposite an open
chapel ; between both a garden fence. In the fore
ground a grass bench underneath an apple-tree.*

SCENE I.

*PETER sitting upon the bench making a basket of wil-
low branches. HENRY on the opposite side splits
wood, singing.*

BEHOLD in lofty air,
The waving banners fly ;
And clashing steel is heard
And trumpets rend the sky.

Peter. This song pleases you ?

Henry. Yes, father.

Peter. You like it better than the singing of the
matins.

Henry. Much better.

Peter, (smiling). And are not afraid of such a sin.

Henry. Father ? Can't be a sin. This song seems
to be as pleasing to you as to me.

Peter. What do you mean by this ?

Henry. When you sing *Hora**, you are cast down.
But when you sing the battle song of Murgarten or the
Victory song of Sempach, then your cheeks glow and
your eyes burn like the wax candle before the holy
virgin.

Peter. Have you discovered that ?

* An hourly exercise of devotion in convents

Henry. Still more : You have a song of the sword of justice, and the shield of faith ; you love to sing that best, because it speaks of swords and shields.

Peter, (smiling). Boy ?

Henry. A sword is a fine thing. As to the shield, one may do without.

Peter. Think you so my brave boy ?

Henry. Had that valiant Knight Erlach a shield, when he fought at Donnerbuhel ?—(*swinging the halchet over his head*) ha ! it is to me as if I heard the trumpet's sound.

Peter. Who tells you that you are a Swiss ?

Henry. My heart—my thirst for actions !

Peter. Have patience, my son ! your hour will arrive.

Henry. A creeping hour, slow like old mother Gertraud. I long to meet it.

Peter. Behold the apples on the tree ; are they ripe ?

Henry. Not yet, but soon.

Peter. Sweet fruits, for those who can wait.

Henry. Why have you kindled within me a flame, that finds no nourishment in these forests and, consumes me ?—Why telling me so much of battles and fights that man and horse day and night parade before my eyes ? as often as our old stallion neighs in the stable, I look for a lance and touch a rosary. As often as the guard on the Castle's steeple sounds the horn, I run for a sword and lay hold of an ax. Each great action makes the blood flow to my heart and brings water in my eyes. Every valiant knight I would press to my heart, and split the head of every scoundrel with the battle ax.

Peter. Such I wanted you to be.

Henry. For what ? for whom ?—Have you taught me so many sciences, to sing them before our shepherds at their festivals ? Whoever brings up a falcon for the chase must not confine him in a cage.

Peter. As long as he wears a cap he is too young.

Henry. Let us hear, how old ?

Peter. Eighteen years and upwards.

Henry. See here father ! (*he splits a log with one*

stroke) how old was the boy who made this stroke, do you think that an enemy's head is harder than this trunk ?

Peter. Strength belongs to youth. Even in this willow branch is juice and strength, but it is pliable. Obedience ornaments the boy.

Henry. Is the bow to become slack, wet it ; give me herbs to cool my blood.

Peter. Go, try your courage with bears and wolves.

Henry. They are but trifling robbers as long as men exist. Let me go to the castle. Knight Cuno long since wished me to become his armour bearer.

Peter. Will you leave your old father alone in this wilderness.

Henry. You are a pious man, the whole vicinity reveres the pious brother Peter,—who would hurt you ?

Peter. Enough, Henry it is not becoming you to be Cuno's armour bearer.

Henry. Is not the race of Hallwyll noble and renowned ?—and who am I then, that I should be ashamed to learn of Cuno to bear arms ?

Peter. Dive not into matters, which time only unfolds. A youth may bear arms but not keep a secret.

Henry. Father, why humble me ? Is a noble name my inheritance, why will you withhold the treasure from me ?

Peter. To deliver it now into your hands, would be depriving you of it.

Henry. A problem—always problems ! why has the father so little confidence in his son ?—have you fled from the field of honour into a desert ; have you converted your armour into a hermit's habit ; and why—has power forced you to it ?

Peter. And, suppose you have hit the point ?

Henry. Then give me a sword, I will avenge you !

Peter. No, son, revenge slowly follows vice and has wings only to attain virtue. The wished for hour is not yet come.

Henry. Allow me at least to travel into foreign countries, to prepare myself by actions for your revenge.

Peter. Would'st soon forget in the tumult of the world your old father and his wilderness.

Henry. You are not in earnest. I love you and the wilderness where I grew up; I love the apple-tree, which you have planted on my second birth day; and the grave upon which you used to weep; I love the wood stream, our summer bath, and the little garden, where the plants grow under my hands. Above all, I love Miss Elsbeth, who was shooting at my side like a young cedar, and whose cheeks glow like the castle windows when the evening sun gilds them. Also do I love old *Cuno*, because Elsbeth calls him father. Nos to forget mother Gertraud! often have I plagued her in return for her nice cakes. Yes, I love all, all.—The road into the world is the road to honor; that into the mountains the small path to tranquility. Suffer only one twig of laurels to bloom round my head. After that I am with you and lay myself to Elsbeth's feet.

Peter. Water your plants, and if you grow too warm, cool yourself in the wood stream, till the time-piece calls you to higher actions—who knows how soon?—a short while yet—perhaps fortune favors you before the leaves fall off these trees. My basket is finished. You forgot by your prattling your days work. There in the garden is work enough. Split your wood and then come to assist me.

Exit.

SCENE II.

HENRY alone. Looks after his father, shakes his head and goes to his work.

Very comprehensible. He has emptied the cup, how should he know what a thirsty man feels—tranquility—a refreshing draught to the old, to youth poison—were but the wood in the forest harder, and required more strength to split it, or were—*(he looks up)* hallo! there climbs Elsbeth down the footpath—God knows how she contrives it, let me but see her and I am contented with every thing—She leaps like a roe—old

Gertraud behind her, laying hold of every branch—
 Shall I plague the girl?—I owe her something for the
 large stone she threw into the water th'other day, which
 wetted me from head to foot—where shall I hide my-
 self—hush?—on the tree! (*throwing away the an-
 he climbs up the apple-tree*).

SCENE III.

Miss ELSEBETH *leaps upon the stage, looking anxiously
 around her.* Mother GERTRAUD *appears a mo-
 ment after. Her coughing is heard at a distance.*

Gertraud. My God, Miss, do not run so fast, I am
 out of breath?

Elsbeth. Rest yourself, dear mother.

Gertr. I thought so! shall I again rest here? why
 just here?

Elsb. It is a friendly spot.

Gertr. Friendly? I don't know that. The sun can
 hardly penetrate the high apple-trees.

Elsb. Well, that makes it cool.

Gertr. Yes, as cool as our castle cellar. Think you
 the blood in my veins flows as rapid as yours?—
 you leap like a fish in the rivulet, walk on thousand feet
 like a cellar worm. You would already have tumbled
 down the rock a thousand times if you were not pro-
 tected by the dear angels of heaven. Scarcely day light
 appears, and you are out of your bed, forget *ave Maria*
 and rosary, swallow your morning soup as if it was a
 bitter medicine: [than she calls and squalls: *Mother
 Gertraud shall we take a walk?* "ah, Miss, this trou-
 ble some cough"—the free air will do you good—
 "I have not said my mourning prayers yet."—*under
 God's free heaven you can pray more fervent*—and so
 she lays hold of my clothes, tears me, draws me along

Elsb. Be not angry mother.

Gertr. And whither does she carry me?—always
 to this place.—We are scarcely got into the garden,

where I stop to eat currents—when, away she runs, jumping from rock to rock, like a wild goat, leaping like a squirrel from tree to tree, and all at once returns again to the same place, and old mother Gertraud may call till she is hoarse——

Elsb. Have you done scolding, mother!

Gertr. Well, say, what secret treasure do you look for here. True you are a Sunday's child.—What are you looking for so anxiously: You turn your head like a bird after red berries?

Elsb. Do you not conceive why I'm here? I seek herbs.

Gertr. They grow on the mountains better than here.

Elsb. See there, white root, it only grows in the shade, and—wild clover for father's soup.

Gertr. Indeed! and the poisonous marigold, will you put that into the soup too?—Miss! Miss! the marigold is an useless weed and the young fellow that lives here is also an useless weed; but you are a *wonder-flower* that must bloom in secret, to give pleasure to God and man.

Elsb. What do you mean by that?

Gertr. See the poor girl understands me not. I'll make it clearer to you. You are running after that young boy here, Henry, do you understand it better now.

Elsb. Fy? Mother!

Gertr. Fy, I say too, the devil lays snares for the innocent. Your father shall hear of it.

Elsb. Well, I do no evil.

Gertr. No evil? the unfortunate child! She can scarcely repeat a psalm or scribble her name, and yet will know to distinguish good from evil. Think you we find out the evil by the cloven foot or the dragon's tail? never—the honey which Jonathan sucked from the stump was sweet. Follow my advice, Miss, I mean it honest with you; do not approach the hermitage too near.

Elsb. You are peevish, mother, why should I not visit the pious Peter?

Gertr. Aye, aye, that pious Peter has a son with

whose piety all is not right. Has not that fellow last Sunday desired me to spin, and even during the mass I often catch him squinting at you from behind his hat.

Elsb. He does not squint, he has a fine large pair of eyes.

Gertr. So much the worse! I wish to God he was blind and lame! take care Miss! if *Walter of Blonay* should hear of it. ———

Elsb. What?

Gertr. Well, you understand me.

Elsb. Every one may judge my actions, and what has *Chevalier of Blonay* to do with them.

Gertr. Your Bridegroom. ———

Elsb. O! We are not yet come so far.

Gertr. But, with the help of God, we shall come so far. *Blonay* is a fine knight, has three stately castles.

Elsb. Good! the sun shines also upon huts.

Gertr. Gold and silver——

Elsb. Can he do more than eat till he is satisfied.

Gertr. You talk like an ignorant girl; but when you see once the golden chains and the precious bridal ornaments——

Elsb. Do we walk and jump easier in golden chains?

Gertr. Jumping is then altogether at an end. You will then walk in stately array, a page bearing your train, and a noble youth leading your horse.

Elsb. (*peevishly*). Leave me undisturbed.

Gertr. Patience, Patience, the children's shoes are not worn out yet.

Elsb. I am no more a child.

Gertr. At the age of fifteen we still are with one leg in the cradle——Go young lady, if your father returns from hunting and finds you not at home, he will growl.

Elsb. It is false, Mother; my father is good, he never growls.

Gertr. Yes, yes, he is but too good. Along! along! I already hear the horns.

Elsb. I won't.

Gertr. What will you do then?

Elsb. Stay here, to rest myself.

Gertr. (*ironically*) And look for herbs?

COUNT OF BURGUNDY.

Elsb. I am fatigued. (*She sits down upon the bench.*)

Gertr. Obstinate child what shall I do.—(*to herself*) fortunately the boy is not at hand, now there is no danger (*loud*) rest yourself then in the name of God! I will go meanwhile into the chapel and repeat an *ave Maria*.

Elsb. Do that, Mother, and pray for me also.

Gertr. Yes, yes, it's necessary, it is easier to hold an eel, by the tail than to guard a young girl. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

ELSBETH, and HENRY on the tree.

Elsb. (*looking around her*) Where can he be? Is the lazy boy asleep yet? Shall I throw a dry branch into the hut?

Henry. (*lets an apple fall upon her.*)

Elsb. What's that?—an apple, (*she takes it up and looks at it*), is not ripe yet.

Henry. (*hits her with another.*)

Elsb. Again? (*jumps up*) Does a hobgoblin make jest of me—(*she perceives Henry*) O! you rogue! down from the tree! I shall pay you for that. (*whilst Henry gets down, Elsbeth tears up some grass and flowers, puts them into her apron, and as he approaches her she throws one handful after another at his face.*) This is for the first apple!—this for the second—this for your listening, and this for your always plaguing me!

Henry. (*shaking himself.*) Elsbeth! Elsbeth! cease or I kiss you.

Elsb. Yes, you may kiss, mother Gertraud is in the chapel, and if she turns her head she can see us.

Henry. She will not turn her head. (*he is going to kiss her.*)

Elsb. You! I'll run into the chapel.

Henry. (*holding her fast*), run if you can.

Elsb. Henry. I shall be angry.

Henry. You must not get angry—(*he lets her go.*) Why will you not give me a kiss?

Elsb. Have I not lately kissed you ; when the rivulet was swelled up and you carried the old man over the small bridge ?

Henry. That is a long time since.

Elsb. And when you took that poor boy out of the water did I not kiss you then ?

Henry. Oh ! that's still longer ago.

Elsb. As often as you do a good action you shall have a Kiss.

Henry. I wish to do always good. Is it my fault that not every day boys fall into the water, or old men wish to get over a bridge ?—Kiss me.

Elsb. I Wo'nt.

Henry. I know why you won't.

Elsb. Well, why ?

Henry. *Walter of Blonay* is a fine knight.

Elsb. Hold your tongue.

Henry. Those precious golden chains.

Elsb. (*menacing*) *Henry*, I go into the chapel.

Henry. Go, go ; you will soon enough go there to be married to *Walter*.

Elsb. Old mother *Gertraud* has put that into your head.

Henry. Is it not true then ?

Elsb. Well my father dropt a few words about it.

Henry. And they fell upon your heart !

Elsb. What's that to you ?

Henry. True—it is nothing to me—I am a poor youth—I love you and that's all—When you come down from the castle with music and a stately train, suddenly your horse will become shy and unruly—what is that ? you will ask—oh nothing ! poor *Henry* lays on the road and has grieved himself to death.

Elsb. (*in a softening voice*) *Fy ! Henry ! fy !* that was naughty of you.

Henry. (*sighing*) And if it was true ?

Elsb. I believe you weep—Dear *Henry* kiss me.

Henry. No, I will not kiss you now, you only want to pay me for the grief I shall have to endure.

Elsb. You are a fool, I shall not marry at all.

Henry. Will you promise that ?

Elsb. I'll rather go into a convent than to Walter of Blonay.

Henry. My eyes have never beheld that man, but I hate him heartily.

Elsb. For shame! we must not hate any body.

Henry. If he should once fall into the water—

Elsb. Would'st you not help him out? Look at me!

Henry. (*is going to say no, but a glance at Elsbeth, makes it impossible for him*) I would—for your sake.

Elsb. No, for God's sake! To serve friends is no merit, but to save enemies is a piece of entrance money with St. Peter.

Henry. She speaks like an Abbot.

Elsb. Be now again merry. Come let us look for herbs.

Henry. I must split wood.

Elsb. I'll help you.

Henry. You help me! ha! ha! ha! you can scarcely lift the ax.

Elsb. O ho! I can draw my father's massy sword out of the scabbard.

Henry. Well then try. (*he gives her a hatchet, she makes a few awkward cuts, whilst he with the utmost dexterity splits some large logs.*)

Elsb. (*fatigued*) It won't do.

Henry. I thought so. You will cut your foot. But see how quick I do it. When you are present, it is to me as if I could split rocks.

Elsb. Have you ever heard it, Henry, that when one loves and shares labour it goes easier out of hand.

Henry. I have never heard that, but it may be very true.

Elsb. Come and help me to seek herbs.

Henry. What kind of herbs?

Elsb. Whiteroot and speedwell.

Henry. I don't know them.

Elsb. I will show them to you. See, this is whiteroot.

Henry. O, enough of them grow here.

(*Both gather eagerly.*)

Henry. There is a whole handfull.

Elsb. Fool, these are not the right kind—They are poisonous.

Henry. Throw them trifles away, and let us chat. If I should once be wounded in battle, then you may seek roots, and prepare a salve.

Elsb. Aye, aye, what is it to me if you are wounded ?

Henry. So ! you would leave me helpless !

Elsb. There is brother Burkard in the convent, he understands medicine.

Henry. I cannot bear monks about me.

Elsb. Take a wife, then. It is becoming a faithful wife to nurse her master.

Henry. Right Elsbeth I'll make you my wife.

Elsb. You me ? ha ! ha ! ha !—how will you do that ?

Henry. First I will go to Italy and Germany, to Burgundy and Wallis, there I'll fight bravely, that people will talk of me ; and a valiant prince make me a knight ; then I will present myself before your father and say : Valiant knight, give me the graceful baroness Elsbeth to wife.

Elsb. And when the father says yes ?

Henry. Well, then we send for the monk at the castle.

Elsb. And me you will not ask at all ?

Henry. I hope you will not say no.

Elsb. Who knows it.

Henry. (*tenderly*) will you say no ?

Elsb. Fy ! don't look at me so.

Henry. (*more tenderly*) Dear Elsbeth will you say no

Elsb. (*sinks into his arms.*)

SCENE V.

Mother GERTRAUD, *the FORMER.*

Gertr. Now, here we have it ! holy Agnesia ! and all the eleven thousand virgins ! assist me !

Elsb. What is the matter, mother Gertraud ?

Henry. What is it ?

Gertr. And you dare to ask ? You wicked children !
What have I seen ?

Both. Where ? where ?

Gertr. Have you not been in each others arms.

Henry. Now ? and what more ?

Gertr. More still ? heavens beware ! Boy, would'st
push the crime still farther.

Henry. Crime ?

Gertr. Whilst I lay there piously upon my knees, and
pray one rosary after another, satan here carries on his
game,

Elsb. Satan has not been here.

Henry. Let that be as it may, mother you know how
much I love you.

Gertr. You ? love me, as a wolf loves the dog that
guards the sheep.

Henry. You found us arm in arm, is that not better
than hatred and quarrel ?

Gertr. No it is not better—I would rather you had
scratched out one anothers eyes, there would be less
danger.

Elsb. What danger ?

Gertr. You do not understand that, young lady—I must
know that better : and in short—I shall this very day ac-
quaint your father with it.

Henry. Be not so peevish, mother Gertraud, (*he picks
up the apples which he dropped upon Elsbeth*) There take
a pair of fine apples.

Gertr. Let me alone with your sour apples.

Henry. (*sneeringly*) Well then, give to the apples some
of your ripeness, and you will both have enough.

Gertr. I believe the boy is mocking me.

Henry. God forbid ! is it my fault that the apples are
not ripe ?—Stop, I recollect, (*he feels his pocket*) see here
a fine picture of the holy Maria, finely coloured, this I
present you with.

Gertr. I will not have it. Away Miss.

Henry. Aye, aye, is this the mother Gertraud of whom
every body speaks so well.

Gertr. What have they told you of me ?

Henry. That in your youthful days you were the
finest damsel in the whole valley.

Gertr. Paperlapapp.

Henry. Poets had exhausted their wit on your black eyes.

Gertr. Who told them to do so?

Henry. You was called the beautiful Gertraud.

Gertr. God had blessed me with a fine figure.

Henry. Old and young were staring at you, when at a dance, you turned yourself in graceful windings.

Gertr. Yes, yes, that's true enough.

Henry. And you were, with all that, so chaste and pious, so modest and affable——

Gertr. (to herself) The Rogue! one cannot be angry with him.

Elsb. (flattering her) are you reconciled again, mother.

Henry. Dear Mother! do not be angry with poor Henry.

Elsb. I love so much to see him.

Henry. I love her so much.

Elsb. Is it punishable, to be fond of one another's company?

Henry. Is it sinful, to love each other?

Gertr. Children! children! you do not understand that. Satan often perverts Love into boys' tricks. You, *Henry*, may be a very good boy, but none knows whence thou comest or whither thou goest. But Miss *Elsbeth* is a Knight's daughter.

Henry. Aye, my father was formerly a Knight too.

Gertr. Your father is that pious Brother *Peter*; of whose knighthood I know nothing. In short it is high time to separate you, before any misfortune happens.

Elsb. What misfortune can happen then?

Gertr. Away, Young Lady! away! You are always so wonderful quick in coming down and so slow in going up.—

Elsb. See there, mother, a Pilgrim passing through the wood.

Gertr. What is that Pilgrim to you?

Elsb. He comes perhaps from the Holy Sepulchre. I love to hear news from foreign countries.

Gertr. Curiosity fits not a young damsel. We often

hear more in one hour than we are able to forget all our life time.

Elsb. A few moments only, dear mother, are you afraid of that old Greybeard?

SCENE VI.

BRUNO, in *Pilgrim's habit.* The FORMER.

Bruno. Blessed be Jesus Christ!

Gertr. In all eternity amen!

Bruno. Can you inform me where dwells the pious Brother Peter?

Gertr. You are on the very spot.

Bruno. Thanks, mother, I come from the Convent *Einsiedeln*, † in passing below through the village I heard much of his pious conduct; and resolved to go out of my way, to confess to him. Where may I find him?

Gertr. Here is his Son, he can inform you.

Bruno. (*joyfully and earnestly looking at Henry*) his Son! this youth his Son? (*with emotion to Henry.*) God bless you! my eyes become bright in beholding you.

Henry. I thank you, Venerable Man; but I am not so pious as my father.

Gertr. No, indeed! that he is not.

Bruno. (*forgetting himself in beholding Henry*) the tender sprig is become a Stately tree.

Henry. Have you ever known me before?

Bruno. It may be.

Henry. Have you ever been here?

Bruno. (*with signification*) often have I been here—constantly!

Henry. I forgot your features. Be that as it may! can I serve you in any thing?

Bruno. If you do it willingly?

Henry. I am always ready to serve.

Bruno. I may hereafter remind you of your word. For the present tell me where is your father?

† A famous place in Switzerland where Pilgrims of all parts of Europe resort to.

Henry. If you look over yonder fence you will see him in the garden.

Gertr. Let us be gone, Miss ! me thinks I hear your father's hunting horns.

Elsb. I am going, Farewell Henry !

Henry. I shall conduct you part of the way.

Gertr. It's unnecessary.

Henry. To the place only, where a piece of the broken rock barricades the footpath. There I'll help you over.

Gertr. I have often got over without help.

Henry. The rain has made the ground slippery, and on the right hand the precipice. No—indeed, I shall not let you go alone.

Gertr. O heaven ! It is surprising how much he is concerned that I should not slip. But I guess—you may accompany us this time but not farther than to the large rock.

Elsb. Good bye, pious Pilgrim ! if you come to see us at the Castle, I will treat you with a glass of our best wine.

Bruno. I thank you, lovely Lady.

Henry. In the garden you will find my father.

(Exit with Elsbeth.)

Gertr. (To Bruno) God be with you ! children children ! don't run so fast.

(She goes slowly after them.)

SCENE VII.

BRUNO—alone.

Blessing on my Country ! the lovely youth, uncorrupted in soul and body. No sickly plant out of a princely garden ; a fresh tree full of juice and strength. It was fortunate, perhaps, for you Burgundy, that it so happened. No monk has made his neck to bend, nor a prostitute deprived him of the youthful red of his cheeks. But I forget that dear old Gentleman, so much was I surprised at the appearance of the youth—my intelligence is long looked

for yet unexpected.—(*he approaches the garden fence*) Is that he—who is so busy digging the ground?—It fits him well—yet the sword fitted him better.—O how grief and age have altered him! grey hair, deep wrinkles on his forehead—but 'tis he!—heart, my beating heart! Yes 'tis he! —(*he calls*) Chevalier, Hans of Bonstetten!

Peter. (*behind the scene*) Who calls?

Bruno. Hans of Bonstetten!

Peter. Great God! who calls?

SCENE VIII.

PETER comes in great agitation upon the stage.

Peter. Pilgrim! who disclosed to you my name?

Bruno. Have you forgot my voice?

Peter. Apparition! eighteen years ago I would have sworn it was my faithful brother Bruno.

Bruno. (*kneels down*) 'Tis he.

Peter. (*leaning upon him*) Hah! welcome friend's voice. How sweet it sounds into the unaccustomed ear!—rise, let me press you to the heart—that once more beats youthful.

Bruno. (*in his arms*) My good old master.

Peter. O what a variegated crowd of images—the sound of your voice creates before my eyes!—how am I—where am I?—One single familiar tone has converted eighteen years into a dream. I see myself again in the circle of my family, see brothers and sisters about me, hold my dear wife in my arms.

Bruno. Where is she, that I may salute her.

Peter. Ah! I have buried her! yonder hill covers the dear remains. Eight long years the noble Agnez assisted me in rearing plants in this wilderness.

Bruno. Oh that God had prolonged her days 'till the rising of a new sun.

Peter. Speak, what brings you here?

Bruno. The dear pledge, entrusted to you by fate he lives.

Peter. He lives.

Bruno. Then put on your armour! away! away! to Burgundy.

Peter. Is he dead, that robber of the throne?

Bruno. O'erwhelmed with curses he has descended to his forefathers.

Peter. Our time is come at last.

Bruno. So show ourselves—still flow the tears of the people's love on the grave of the murdered father.

Peter. Henry, your hour is arrived. Is Matilda living?

Bruno. She lives in the solitude of a convent—the maternal heart knows nothing of the strong ties which link her to this world.

Peter. Messenger of heaven! after so many hopeless days, you have refreshed me with a salutary dew—I shall quit you, dear solitude—quit you, grave of my beloved wife!—I thank you God, that for the welfare of my country you have lengthened my days!—Come, Bruno, come into that chapel, to bring to the *Eternal* the offerings of our hearts!—and then let us clean the armour that has been rusting these eighteen years. (*He takes him by the hand and leads him into the chapel.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

The Theatre remains unaltered.

SCENE I.

PETER and BRUNO with spades; they dig a hole into the ground under a tree, talking during their labour.

Peter.

AND so he is constantly: noble hearted, good, full of sensibility, and thirst for action.

Bruno. Does he never desire to know your fate?

Peter. O yes, he is never tired of asking—My answers are oracles. His being my pupil only, never enters his mind. And indeed I love him as my child!

Bruno. Have you not given him a second life? Without you, his brother's mournful fate would have befallen him.

Peter. I am not born for a pilgrim, and he found that out. I love better to speak of battles than to read a legend. He is better acquainted with the history of his country than that of the holy *Antonius* in the wilderness.

Bruno. Hush! methinks I hear something. If he was listening—

Peter. Listening? Good Bruno, you come from a princely court. Here in this wilderness we listen to nightingales only. Henry is far enough. I have sent him to the lake to catch a mess of fish—I was fearful lest his questions would disturb the sensation which, at this work, I wish to nourish—Enough! Do you see the trunk? Let us go and lift it up, it is not heavy. (*They descend into the hole and lift up the box*) hah! how labour and frugality add to the strength, which is absorbed by age. Indeed, Bruno, eighteen years ago I lifted this trunk with less ease than to day.—There it is—I see it again, and think of the last look I gave it on covering it with earth—my wife was then at my side—at this tree she was leaning—the tree is green yet—Oh!—(*he endeavors to collect himself*) here is the key—covered with rust—we shall open the lock easier with the hatchet. (*After some efforts the lid opens. Peter drops his utensils, turns himself, puts both his hands before his face, weeps aloud.*)

Bruno. What ails you, good master, you weep?

Peter. Ah, Bruno! my wife's necklace first struck my view. Take it away and put it in your pocket.

Bruno. (*is going to take it.*)

Peter. No! no! I cannot see it in strange hands, (*pressing it fervently to his bosom*) In these ornaments I conducted her to the marriage altar. In these ornaments she swore to me eternal fidelity, and she has kept her vow—till death—My lovely faithful Agnez! the chain which once adorned your neck—(*he puts it in his bosom*) it shall never be wrested from my heart.

Bruno. (Dries his eyes.)

Peter. You are moved, good Bruno.

Bruno. I remember her benefactions. Twenty years ago, when illness stretched me on my bed, her attention comforted me.

Peter. Twenty years have elapsed since, and you recollect it still with grateful tears. But I, to whom she was every thing : I, whose hut she converted into a palace—Oh, what a precious jewel is a good housewife. Enough, Bruno, our country calls—be silent, my heart !—See here the swathing clothes in which Henry lay, when he in Agnez's arms escaped the bloody scene.—This here is the ring with the seal of the old Count—This the cup with the arms of Burgundy, which many a foreign prince took from my hands to take a welcome draught—Here underneath my armour, with helmet and sword—Let us see whether I can handle it yet—*(he draws the sword, swinging it over his head)*—For God and my country ! There is strength yet.

Bruno. Henry's name will conquer his people, not the sword.

Peter. True brother, a son finds his way easy to the throne, when it is marked by the father's benefactions.

Bruno. (looking about him) Master, I see people coming down from the mountain.

Peter. Let us carry the trunk into the chapel. If they are the women from the castle there will be no end to their questions.

Bruno. Methinks they lead an old man.

Peter. perhaps the old knight Cuno. A brave man. A little too talkative. What pain it is to move the lips when the heart is affected. Come, assist.

(They carry the box into the hut.)

SCENE II.

Miss ELSBETH. *Soon after* CUNO and Mother GER-
TRAUD.

Elsb. (listening) Two men went into the hut, carrying something that looked like a coffin : But Henry was not with them.

Cuno. (*behind the scene*) Elsbeth!

Elsb. Here, father!

Cuno. (*appears*) You run about like a colt; that is not becoming; you are fifteen years old, and should begin to walk modestly and softly.

Elsb. Why is a step more modest than a leap?

Gertr. A lively caper at a dance I should have no objection to.

Cuno. You carry your head so high and free; it shakes like a weather cock.

Gertr. And the eyes! the eyes! they turn about like a flame in a whirlwind.

Cuno. And the hands fly up and down, like the wings of a windmill.

Gertr. And the hairs hang wildly round the neck, like cedar-twigs.

Elsb. One finds fault with this, another with that! how shall I do to please them?

Cuno. A modest young woman should trip it smooth and softly.

Gertr. Not look about, but blink.

Cuno. The hands must rest modestly in the lap.

Gertr. The hairs, neatly curled close to the neck.

Elsb. (*peevishly*) mother, get yourself a girl cut out of wood,

Gertr. Naughty child! am I then cut out of wood? In my youth how often have I been at banquets sitting so stiff that they had to put a feather to my mouth, to know whether I was alive.

Elsb. Banquets are no pleasure parties. Look at the Redbreast here in the bush, how it leaps and sings; above a Mag-Pie chattering, but it seems to care for nothing, father,—you are fatigued.

(*she wipes the sweat from his forehead.*)

Cuno. How you made me cough, running after you down the mountain.

Gertr. That's always her way; at every hedge she leaves a piece of cloth.

Cuno. And I don't know why you tore me out of my arm chair?

Elsb. (*complaining*) Mother Gertraud would not go with me, and alone I dare not.

Gertr. Aye, aye, *alone!* when the Bee is out of the basket, there are ten Swallows behind to catch it up.

Elsb. (*draws Cuno under the apple-tree*) sit down, father, on the grass bench. So—lean against the tree—slumber—I will link a few branches, together that the sun cannot discommode you—(*she is busy in placing the old man comfortably*) Now? Is it not better here than between the cold walls of the Castle? in that cool leather arm chair? I'll go to gather herbs for your Sallad, cresses, sorrel and spoon-wort.

SCENE III.

CUNO and GERTRAUD.

Gertr. Miss Elsbeth, where are you going?

Cuno. Let her go.

Gernr. Quite alone?

Cuno, Children, Mrs. Gertraud; we have been young too.

Gertr. Aye, she is no more a child.

Cuno. The better for her if she thinks so.

Gertr. She runs to her destruction.

Cuno. For these few steps, where is the danger.

Gertr. One misstep is enough for a fall.

Cuno. Here in the valley—

Gertr. Even here in the valley, Knight, have you then observed nothing?

Cuno. What should I observe?

Gertr. That young boy, the pious Pilgrim's Son.—

Cuno. Well?

Gertr. She is fond of him.

Cuno. Aye, aye, mother, has she told you so?

Gertr. H'm! Such things young damsels never tell. She may scarcely know it herself.

Cuno. And how do you know it then?

Gertr. Miss Elsbeth has forgot sitting still, she is for ever walking out.

Cuno. Well, but is that all.

Gertr. To the North is a beautiful wood,—that is not her

roust; to the South is a pleasant declivity reaching to the very lake—that does not attract her—westward a charming eminence, where the great poplar tree stands, there she finds no pleasure either——

Cuno. Well, and whither walks she then?

Gertr. Constantly to the East, where the rock is roughest, and at every step the neck is in danger; always to this valley where the shoes at every step stick in the mud, and the sun at the meridian scarcely dries the dew.

Cuno. H'm! h'm!

Gertr. Henry is her first word at rising in the morning and her last at bed time.

Cuno. (*shaking his head*) h'm! h'm!

Gertr. If I prepare a delicious soup or you have brought home some fine game, she never forgets, that Henry should have a bit of it.

Cuno. H'm! h'm!

Gertr. Of the fine wine, your brother Abbot sent you lately from Italy, she immediately hid a bottle behind her bed.—For whom, Lady?—she would not tell—but for whom else but Henry?

Cuno. Aye, aye, this, to be sure, looks strange.

Gertr. A Nosegay from him, common as the flowers may be, she never takes off her bosom till it is entirely decayed.—The roguish boy carves her name on every tree—yes, all must come out—this morning the naughty children have—I am ashamed, to tell——

Cuno. What have they done then?

Gertr. They have—I tremble thinking of it?——

Cuno. Quick, quick, out with it!

Gertr. (*With a deep sigh, making the sign of a cross before her*) they have kissed each other.

Cuno. Kissed? aye, aye, that's too much.

Gertr. If Walter of Blonay were to hear of that.

Cuno. Yes, Mrs. Gertraud, he would quit the connexion, and that of right.

Gertr. My advice would be to lock her up in her chamber.

Cuno. The needle in her hand.

Gertr. And the spinning-wheel.

Cuno. And a holy legend.

Gertr. And a prayer book.

Cuno. What is the boy about, he is not of noble birth. Not long since I wished to take him as a page, for I liked his bold and fine appearance. I thought his father to be a disguised knight, driven by ill fate into this wilderness. A christian action it would have been, to give the boy, for God's sake, a noble education. But when I sounded the father about his birth and rank, I soon discovered him to be of low descent, with not a single helmet in his coat of arms.

Gertr. Henry is however, a good boy, I can't deny that.

Cuno. May be, Mrs. Gertraud, but he must let the girl alone. I'll speak to brother Peter a few words; he is prudent and pious, he will find advice.

Gertr. Here comes the old man.

Cuno. Then leave us to ourselves, and see where Elsbeth is, loose her not out of sight.

Gertr. Yes, yes, my eyes are well; but what of that, my bones will not carry me.

(Exit.)

SCENE IV.

PETER and CUNO.

Cuno. God bless you, pious man.

Peter. I thank you noble knight.

Cuno. I have a friendly word to speak to you.

Peter. Speak.

Cuno. You have a lively boy.

Peter. He is ripening to manhood.

Cuno. Yes, I well observe that.

Peter. He feels himself.

Cuno. A little too soon.

Peter. How so?

Cuno. He runs after my Elsbeth.

Peter. You jest, knight.

Cuno. Knighthood's honor and women's management, are things of which Cuno of Hallwyl does not make a jest.

Peter. What gives you reason ?

Cuno. H'm ! Many things have happened—they love to be together.—

Peter. Children.

Cuno. They trifle, they play.

Peter. Like children.

Cuno. But they kiss each other !—Is that children's play ?

Peter. No.

Cuno. And consequently——

Peter. Are you assured of that ?

Cuno. Mother Gertraud has seen it with her own eyes.

Peter. No harm in it.

Cuno. No harm ? no harm ? pious brother ! you have grown so old and know not yet what a kiss means ? If you have been chaste and modest all the days of your life, the better for you ! but do'n't take it amiss, methinks the boy is not following your steps.

Peter. I thought, but——

Cuno. Be so good as to listen to what I mean. I think when straw and fire is put together, it creates a flame—Pray send the boy off to Italy, the sooner the better,—war is there ; he may serve the Milanese as a foot soldier.

Peter. (*smiling*) My Henry a foot soldier !

Cuno. And why not ? he is not a nobleman ? Better there to wound the enemy than here a father, who, without his daughter, has neither treasure nor joy.

Peter. Be composed, noble knight, my Henry shall never wound you ; this very day we quit this valley forever.

Cuno. No, no, it was not meant so.

Peter. (*shrugging his shoulders*) We follow our destiny.

Cuno. Indeed ! pious brother, you give unwelcome news—Your presence has brought blessing on my house—Reluctantly I let you go—What is it that drives you so suddenly from this peaceful valley ? Has any of my subjects given you offence ? Woe to him.

Peter. No, noble knight, the palm of peace has overshadowed eighteen years my quiet hut, thanks to you for it : my wants you helpfully supplied—Never shall I

forget it. When dire disease laid my wife upon the sick bed, your kitchen and cellar were open; you yourself were day and night at her bed side; your tears dropped upon her sick bed—and at last upon her grave—that is engraven upon my heart!——

Cuno. You move me, brother; you know I am not rich myself and would have willingly done more.

Peter. The more generous of you. A bit of bread and heartfelt joy, are benefactors which the rich seek in vain in their silver chests. It shall by God, not remain unrewarded to you.

Cuno. You have often rewarded me, by good advice and precious prayers. (*feelingly*) Stay with me, brother *Peter*! we are both old, why will you leave me? an old tree never takes root in foreign soil. Old men should not be separated, they do not so easily attach themselves to what is new. If you are not pleased any longer here in the valley? move up to the castle.

Peter. I cannot, must be gone.

Cuno. Have you persecuting enemies? In the castle you are secure.

Peter. My Agnez's grave chains me more to this solitude than your prayers. But I cannot stay; love and duty—soon, noble knight, you shall learn what alone was able to draw me back to the world's tumult.

Cuno. Then God be with you! you are a prudent experienced man, you best know what is fit for you. When will you depart?

Peter. This very hour.

Cuno. So soon? I wish to furnish you first with victuals for your journey. I have this morning killed a fine deer, we will get it roasted.

Peter. Thanks! we want but little.

SCENE V.

HENRY. *The FORMER.*

Henry. (With some fish) Father, the sun shines so bright to day, the fish wont touch the hook. Blessing to you, noble knight! Is Miss Elsbeth with you?

E

Cuno. May be.

Henry. Where? where?—There father take the fish and let me go.

Peter. Stay, I have to speak to you.

Henry. Are you in haste?

Peter. I am.

Henry (*Pecvishly*) Speak then.

Cuno. I will not interrupt you. Adieu, pious brother
You will, I hope not leave this abode without a farewell draught?

Peter. Each moment of delay would be treason to my country.

Cuno. Then go, and may God be with you. I am sorry. In distant regions, forget me not in your prayers.—Farewell!—No, we part not yet. I'll go for Elsbeth, and then pass this way again. (*Exit.*)

SCENE VI.

PETER and HENRY.

Henry. What is he muttering about? Parting! A farewell draught.

Peter. We must go.

Henry. What does that mean?

Peter. Your wishes are fulfilled.

Henry. Which?

Peter. You was desirous of going into the wide world.

Henry. And that shall be?

Peter. This very day.

Henry. You are jesting, father?

Peter. I speak in earnest. The strange pilgrim has brought me intelligence——

Henry. Inform me of its purport?

Peter. My country is distracted—it wants my arm.

Henry. Your country?—I am ashamed to ask; where is your country?

Peter. Where we are going.

Henry. (*Whose uneasiness increases*) Indeed?—but who will meanwhile mind our household?

Peter. Henceforth we want it not.

Henry. The hut will fall to pieces, the garden decay—

Peter. Even so?

Henry. Better for me to stay and keep every thing in order.

Peter. How? would you let me go alone?

Henry. I am so young your country would have no confidence in me.

Peter. But I—I need a valiant youth, who, standing by my side, will learn of me to fight, conquer—and to die—

Henry. To die?

Peter. And why not? man is born to *learn*, and dies to *learn*. In death the feeblest old man triumphs over the strongest youth.

Henry. You shall not fall, (*Pointing to his breast*) here is your shield.

Peter. Right, my son! you see I cannot do without you.

Henry. Well then!—I must accompany you—but when shall we return?

Peter. Never.

Henry. Never! What do you mean? The fight cannot last forever. We will combat bravely till winter comes, then return and enjoy tranquillity under our straw roof.

Peter. Henry, what's that? I understand you not—Not farther back than this morning each hour seemed to oppress you; even this morning you desired impetuously to travel into the world; and now at my meeting you half way, you deem your obedience a sacrifice?

Henry. Father, I know it not myself—I am in a sad disposition—I conceive it not—you are a prudent man, explain it me? why the world sometimes seems to me to be too narrow, and then again I would not change yonder hut for the emperor's throne of Trapezunt?

Peter. Habit—

Henry. Be it what it will you must promise me a speedy return or I shall grieve to death!

Peter. I can promise you nothing.

Henry. You are my good father—I would willingly obey you—indeed with all my heart—but—I must confess—Miss Elsbeth is so dear to me!

Peter. What is Elsbeth to you ?

Henry. A great deal. She has, I know not how, stolen into my heart—wherever I am, she is with me ; wherever I go she hovers before me. In the wood she stands behind every tree, and in the hut her rays appear from every corner. If I lay down, she sits before me ; when I awake she still sits there.

Peter. Separation will cure you.

Henry. Yes, if I was but gone ! but—be not angry, Father—I cannot go !

Peter. Henry, if I tell you, that a person is yet alive, to whom nature has given stronger pretensions to your heart, than this damsel ?—If I tell you that you still have a mother ?

Henry. I a mother ? does not yonder hill cover her grave ?

Peter. My Agnez has saved your life, but not given it you. She was your infancy's faithful nurse, yet she who brought you to this world lives still.

Henry. She lives ?——Who am I then ?—Have you ever been married to her ?——Disowned your wife, and took another ?——or are you not my father ?

Peter. If love and care gave a right to that title——

Henry. Not otherwise ?

Peter. No.

Henry. Alas ! you rob me of a father whom I love, and give me a mother whom I do not know.

Peter. Hasten to her arms !

Henry. I will not. I do not wish a strange mother !—I entreat you for God's sake ! Stay my father—I have so long since accustomed myself to love you as a child, and I am to deliver up my heart to strange hands.

Peter. To a mother's hands.

Henry. That sounds fine, but (*Pointing to his heart*) this does not echo to it. Never have I known my mother ; by what benefaction has she attached me to her ? What pretensions of hers can out balance yours ?

Peter. The rights of nature.

Henry. Nature, nature—I know not what that means. Have you then made an alliance with nature to win my heart ? Can I love my mother more than you ? More than

Miss Elsbeth ?—In God's name, how came I to be an orphan all at once !—For pity's sake ! stay father, or I throw myself into the stream !

Peter. Be consoled, I shall remain your father, as long as you acknowledge me for it.

Henry. As long as I live ! as long as a drop of blood—

Peter. Well then ! a father may require obedience of his son. Prepare for your departure. Before sun-set we quit this valley.

Henry. Without taking leave of my Elsbeth ?

Peter. You have invested me with a father's rights. We have not to lose a moment. Soon you shall know why !
(*He goes into the hut.*)

SCENE VII.

HENRY—*alone.*

How am I ?—all used to be serene about me,—now all so dark—the rock seems to be higher—the valley narrower—the high trees make too much shade—I am peevish—I must weep—(*pauses*) a mother ?—what is that ?—who can tell me what it is ?—I have no sense for it—and what shall I do at her abode ?—can she not come to me ?—will she tear me from Miss Elsbeth ?—that is not the way to my heart—no, no, no.

(*He remains in deep meditation.*)

SCENE VIII.

ELSBETH and HENRY.

Elsb. (*Entering slowly, with a garland in her hand, takes suddenly the hat from Henry's head, placing the garland upon it.*)

Henry. Ah Elsbeth ! dear Elsbeth.

Elsb. (*Putting on Henry's hat*) Do I look like a boy.

Henry. You jest and I am half dead.

Elsb. You? let us see, how one looks, when one is half dead? red cheeks—clear eyes——

Henry. Full of tears.

Elsb. Tears?—Indeed, I perceive one, Henry, are you unwell?

Henry. Would to God——

Elsb. Fy, what a wish!

Henry. Bad enough. Yes, would to God I were ill! then my father would be obliged to leave me behind.

Elsb. What are you talking about?—Quick! before my father and Gertraud overtake me.

Henry. (*weeping*) I—ah, Elsbeth! (*he takes the garland from his head*) this will become my funeral garland!

Elsb. For God's sake! torment me not.

Henry. I must go!

Elsb. Where to?

Henry. Into the wide world!

Elsb. Why?

Henry. (*mournfully*) To fight—to kill men—

Elsb. What have they done to you?

Henry. To me?—nothing at all—They might all live for me to the day of judgment.

Elsb. Well then let them live and stay here.

Henry. I dare not.

Elsb. But you will soon return, I hope?

Henry. That's the very thing—I shall not return—Elsbeth! I shall never see you again!——

Elsb. Never see me again——then I shall not see you again either?

Henry. Ah? that breaks my heart!

Elsb. Dear Henry! you alarm me—weep not—(*she dries his tears with her apron*) Look at me—speak reason—who desires it then, that you never shall see me again?

Henry. My father, and yet not my father—

Elsb. Are you raving?

Henry. He just now left me—just now he discovered to me, that I am not his son.

Elsb. God forbid! Henry, a father certainly you will have!

Henry. It's all the same to me. If this is not my father, I won't have another.

Elsb. Why not ? There are more good fathers in the world. For instance my father—if he would take you for my brother—how funny it would be.

Henry. H'm ! would not be very funny. A sister one dare not marry.

Elsb. Will you then really marry me ?

Henry. Indeed ! I love you above all—more than you love me.

Elsb. That's not true.

Henry. It's true enough. See, my eyes are full of tears—my heart is filled with grief—and you remain in good humour.

Elsb. I think, Henry, if you love me so much—so very much ; you would soon return—is it not so, Henry ?

Henry. If I dare.

Elsb. Who will prevent you ?

Henry. My mother.

Elsb. Who is your mother.

Henry. How do I know ! it is a mother whom I never saw.

Elsb. But certainly a good woman, if she is your mother. Be composed, Henry, there is my hand, I will become your wife and no other's.

Henry. Do you promise that ?

Elsb. I do.

Henry. Swear.

Elsb. How shall I swear ?

Henry. By your Patroness.

Elsb. Well, I swear by the holy Agatha !

Henry. You will not marry Walter of Blonay ?

Elsb. Never.

Henry. You will wait for news of poor Henry ?

Elsb. Most certainly !—Be now friendly again.

Henry. Ah It's all very fine and good ; but how can I be friendly ? we are to part—

Elsb. When ?

Henry. This very day, before sun-set, we leave this valley, so says my father.

Elsb. What is that : parting ? How shall we do that ?

Henry. You give me your hand—I shake it heartily—you look at me sorrowfully—I weep—you say farewell—

and I say farewell—then one goes this and the other that way.

Elsb. Ah, Henry! that's hard!

Henry. Very hard!

Elsb. (tenderly) Stay with me!

Henry. Aye! and you beg too—

Elsb. (leaning on him) Stay with me!

Henry. Yes, if you move me so—(*hastily resolved*)
Elsbeth! I'll stay with you!

SCENE IX.

Enter PETER—The FORMER.

Henry. (meeting him) Father, I cannot go with you! Elsbeth loves me—she begs—she weeps—I am distracted—and—in short—I cannot go with you!

Peter. Then I shall tell your mother that she has borne an undutiful child.

Henry. Say what you please. Whoever bears this saint at his heart is not without affection.

Peter. And your mother?

Henry. Why did she throw me from her.

Peter. But, if till now she thinks you dead?

Henry. Then leave her in that opinion. Long since she has done grieving for that loss.

Peter. How? you would not give joy to her that gave you life? The bird in its nest fondly flutters to its mother—

Henry. Because she has a worm in her bill for its nourishment. But what has my mother done for me?

Peter. She has suffered for you.

Henry. Anxiety, love, hope, desire, is true life! All that is given to me by Elsbeth, she alone is my mother! therefore I'll stay with her, exchange love for love, will hope as a boy, desire as a youth, and combat for the possession of her like a man!

Peter. If your heart overcomes your reason, remember at least a father's right, which you have voluntarily conferred on me. You must go with me.

Henry. You say, you must!—Elsbeth says nothing—she only looks at me—and I can only obey her:

Peter. Miss, I claim my son from you.

Elsb. Will you bring him back again to me?

Peter. I can promise nothing.

Elsb. Go alone! Tell his mother to come here, and she will find a son and daughter.

Henry. A precious thought! Yes father! go alone!

Elsb. Your Henry shall mean while wait for nothing.

Henry. Remember me to my mother!

Elsb. And return soon.

Peter. I am troublesome to you, it seems. Well Miss! If your father has no objection.

Elsb. My father is a good pious Man.

Peter. Here he comes. Ask him yourself.

SCENE X.

Enter CUNO, GERTRAUD—the FORMER.

Gertr. Did I not say so? on our left she vanished behind a bush, and on our right hand we find her again.

Cuno. Aye! aye!

Elsb. (*running towards him*) Father, the pious brother Peter will leave us.

Cuno. So I hear.

Elsb. But Henry must stay, say?

Cuno. He stay here? and why?

Elsb. Because I love him so much—almost as much as I love you.

Gertr. And she says that with as little reserve as if she was repeating a rosary. Naughty child!

Cuno. Elsbeth, have you renounced all female modesty?

Elsb. How so, father?

Cuno. You must love but your bridegroom, Walter of Bionay; and even to him you must not discover it so bluntly.

Elsb. He certainly will not hear of it by me.

Cuno. Henry goes with his father, and you stay at home in your chamber till you are conducted to the marriage altar.

Henry. (dejected) Do you hear, Elsbeth?

Elsb. (privately) Grieve not; remember my promise.

Henry. Oh, noble knight! keep me at your castle as the meanest servant: I will mind your horses and feed your dogs. Dear mother Gertraud, pray speak a good word for me. I will catch birds for your old cat, and tap you on your back when you are coughing.

Gertr. My old cat will have enough to eat without you.

Cuno. Go with your father, Henry, that's becoming a son. Here is no abode for you.

Peter. Enough, children, my hours are counted: we must part.

Henry. Part?—hear you, Elsbeth?

Elsb. (weeping) I will hear nothing—I will not part.

Cuno. You must——Farewell, brother Peter! It goes to my heart to lose you, but who knows to what it may lead. This thoughtless damsel gives me trouble.—Travel under God's protection! and remember me in your prayers.

Peter. As often as I shall meet a noble hearted man, I shall remember you. Farewell! (*they shake hands*) allow the children a last farewell.

Cuno. Now make haste! shake hands!

Henry. (weeping) Then we must part indeed, Elsbeth! Farewell.

Elsb. (Also weeping) Forget me not!

Henry. Remember your oath!

Elsb. By the holy Agatha!

Henry. When you ramble here, speak to me as if I was here.

Elsb. Be always brave and love me.

Henry. There in the garden is a rose-bush, I have planted it for you, water it sometimes.

Elsb. With my tears——

Henry. My pigeons I give you, feed them.

Elsb. Out of my mouth.

Gertr. The poor children move my heart.

Cuno. Away Elsbeth! 'tis enough!

Elsb. (Goes slowly and looking often back) Farewell!

Henry. (Violently weeping) Farewell!

Cuno. God's blessing on the journey !

Gertr. May the saints attend you wherever you go ?

Peter. Go, go, my heart breaks !

Elsb. (*At a distance*) Farewell, Henry !

Henry. (*Without looking back, with a faltering voice*) Farewell, Elsbeth. (*Cuno, Gertraud and Elsbeth, are out of sight.*)

Peter. Compose yourself, son, be a man !

Henry. If a man dare not weep, I will not be a man.

Elsb. (*Comes hastily back with a floweret*) Henry ! dear Henry ! Forget me not !* (*she gives him the floweret and goes away.*)

Henry. (*Drying his tears and looking at the flower*) H'm !—What does this flower avail ? to-morrow it will be wither'd. (*He puts it on his hat*) Had she given me a handkerchief or a ribbon, I would have revered it more than the relics of the convent of Einsiedeln, I would have tied it round my arm, or pinned it to my helmet, and then away into the throndest ranks of the enemy. Hah, father ! If we are not to remain among friends, I wish we were already amidst the tumult of our foes.

Peter. Well then, my son, take your walking stick ! the sun is lowering in the west, the birds sing their evening songs, it is high time.

Henry. If we had but the Alps in our rear ; if but the castle was not so high, as to remain so long in view.

Peter. Look forwards. Patience Henry ! When time and separation are united, they extinguish flaming letters in the hearts of men.

Henry. Never, father ! Lead me to the holy sepulchre ; tell me : on this stone sat the prophesying angel, and there my eyes will behold Elsbeth.

Peter. Great events await you

Henry. Great events shall meet with a man in me, if Elsbeth is the price.

Peter. The path from this wildesness leads perhaps to a throne.

Henry. You jest. And do we sit easier upon a throne than here under this appletree ? What think you father ? If with your left hand you could take hold of a sceptre,

* The name of that floweret in the German language, is *Forget me not*.

and with your right draw the good Agnez from the grave, which would you do ?

Peter. Your youthful passion is like *Aurora's* feeble beam ; but matrimonial bliss is like the glowing brightness of the meridian sun.

Henry. Good ! My meridian will also in its course arrive. Elsbeth or no other !

Peter. Deserve her.

Henry. Lead me to the battle ! glory or death !

SCENE XI.

BRUNO, with a bundle on his back—The FORMER.

Bruno. We are ready to depart.

Henry. Messenger of woe !

Bruno. (smiling) I a messenger of woe, ? hah, if you knew—

Henry. Rally not.

Bruno. In this bundle I carry for you a knightly armor.

Henry. For me ? What means that ? who am I ? speak !

Peter. (interrupting) That leads us too far. Patience, my son, 'till evening at the first inn you shall know your fate.

Henry. One question more you will grant me, before we leave this valley : Does my birth favor my union with Elsbeth ?

Peter. (after a pause) No.

Henry. How miserable am I ! Why has not one of my ancestors met with a girl like Elsbeth ! Love would have made him a knight.

Peter. Honor's open arms await you, let us hasten !

Henry. Ah ! *(They go a few steps. Peter stands still and stretches his arms out towards the hut.)*

Peter. How ?—Shall I then turn my back to you, little hut, which for eighteen years has given me a friendly shelter ?—Is not one wet eye of gratitude to be cast on you ?—Fy on the man who suffers shipwreck, and can without feeling burn the piece of board, upon which he safely reached the shore. How many serene moments have

love, hope, and piety created for me here!—May lightening and storm spare your rotten roof! and give shelter to many a weary pilgrim! May the doves continue to coo on the tops of these cedar trees, and fetch their food from this garden, where henceforth no one will disturb them. *(he turns round and looks at the distant hill)* But ah! whose hand will nurse the plants which ornament my Agnez's grave?—Agnez!—to separate myself from your dust!—*(rashly)* go, Bruno, follow him, Henry—one moment more for my heart! Then I belong to you and our country.

Bruno. Well, let us then in God's name begin our journey!

Henry. There it is! Lead in my feet. Give me a push in my back, to make me tumble forwards.

Bruno. *(Takes out a sword from under his cloth)* This sword is for you, Baron!

Henry *(hastily catching at it)* For me?

Bruno. Let me carry it, it might hinder you in walking.

Henry. *(takes it out of his hands)* Old boy! if you are fatigued, I'll take you yourself on my back. Hah! Elsbeth! I have a sword. *(He goes off rashly, Bruno follows him.)*

(Peter for some time looks at the hut feelingly, then at the apple tree, from which he takes a twig and puts it on his hat; then he goes to the hole, and looks earnestly down; he then turns towards the distant grave, towards which he at last stretches out his hands, and sinks upon his knees. After a short and silent prayer, he rises, goes off slowly; looks often back, and at last gets out of sight behind the trees.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

An open place at ARLES furrounded with trees; in the back ground the palace of the Count of Burgundy. In the foreground the house of a Cooper who with his journeyman, is occupied at his door, in putting hoops to a barrel. They often stop working, to talk.

SCENE I.

BENEDICT and NICHOLAS.

Benedict.

YOU have travelled through the world, Nicholas, where did you like it best?

Nicholas. Arles is my native place, and at home a drink of water relishes better, than on foreign soil, the best of wine.

Benedict. Thank God! we may now on Sunday drink again a glass of wine together.

Nich. You have been but badly off for some time back.

Benedict. Ah! Nicholas, God meant it well with you, that he did not bring you sooner back to your home. All was upside down here.

Nich. I was but a boy, when the wicked Count Ulrich killed our pious Count Albrecht.

Benedict. Brother-slaughter! oh! (*they work.*)

Nich. And yet the murderer died quietly on his bed?

Bened. On his bed he died, it's true, but quiet? (*he shakes his head.*) He could not even dose quietly. A prince who goes to bed without a good action, goes without consolation to his grave. At the first knock of my hammer in the morning, suddenly there came a guard from the palace: Mr. Benedict, the Count orders you to leave off hammering! it disturbs his morning slumber. H'm! I murmured to myself: can he also defend the hammering of his conscience?—

Nich. It's a wonder he did'nt drive you from your house.

Bruno. This almost happened once—"Your hut," he said, disfigures the place before the palace;"——My lord, I answered : *Integrity and industry are the occupants of this hut ; would to God ! we could say that of many a palace*"——"*I will buy your hut,*" continued he——"*I will not sell it. My great, great, grandfather has built it, my father repaired it, I was born and educated in it. My old father is blind and can find his way in it without danger. But if I bring him to a strange house he will knock out his brains.*"——What answer do you think my lord deigned to give me ?——"Well then," he said, stroking his beard ; and what of that ?"——

Nich. The tyrant !

Bruno. In short, my house would have been gone, if Block the cabinet-maker had not been on friendly terms with the court jester——he brought things in order.

[*They work*].

Nich. There was Count Albrecht, God grant him a happy resurrection ! quite a different man.

Benedict. Indeed he was ! always friendly and good. Here he often would stop to look at my work, and when the sun was burning, he would never suffer me to take off my hat. Many a time he drank out of my silver cup.——I still see him passing by here, his little sons hopping round him. Oh ! the dear little ones ! they would take off their caps before every mechanic——nod to every fruit woman——and if they met a beggar, how quick they would put their little hands in their pockets, and filled, with silver pieces, hold them to the poor.—Oh ! It goes to my very heart, when I think, how unmercifully they all were sent to the grave !

Nich. None escaped ?

Bened. No, not one. I myself heard in that woful night the groans of the dying—the lamentations of the Count's attendants—the piercing cries of the mother proceeding from the palace windows.

Nich. The old Countess lives still ?

Benedict. It would be better for her, if she was dead. To spare her was worse than murder. The good Lady buried herself in a Convent. She may have forgot husband and children, but the splendor of high life, and the

thirst for revenge, she cannot forget, it is said.—It's natural, she was mother—I am only a burgher, but could I find one of the murderers, I would hammer him into a hoop. (*He works earnestly*).

Nich. Count Ulrich's son, they say, promises well?

Bruno. He is but a boy. A thorn-bush never bears plumbs. As long as Count Hugo of Werdenberg, the governor, guides his youth—that's a worthy knight.

Nich. (*Looking at a distance.*) See there, master, what an uproar at the city gates?—

Bruno. What's that to us? a drunken man perhaps.

Nich. I see halberds fly.

Bruno. No matter. It is no more than it was in former times, when even the most honest of us went out of the way of every page.

Nich. The tumult encreases—they approach.

Bruno. Now? what can that be?

SCENE II.

Some citizens run over the stage, calling: ring the alarm bell! the alarm bell! another croud of citizens, led by BLOCK, are pushing on.

Block. Here, citizens of Arles! here, to the palace-yard.

Bened. Neighbour Block, what's the matter?

Block. Friend Benedict, leave your work! shocking things! the day of revenge is arrived!

The People. Revenge! Revenge!

Bened. Revenge? on whom? wherefore?

The Peop. Bring the murderers here! let them bleed under the palace windows!

Bened. What murderers?

Block. Pilgrims have been taken, the Count's sealing ring has been found upon them——

Another. And the cup with the Burgundian arms.

Bened. Hah! Just heaven! The avenging angel conducted them to Arles! Where are they?

Block. They have been carried to prison——

The Peop. Bring them forward! ring the alarm-bell!

(The alarm-bell is heard ringing. The tumult is increasing. They ask, they call, cry, relate, rave, all pell mell).

Bened. Blessing on me, that I live to see this day ! Do you see, Nicholas, how these men are still attached to their murdered lord ? Thus benefactions shoot like flowers from the grave of the just, rise Count Albrecht's spirit ! from your vault, and behold your blood's revenge glowing in the love of your people. *(The gates of the palace open.) Some voices cry : the Governor ! the governor !*

SCENE III.

Count HUGO of Werdenberg comes out of the palace, in the midst of the people.

Hugo. What is it, children ? what has happened here ? — *(The people are crowding round him, each eager to tell his story, nothing but a confused noise is heard.)*

Hugo. I understand you not. Speak singly.

The People. Speak, Mr. Martin ! *(All are silent.)*

Martin, (the grazier). I was some days journey in the country about business. On my return, in a village a league from here night overtook me, and after having sent on my cattle, I laid down with other strangers upon the straw. It was dark. But when day light appeared, I awoke, and cast a glance upon the sleeping Strangers. An old man in Pilgrim's habit lay at my side. His cloth had been disordered. I saw an armour under his habit, which excited my curiosity. I looked at him attentively, and perceived on his finger a ring with a seal, exactly resembling the ring of our murdered Count, which I often heard described, when it was missing.

The People. Count Albrecht's murderer ! he is found ! revenge ! blood !

Hugo. Silence ! Silence ! Let him continue speaking !

Martin. My blood chilled. Yet I was uncertain till I discovered at the old man's feet, a large silver cup—they may have been drinking the evening before on their hap-

py return—when I took up the cup, the arms of Burgundy stared me in the face.

The People. Enough ! Enough ! bring him here !

Hugo. Silence, brethren ! Let your fellow citizen finish his account !

Martin. I was on the point of drawing my knife to send the villain to hell, when he opened his eyes, Beside him lay a fine youth, and another man in Pilgrim's habit. He roused them and they took their way towards the city. I kept them company, not to loose sight of them. On the way the old man asked me many questions ; whether the people still loved the memory of their good old Count Albrecht ? whether they hated his murderers ? and some such things. He also spoke of you, Governor, and seemed to rejoice when he learnt that you were still living and in good health. At our arrival at the gates, I called the guards. We found in their travelling bag among other suspicious things, Swathing clothes, marked with the Burgundian arms, and the letter *H*, under a Lordly Crown. They certainly have once belonged to the poor little Count Henry, whose innocent blood the villain has spilt.

The Peop. Revenge ! Blood ! Bring them here !

Hugo. Citizens of Arles ! You have suffered under an oppressive yoke. You know, what may be the evil consequence of a precipitate sentence. Be slow in punishing ! examine carefully ! the prisoners cannot escape you. Hear them, and judge coolly that the smoke of innocent blood may not again rise from this ground.

The Peop. He is right !—Let us hear them—quick ! quick !

A voice. Behold, the guards are already conducting the old man towards us !

The Peop. This way, guards ! this way to the blood tribunal !

SCENE IV.

PETER, *tied, and conducted by a GUARD, enters with a serene countenance, among the PEOPLE.*

Hugo. Place him in our centre.

A guard. He desired to be brought before the people.

A voice in the back ground. See whether he has an armour under his habit?

Some of the people (Who are nearest to Peter, lift up his habit and cry out) Yes! yes!

One voice. Look for the ring at his finger.

Some (lift up his tied hands) Yes! yes!

The People. (Cry tumultuously) Cut him down! tear him to pieces! stone him to death!—*(all push towards the prisoner.)*

Hugo. (preventing them with all his might) Guards protect him! away with you! a few minutes only!—hear him! citizens of Arles! if you love me!—I entreat you by the ashes of your murdered lord!

(The more reasonable citizens unite with Hugo and the guards.) Back! back! he has desired to speak to the people. Let us hear what the criminal has to say.

Hugo. Silence! In the name of justice! let her balance the scales, and then strike with the sword. *(All are silence. To Peter)* You have heard what heavy crimes you are accused of.

Peter. An ignominious death threatens the innocent in vain! tears of joy roll down my cheeks, and wet the chains which I carry with honor. After eighteen years elapse, I behold with extacy the love of the citizens still fervent for my good Count Albrecht. He was my friend, my benefactor! woe to his murderers!

The Peop. (murmuring) His friend?—his benefactor?—

Peter. Citizens of Arles! formerly my dear fellow citizens! is there not one among you, that recognizes me? *(All press forward to look at his face.)*

Peter. (turning to Hugo) Nor you my brother in arms?

Hugo. (Looking at him attentively) Indeed! this voice does not sound strange to me!

Peter. My God! have time and grief thus disfigured my features? Is there not one who in his native place bids welcome to *Hans of Bonstetten*?

The Peop. Hans of Bonstetten?—'Tis he!

Hugo. (*In his arms*!) Hans of Bonstetten my friend, and brother! has the grave vomited you again?——

A voice. Yes, yes, I remember him.

Another. And I too.

A third. A brave and good man.

A fourth. The bosom friend of our Count!

The Peop. Take off his chains! Let us carry him on our hands to the grave of our murdered lord. (*The guards take off his chains. He throws away the pilgrim's habit, and appears in the dress of a warlike knight.*)

Peter. (*with emotion*) Yes, to the grave of my good Albrecht! hasten, citizens of Arles! behold his only son, crown him as your lawful sovereign!

The Peop. his son! his son!

Peter. Overcome your surprise! hear me! hear a friend's voice. In that dreadful night, when the clashing of the swords of hired murderers, and the groans of the dying surrounded me; when my good master already lay bleeding at my feet, and his elder sons were drawing their last breath; I called my wife, to whose care the youngest child was entrusted: Agnez, I cried, save your precious nursling! the Count's ring I took from the finger of the corpse, the silver cup I snatched from the table. By a secret door we escaped and reached the open air. In the darkness of the night, through swamps and bushes, through thorns and thistles, we walked on unused roads. The sun rose but to perplex us, for he gave light to our pursuers. During day we hid ourselves in cornfields, and silenced our hunger with unripe corn, God guarded your prince! we reached the frontiers of Burgundy. Thence I sent my old companion, my faithful servant Bruno, back. He was to wait in silence, till he could bring me news of better times. At the foot of the Alps, in a poor hermit's hut, I took care of the dear pledge, confided to me by God. The boy has ripened to youthful beauty. Citizens of Arles! to day I brought him back to you! take him, and your future happiness from my hands!

The Peop. (rejoiced) Where—where!—

Peter. He has been carried with me to prison. The hand that is to sway you, is in fetters.

The Peop. Along! along! he lives! he lives! Albrecht's son. *(The people run off huzzaing, the stage becomes suddenly empty.)*

Hugo. Am I awake?—or in a dream?

Peter. Give me your hand, Hugo! we often parted on this spot squeezing each others hands, when we returned from the joyous feasts at the castle.

Hugo. Ah! what is become of those fine times!

Peter. They will return. My Henry is a beautiful sprig of the old Burgundian stem. I educated him as a man, poor and low; blessing on the prince, who knows poverty!

Hugo. Where is your good Agnez?

Peter. Do not obscure this hour to me?

Hugo. I understand you.

The Peop. (at a distance) Long live Count Henry of Burgundy!

Peter. Hah! they return already—Rejoice, Hugo, you will see a noble youth.

SCENE V.

The People carry HENRY upon their hands.

The People. There he is! the young Count—an eye, like his father's!—his father's smiling countenance—Long live Count Henry!

Some voices in the back ground. Let us see him too! we cannot behold him! lift him up!

Benedict. Put him here upon my barrel. *(Henry is put upon the barrel. A loud huzza.)* Long live Count Henry of Burgundy! *(Trumpets and kettle drums are heard from the castle.)*

Henry. *(Endeavours to speak. He turns here and there, but cannot speak. Tears drop from his eyes.)*

Some of the People. He weeps! He weeps!

Henry, (with a faltering voice). Your first sight of

me inspires you with love; for this I have to thank my father—May his blessing be upon me.

The Peop. (*Lifting up their arms towards heaven.*)
Count Albrecht's blessing on his good son!

Henry. If I cannot be to you, what he was,—I at least will love you as he did—(*Lifting his hands and raising his eyes to heaven.*) Give with me, thanks to God for my miraculous preservation.

All the People kneel down. We thank you, God!

A Woman's voice behind the scene. Where is he?
where—where?

Some of the People. Hah! his mother!

SCENE VI.

The Countess of BURGUNDY comes hastily upon the stage.

The People, (calling out to her.) Your son! your son!
(*pointing with their fingers to Henry.*)

(*She presses through the crowd, spies her Son, reaches out her arms towards him and sinks down speechless.*)

Henry. My Mother!

(*He is going to jump down. The people gather round him, take him from the barrel and bring him to his mother's arms.*)

The people. Long live Matilda! Long live Henry!

(*Trumpets from the balcony of the Castle.*)

Matilda. am I a mother yet?—is this my son?—the only one who was saved!—(*she looks at him with complacency*) oh! In this world we can forget all, but maternal love.

Henry. Give me your blessing!

Matilda. The blessing of your dear father be with you! a prince must be blessed by his people, not by his mother.

Henry. I will deserve the love of my people, and yours.
By God! I will!

Matilda. Hah! my solitary cell will for the first time re-echo the maternal joy! no more shall I pray for re-

venge before the Crucifix!—thanks!—thanks!—Oh how much a mother loves to speak these words to the Father of us all!

Peter. Gracious Countess, allow an old faithful servant to kiss the border of your garment.

Mat. Knight Hans of Bonstetten! oh, will it ever be in my power to reward you.

Peter. Woe to my heart, if such a scene did not reward it!

Mat. When for the last time you bid me good night in yonder hall—who could have thought, that the dawn of morning would be eighteen years after!—Where is your good Agnez?

Peter. (*After a pause with emotion.*) Her morning has not yet dawned.

Mat. I conceive,—you and I have but one son now.

Peter. Count Henry of Burgundy, deign me to be the first who swears allegiance to his new master. (*He kneels.*)

Henry, (*throwing himself into his arms.*) Do not make me blush. Do not deprive me of the sweet name, which my heart cannot renounce! Call me your son! Be not ashamed of me before the people's face.

Peter. (*pressing him to his heart.*) My son!

Henry. (*With noble fire.*) People of Burgundy! If I once fulfil your hopes, if I succeed, in indemnifying you for the loss of my father, you will thank this man for it! He took nothing with him into the wilderness but what no tyrant could deprive him of—his virtues! I loved him when a child, I admired him when a youth, I shall imitate him when a man. He is not the first *after me*, he is the first *above me*! Whatever good through me may flow to you, are but the unfolded germs of his plantation. Could I ever forget, what he was to me—what he is—and will remain; then may God forget me forever!

Peter. It is but a trifling merit, to raise good fruits from noble germs.

Mat. Son! what I see and hear of you, makes me proud to be your mother,

SCENE VII.

A crowd of people come tumultuously from the Palace, carrying a boy, bound.

The People. Revenge! bloody revenge!

Henry. What's that?

The Boy. Oh mercy! they have tied me.

Count Hugo, (steps forward). Who dares to tie this innocent boy?—I hope, Count, you will not tarnish the first hours of your reign with a cruelty? This boy is Ulrich's son, your cousin!

Boy, (anxiously). Welcome, cousin!

Hugo. His father has murdered yours. But the son is not to expiate the father's crimes.

Boy. Kill me not! I will love you.

Matilda. Is he of that race?—hah! how the sight of him recalls all the terrors of past times! how it opens the graves that are overgrown with grass, how murdered corpses begin again to bleed!—Away with him from my sight, lest grief might tempt me to un noble revenge.

Boy. [To Hugo.] What is she angry at?

Mat. [Looking wildly at the boy.] This pious hypocritical look you inherited from your father; this deceitful smile you stole from your mother.

Boy. Father and mother are dead.

Henry. Who could hate this fine boy? untie him.

Boy. I thank you, it was so painful.

Mat. Be careful, son! do not nourish a serpent in your bosom.

Boy. I am a good boy.

Mat. Your brothers blood calls for revenge!

Henry. Revenge for the living! Tears for the dead. If blood could open their graves, mine should flow.—

Come here to me, my boy! what's your name?

Boy. My name is Guido.

Henry. Will you be my brother?

Boy. Willingly. What's your name, then?

Henry. Henry.

Boy. Then you are my brother Henry?

Henry. Yes, I promise it to you in the face of God and my people!

Peter. Right, my son!

Mat. May you never repent it!

Boy. [*To Matilda.*] Be no more angry. I am afraid of you.

Mat. Leave me! time only can reconcile me to your sight.

Boy. Tell me, brother Henry, what have I done to her?

Henry. Be always good, and you will win her heart.

Boy. Yes, I'll be always good. (*He draws him aside.*)

What do you think, shall I give her this rosary?

Henry. My brave boy! [*He lifts him up and presses him to his heart.*]

[*The People give signs of their emotions.*]

Peter. Henry, I am contented with you; you have learnt to govern yourself; now, and not till now, you deserve to govern men.

Henry. Not yet, father; I have done but what my heart commanded.

Hugo. [*Who during this was in conversation with some old citizens, goes to Henry.*] Noble Count, the citizens of Arles are desirous to welcome you according to old custom. They are going to bring you presents, as many centuries ago the most respectable of the citizens brought to their first good prince.

Henry. Their approbation, their tears, were they not the most exquisite presents?

Peter. [*in a low voice.*] Never deny your people, what may give them pleasure.

Henry. Go children, and do, what can give you pleasure.

The Peop. Away, to the town-house! the presents! the old custom!

(*The people all run out.*)

Hugo. [*Conducts the boy to the palace.*]

Boy. [*Turns his head.*] Are you coming with us, brother Henry?

Henry. I shall soon follow you, my dear boy.

SCENE VIII.

HENRY, PETER and MATILDA.

Matilda. (Standing with folded hands in deep meditation.)

Henry. (Approaching her.) What makes my good mother so thoughtful?

Mat. (Recollecting herself.) I?—Nothing!—All my senses are chained by the lovely dream.—I could not pray even—unless our Maker would accept these tears as an offering of thanks!—I am not ill, yet so faint—so fatigued—

Henry. Permit me to conduct you to your former residence.

Mat. Not there! my son! not yet!—From those gates the murderers have drawn your mother by her hair.

Henry. Do not draw the past from its obscurity.

Mat. Do you see that open window?—Ah! there in yonder hall!—

Peter. There, Countess, you were betrothed to the noble Albrecht.

Mat. There have I seen my children's blood foaming against the walls!

Henry. I entreat you, mother—a veil over those images.

Mat. No, not there!—Leave me, my son!—Even pleasure wants respite. Allow me to take breath!—
(She sinks upon a bench at the gates of the palace.)

Henry. (Is going to follow her.)

Peter. Stay, my son. There are moments, in which even love becomes oppressive. Let me ask you: how do you feel?

Henry. Well, my father.

Peter. To have the people's happiness at ones heart, is great and noble! Is it not my son?

Henry. The heart of man is too narrow for such a sensation.

Peter. It is that narrowness of heart, that makes a man think himself of superior quality to whom millions look up.

Henry. It is the gratitude of millions only that can justify such a thought.

Peter. I told you, you would forget your youthful whims. Have I been in the right?

Henry. No, my father, you have been a bad prophet.

Peter. How?—Still the same——

Henry. Now and ever! now more than ever! The youthful dream has been realized by a miracle. My hopes were foolish; heaven has taken pity of my folly! I wear to day another coat, my heart beats under it the same as before; you call me Count of Burgundy, and I feel still that I am poor Henry.

Peter. (*Warning*) Youth!

Henry. Is the sweet feeling, to render men happy, indivisible? Does it not gain higher attraction, by sharing it? Dare a Prince not, to be a father? Must he not be a father; to learn in a small circle what he is to execute in a great one?

Peter. He dares and must.

Henry. A prince, who is husband and father—was not this your own remark of yesterday?—has a tender feeling for the welfare of his subjects; he will not tear from a wife her husband, nor deprive a mother of her son, to carry him into war, which is perhaps excited by whim or ambition. But a prince who invites peace with forbearance, will be presented by his princess with a garland, to ornament the welcome guest.

Peter. Right, my son! have I then desired of you, to remain unmarried?

Henry. Then let us send messengers to Hallwyl.

Peter. Why to Hallwyl!

Henry. I have given my word: Elsbeth or none!

Peter. What Henry promised——

Henry. Count of Burgundy will perform!

Peter. It becomes you not.

Henry. It becomes me not——a wicked word! Bad actions are as unbecoming the prince as the beggar. But to crown beauty and virtue, methinks is princely.

Peter. Youth! You have till now seen but few damsels, and love in Elsbeth, but the sex.

Henry. Well, then invite to court all the daughters of the country; I will look at them all as at a bed of flowers:

here a beautiful tulip ; there an odoriferous violet : here an innocent lilly ; there a scented pink———Oh ! they are all nothing in comparison to the queen of flowers ; the glowing rose.

Peter. (*Smiling.*) Indeed, Henry, you have a turn for poetry. But learn first your people's wish, your mother's council ; follow the one, and obey the other.

Henry. (*At Matilda's feet.*) Do not deny my first request !

Mat. Rise, my son, what is your wish ?

Henry. You bestowed your blessing on your son——ah ! you have a daughter too.

Mat. A daughter ?

Henry. In the Swiss mountains there dwells a valiant knight, his family is noble and renowned ; but the most noble of her sex is Elsbeth of Hallwyl——my beloved——let me add : my wife !

Mat. Do I hear right ? you are married ?

Henry. Not without your blessing. Speak a friendly word, and I fly to the arms of my graceful bride.

Mat. Rise, my son. What answer can I give you ? you are of age.

Peter. My Henry knows that a son in his mother's presence never is of age.

Henry. I know it, and wait my judgment.

Mat. A Baroness Hallwyl you mentioned ?

Henry. This name comprises all that is good and beautiful !

Mat. You know her, Bonstetten ?

Peter. I know her. She wants nothing but equal birth.

Henry. A nobler creature was never born.

Mat. Count of Burgundy ! the hearts of princes are subject to the people.

Henry. To choose another consort, were depriving my people of a mother.

Mat. You must support your throne by brilliant alliances.

Henry. Even without splendor, virtue is a powerful support.

Mat. The rich heiress of Savoy———

Henry. Do not finish the sentence, mother——

Mat. She would bring you a principality as a dōwry.

Henry. Without Elsbeth, I will even renounce what I possess already.

Mat. She is handsome and good.

Henry. (*Pointing to his heart.*) Here is no space left for any other beauty.

Mat. Examine first your heart.

Henry. A heart that remained firm in the intoxication of fortune, wants no other proof.

Mat. Wait a year at least.

Henry. I dare not delay, another sues for her possession. Ah! if it already was too late!

Mat. You destroy my dearest wishes, deprive me of high views.

Henry. A purple coat* is not the garment of domestic happiness; a heart without love remains cold even under a furr coat.

Mat. Knight of Bonstetten, tell me in sincerity, what you think of it?

Peter. Shall I speak as a man or as a courtier?

Henry. (*Rises hastily.*) Speak as a father.

Peter. Well then! I have seen these young plants entwine their roots. I am not able to separate them.

Henry. Thanks! thanks! for this paternal word.—Oh! my mother! what means your serious silence?

Mat. (*After a pause.*) Indeed, eighteen years of solitude have taught me to distinguish truth. I know the tears of anxiety and love.—Ah! I know them!—You have subdued my pride, go and obey the wishes of your heart!

Henry. (*In extacy, embraces alternately Peter and his mother.*) Father!—Mother!—

SCENE IX.

Enter, Count Hugo.

Henry. (*Going towards him.*) It's well you come, dear Count; you have gained my confidence——

* A dress wore by the European princes when sitting in state.

Hugo. Too soon, my noble young master ! confidence is not a piece of coin, to put upon the hazard of a die ; we must not *gain*, but *deserve* it.

Henry. The opportunity is at hand. I employ you as my suitor.

Hugo. For your future spouse ?

Henry. (jokingly.) Count Hugo, you are a Courtier. If I am to confide in you, I must travel with you myself. I myself !——excellent !——a numerous suite accompanies the ambassador of Burgundy, myself amongst them as a page ; hide myself behind his attendants ; to be witness of Elsbeth's charming bashfulness ;——hear her refuse the Count of Burgundy for Henry's sake ! hear how the prince in vain endeavours to dispossess the poor hermit's son from her heart.—All this I shall see and hear, run to her arms and with a kiss——snatch the approaching terror from her lips !——happy Henry ! you will radiate above all the sons of princes ! for, which of them can say : The girl loved *me*, and not my *purple* !

Hugo. Still I am at a loss——

Henry. You shall know all—and when shall we set off ? —to-morrow early—no, the days are hot—in the cool of the evening—or——at this moment—the sun is setting.

Peter. (smiling.) Henry, it is yet but noon. Devote this day at least to your people.

Henry. The most solemn day for them is yet to come ! that day when I with Elsbeth at my side will enter the gates of Arles, when old and young stare at us with admiration ; when the children will smilingly stretch out their little hands, while they fancy they behold an angel ; and old men with emotion exclaim : Now we may die contented——O mother ! mother ! (*He throws himself into Matilda's arms.*)

SCENE X.

A solemn march. Boys and girls dressed in white, lead in the midst of them, a lamb, ornamented with ribbons. They are followed by youths and young girls, with garlands. Some old men close the procession, one of whom carries a golden cup filled with pieces of gold. The procession ranges itself on both sides. The music is silent. The old man with the cup advances, and addresses
HENRY.

Old Man. My hands tremble ; but of pleasure ; my eyes are wet ; but with tears of joy !—Accept, noble Count, according to immemorial custom, the trifling presents of our city, It is an old custom. I beg you to consider : that love to our princes is also an old custom.

Henry, (taking the cup). Your love is my paternal inheritance. What I have not to acquire, I shall at least know how to preserve.

A young Damsel, (approaches him and puts a myrtle garland on his head). Father of our country, give us soon a mother.

Henry. I thank you, my child. Before these myrtles decay, your wishes shall be fulfilled.

A little Girl, (leading the lamb to him). Noble Count, take this lamb, the emblem of our innocence. It can yet but leap and play ; but under your care it will grow, and give milk and wool.

Henry, (gives the lamb to a page, embraces the little girl, and throws the pieces of gold into her apron). Take this, and carry it to your parents.

Little Girl. I am an orphan.

Henry, (throwing her into Matilda's arms). Then I give you a mother !—attendants give me some wine ! the cup is empty ! the presents of my people, are flown back to them. Your love is the only present I preserve in my bosom ; you have exchanged your hearts for mine. (*A page has meanwhile filled the cup.*) Long live my people ! (*He drinks.*)

The old man. (drying his eyes) Blessing on our fine young lord !

All. Prosperity ! and blessing ! (*the curtain drops.*)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

An Apartment in the Castle of Hallwyl.

SCENE I.

ELSBETH—*Alone. (She is spinning. Beside her hangs a cage with a bird in it.)*

ARE you tired at last with singing, little warbler? What makes you pick so much at the wire? you want to get out?—Will you desert me too, you only creature, to whom I may complain of what oppresses me!—Tarry only, till Henry returns—Oh! he'll come for certain!—*(She spins, and tries to sing)* God knows, why I cannot sing;—my throat is not sore, but strangled.—Formerly when I was leaping down the mountain, I sang louder than you, dear Linnet! that Henry might know me at a distance. Now every thing is so silent about me, that I can hear the moving of the time-piece at the wall.—It perhaps points to my last hour!—Well then!—If Henry not returns—*(she spins and weeps.)* Of this flax they shall weave my shroud; it is wetted with my tears!—

SCENE II.

Mother GERTRAUD, with a large bunch of flowers.

Gertr. Be joyful, Miss! all troubles are at an end.

Elsb. *(Jumping up)* Is Henry here?

Gertr. What! Henry! he may go on a pilgrimage to Palestine, and fetch a splinter of the holy cross, a good remedy for the toothach. No, quite different things are now in question! Behold this beautiful nosegay, variegated like a wood-pecker, odoriferous like Indian spice. Whom do you think I got it of.

Elsb. Its indifferent to me.

Gertr. Do but see, and smell.

Elsb. My rose is finer and smells more delicious.

Gertr. The withered rose? hah! hah! hah! you have not taken it from your bosom these ten days.

Elsb. But I plucked it from the bush which Henry planted.

Gertr. And what of that? you will soon sing another song. Hurrah! Miss, your bridegroom is arrived.

Elsb. No, no, he does not come so soon.

Gertr. He is even now in the armory, in conversation with your father. He sent me, meanwhile, with this nosegay.—give my love, he said, to the noble young lady, my charming bride. And then he slipped a piece of gold into my hand, the dear gentleman!—Your father sends you word to dress yourself in your best clothes.

Elsb. My good mother, plague me not.

Gertr. Plague you, indeed! poor child, ha! ha! ha! she is ashamed.

Elsb. Is the knight here indeed?

Gertr. Indeed he is; why should I cause you useless joy?

Elsb. And is come, to take me for a wife?

Gertr. What else for then?

Elsb. No! never! (*She leans against an open window and looks sorrowfully through it.*)

Gertr. I don't know what to think of you. I am afraid the old witch down in the village has played her tricks with you. That wicked hag does great mischief among men and cattle. The magistrates should be more vigilant. Is it not a pity, how the poor child pines away. Her clothes become too wide. She used to hop along upon one leg, but now she can scarcely crawl upon two. Formerly she laughed at every thing; now she weeps for nothing. But patience, she will laugh enough, when she sees this fine knight. He is grown thick and fat; a dark complexion, black whiskers, a fine dress, and feathers in his hat. All is alive below in the castle yard; there are pages and chamber maids, horses and mules, chests and trunks without number. Ah! what fine things and bridal ornaments must they contain. My mouth waters at the

thought of it!——Heaven has at last granted my prayers, I shall live to conduct my sweet young lady to her bridal chamber, and put on her nightcap.——But, you hear me not, what are you staring at through this window?

Elsb. Do you see, dear Gertraud, Henry's hut below in the valley?—Alas, it is empty!

Gertr. What do you care about the old rotten hut, think rather of Walter's stately castle.

Elsb. A hut with Henry!——Ah! but a hut with Henry!

Gertr. Pshaw! dear child, better is better! Love's easiest death, is the death of hunger.——But, what are you about? the bird will fly out.

Elsb. So he shall. (*She opened the cage.*) Go and seek thy mate,

Gertr. Strange girl! She has fed and nursed that little bird with the greatest care—and now the whim takes her—hush! they are coming.

Elsb. In the name of God! (*Runs away.*)

Gertr. Where, where are you going to?——Yet, she is in the right! she has to put on her Sunday clothes. Bertha shall curl her hair. A gown with a long sweeping train—a hoop petticoat—a gold chain—and then no meat for Henry, though he were *Emperor Henry, the bird catcher.* (*She waddles off.*)

SCENE III.

CUNO and WALTER of BLONAY. (*Conversing.*)

Walter. If I only do not appear too old to the beautiful Elsbeth.

Cuno. Too old? how mean you that?

Walt. I am passed the years, in which men sing love-songs to women, and dress themselves in their colours.

Cuno. My Elsbeth has no colours. A blank shield without device.

Walt. I was but a youth, when by my bravery in battle, I acquired the crowned Lyon for my device. Many

a fine damsel would then have rejoiced, if I had exchanged the lion, crown and all, for a heart pierced by darts. But now——

Cuno. Well ? now ? Are you not still a manly, active knight.

Walt. I don't know. My journey to the holy Sepulchre has hurt my constitution, the Egyptian sun has brought wrinkles to my face. The *Saracenes* have lamed my arm, and the cut I received on my head has made me bald-headed.

Cuno. All evidences of your valor, the finest ornaments of knighthood !

Walt. May be to a father ! but the daughter is no Amazon.

Cuno. Be unconcerned. Wait here a little, I'll send Elsbeth to you, and then in God's name divulge to her the matter yourself. (*Exit.*)

Walt. (Alone.) It must be true, what has been said by the old poets ; that valor becomes speechless before beauty. It is easier to attack a horde of Arabs than to address a fine damsel.—But here she comes—what shall I say to her ?—Before I sat out for the holy Sepulchre the little thing played with the plume in my helmet—and now—she plays with my heart—casts it away perhaps, like broken toys.—Good Cuno ! a smooth chin is more agreeable to women than a bald head. If an arm is too weak to throw it around a neck, they care but little whether it has been lamed by the cut of a Saracene—Walter ! Walter ! be on your guard ! you have escaped the fetters of the infidels ; if you fall into the snares of love, the absolution will avail you nothing, which you have so dearly purchased.

SCENE IV.

Enter ELSBETH.

Elsbeth. (With embarrassment.) Good day to you, valiant knight ! My father sent me here.

Walter. And without your father's command you would not have come to meet me?

Elsb. Why not? you are an old friend of our house.

Waler. An old friend is often more welcome than a new lover?

Elsb. (*at a loss what to say*). You must know that better than I.

Walter. So, so,—Do you know, my charming girl, that you are grown half a head taller, since I saw you last?

Elsb. And you are grown older, Knight.

Walter. (*aside*). So, so, that sounds edifying, how shall I take up the thread of conversation?—(*loud*) Yes, yes, time will even make an armour moulder. It is to me as if your charming cheerfulness had remained sticking in your children's shoes?

Elsb. Ah! I was so happy in my childhood!

Walter. Will your future life be less so?

Elsb. An old gipsy has foretold me many fine things, but I am afraid she has told me lies.

Walter. So, so—Tell me what the old one has prophesied to you?

Elsb. She looked at my hand, love and pleasure, she said, every where, and the long line signifies: to the highest age.

Walt. Now, the love is found already.—

Elsb. Yes, but the pleasure—

Walt. Is Love's slave, and serves him willingly. You know, charming miss, why I am here?

Elsb. My father told it me.

Walt. I wish your heart had told it you.

Elsb. My father wishes that too.

Walt. I am, 'tis true, forty already; I cannot gain your heart by youthful attraction; my love is not of glowing coals, but constant warmth; not of tinsel, but of stuff, woven with integrity and faith. I rave no more, know nothing of whim and humour, am to-morrow, like to-day, honest; without varnish. I cannot say more. Now tell me, what you think.

Elsb. You are an honest man, I cannot deceive you.

Walt. Your pious eye speaks plain. You would not even deceive a rogue.

Elsb. If you value your happiness and mine, do not take me for your wife.

Walt. Take? fy! you shall give yourself to me.

Elsb. That I cannot.

Walt. (*Aside.*) I thought so!

Elsb. My father will compel me.

Walt. He shall not.

Elsb. Pardon me!

Walt. What have I done to incur your hatred?

Elsb. I hate no one, and you least; I love all mankind, and you before many.

Walt. And yet——

Elsb. I will go into a convent.

Walt. Don't do that; for as little as I may be worth, in my castle is yet better living than in a convent.

Elsb. A vow binds me.

Walt. To whom have you vowed.

Elsb. To the holy Agatha.

Walt. Look at me: Is that true?

Elsb. (*Unable to lie*) No, it is not true.

Walt. A vow may bind you, but not to the holy Agatha. Am I right, Miss?

Elsb. I entreat your compassion.

Walt. I don't know which of us is most in want of compassion. I would rather let you go to our Savior, than to a youth deserving of my envy.——With me it is all over! Farewel, my sweet dream! instead of a lovely wife, nobody will be about me but the castle priest; instead of the merry noise of my boys and girls, the hounds will howl in their kennel; good night, Walter? if you had not been so foolish as to go in your youthful days on a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, you might have found a damsel, who one time would have strewed your grave with flowers. You have met with your desert! why did you go in quest of happiness to Palestine? it dwells in every place where there is love!

Elsb. Good man! I wish to see you happy.

Walt. Yes, if it can be done without you, is it not so?

Elsb. I hear my father; ah! he will be angry.

Walt. Had I but a child! even though it gave me cause of anger.

SCENE V.*Enter CUNO.—The FORMER.*

Cuno. (*In good spirits*) Now? have you settled matters?

Walt. Completely.

Cuno. Has the girl been bashful.

Walt. Not at all.

Cuno. That's well, Elsbeth. How do you like him.

Elsb. Very well.

Cuno. Are you contented?

Elsb. If you are so.

Cuno. Yes, yes, dear girl! I am as much rejoiced as if I had to go to my own wedding.

Walt. So you must.

Cuno. I?

Walt. If you want to celebrate a wedding in this house.

Cuno. How mean you that?—I guess—you intend at your own castle?—I shall not suffer that! I am not rich, but to my Elsbeth's day of honor I give my last ounce of silver.

Walt. You are mistaken.

Cuno. Wherein?

Walt. She will not have me.

Cuno. What! do you make jest of me?

Walt. Far from it.

Cuno. Did you not say just now that all was settled?

Walt. That we shan't marry, is settled.

Cuno. That she without bashfulness——

Walt. Has told me, that she could not love me.

Cuno. And you—you cast down your eyes?

Elsb. My father——

Cuno. Is it true?

Elsb. Do not be angry!

Cuno. Naughty child! will there be every day such suitors? you are a poor girl, your smooth face is but a slender dowry. You also know that I cannot, lead you, dressed in silk and velvet, from one carousal to another, there to be stared and eyed at. You bloom here in obscurity; no one sees you, no one knows you; the number of my friends is but small, for at my house there are

no festivals. You ought to thank your patron saint for having sent to you an upright man, who does not despise our poverty.

Walt. No persuasion, knight. I love to see the hops voluntarily encircle the elm; but I do not like to see them tied to it.

Cuno. Pooh! Pooh! a little constraint, and it soon becomes natural.———*Elsbeth!* prepare yourself: *On All Saint's Day* your wedding with this worthy man, will take place.

Elsb. Father, I cannot! Let me retire into a convent.

Cuno. Into a convent? Are you serious?

Elsb. Yes, father, the sooner! the better! there I'll pray for you.

Cuno. What will your prayers avail me? Those who do not act piously, pray.———I am old and weak, have no other support, and no other pleasure, but you——and me you will desert?———As I stood weeping at your mother's death bed; and with groans exclaimed: *Who will now nurse me in my old age!* the angel once more opened her eyes, smilingly pointed to you——and expired.

Elsb. (*Falls weeping upon his neck.*) Ah! my father!

Cuno. I trusted to the promise of a dying wife. With consolation, I saw you grow up. Feeling my strength decline, I always said within myself, she will nurse me, she and my grand children; when attacked by the gout or lamed by the rheumatism, and unable to lift the spoon to my mouth, then she will feed me, she and my grand children.

Elsb. (*Anxiously embracing him.*) Father! dear father!

Cuno. When, on account of my fidelity to my liege Lord, the Count of Greyerz, the Emperor proscribed me; when the finest of my castles became destroyed and demolished, and I saw my property go to ruin; then I thought: If God pleases, my *Elsbeth* will be spared to me! and if she finds a good and rich husband, I will live with her, she will not let me suffer in my old age.———Alas! poor old man! she goes to a convent and prays, to the saints to help her father, whom she does not like to assist

herself.—Go! go! mother Gertraud will close my dying eyes. (*He weeps*)

Elsb. (*Agitated.*) Father! you weep? (*Turning hastily to Walter.*) Knight, I'll be your wife!

Walt. I ought not to take advantage of this emotion; yet the sensibility, that leads you to my arms, is so pious and noble, that I draw from it sweet hopes for my future happiness. If such the daughter—how precious must be the wife!

Cuno. (*Embracing her.*) She is my daughter!—A mother's blessing and a father's thanks will accompany her to her new abode. When God intends to reward good children, he makes them benefactors to their parents!

Elsb. May your tears and the last smile of my mother always be before my eyes.

Walt. (*Taking a ring from his finger.*) May I offer this ring to my graceful bride.—

Cuno. Give it me, my son. (*He takes the ring, puts it on Elsbeth's trembling finger, and joins their hands.*) God bless you, and may your descendants flourish to the latest posterity!

Elsb. (*Trembling.*)

Cuno. What ails you?—Gertraud! Gertraud!

Elsb. Don't call—have patience with me—it will soon be over—

Cuno. Recover yourself—retire to your chamber—(*The sound of a trumpet behind the scene.*)

Cuno. Hah! the watchman on the steeple sounds the horn. We shall have guests at the wedding feast.

Elsb. Not to-day, my father—only not to-day.—I am not able to receive your guests kindly.

Walt. Be tranquil, my lovely bride. You shall suffer no constraint.

Elsb. I am not well—indeed I am not!—but I shall soon be better. (*She reels away, raises her eyes and hands towards heaven, and mutters to herself:*) Ah, Henry! (*Exit.*)

Walt. (*Looks thoughtfully after her, and shakes his head.*) I cannot rejoice in my good fortune.

Cuno. Content yourself, and give the bride time only, to drop the character of the maiden.

SCENE VI.*Enter ATTENDANT.*

Attendant. An ambassador of the Count of Burgundy halts at the bridge, and desires to speak to you.

Cuno. From the Count of Burgundy? what has he to do with me?—he has lost his way perhaps?

Attend. He enquired for Knight Cuno of Hallwyl.

Cuno. And the name of the ambassador.

Attend. Is Count Hugo of Werdenberg.

Cuno. Incomprehensible. Let down the drawbridge; assist him to dismount, and conduct him here. (*Exit attendant.*) They do not speak well of the Count of Burgundy. Is it not the same that killed his brother Albrecht?

Walt. It is said, that he is dead.

Cuno. It's all the same. Also with his son I'll have no concern.

Walter. I am well acquainted with the Ambassador. In our youthful days we broke many a lance together. An embassy in which Count Hugo of Werdenberg is concerned can be for no unworthy purpose.

SCENE VII.

Enter Count HUGO, with a large retinue, among them HENRY as a page, hid among the crowd.

Hugo. Hail, noble Knight!

Cuno. You are welcome!

Hugo. I beg for a night's lodging.

Cuno. As good as I can give.

Hugo. Do I see right? Is not that Walter of Blonay?

Walter. 'Tis he.

Hugo. (*Shaking hands with him.*) It's long since I saw you. How fare you?

Walt. The sun still shines into my garden.

Hugo. Good luck to you. (*Turning to Cuno.*) Knight, I have to deliver a message to you.

Cuno. Speak in peace.—

Hugo. Henry, Count of Burgundy, Lord of Arles, greets you, and requests your daughter, the noble Baro-ness Elsbeth of Hallwyl, as his spouse.

(After a pause, during which Cuno and Walter regard each other with astonishment.)

Cuno. Knight, not to mistrust your words, are you not mistaken ?

Hugo. Not at all.

Cuno. Is your message indeed to Cuno of Hallwyl ?

Hugo. To Cuno of Hallwyl.

Cuno. To the poor Cuno, whose property the Imperial proscription swallowed up ? and who holds the last remains of his castles in fief of a monk ?

Hugo. To the same. Count Henry, my master, desires no other dowry than your daughter's heart.

Cuno. Strange ! by God ! very strange ! How can your Count have desire for a damsel, he never saw ?

Hugo. She is not strange to him, he often saw her.

Cuno. Then he has been fluttering round her window with the swallows, for her foot never stepped beyond the limits of Hallwyl.

Hugo. No matter, he knows and loves her.

Cuno. I am sorry for it. Tell your master, that I think myself highly honored by his offer, yet my consent to his request is no more in my power, for my daughter is the bride of this worthy man.

Hugo. You perplex me. Knight Blonay, you often gained of me the price of arms, yet I always remained your friend, but I envy you for the wreath of love.

Walt. I have only seen the buds, perhaps the blossoms will prosper with you better.

Cuno. What do you mean by that ? Do you doubt the honor of a knight ?—Cuno of Hallwyl has never forfeited his word, and Elsbeth bears your ring upon her finger.

Walt. I expected that of you, noble knight, and thank you for it. But here is not the question, of what *becomes* you, or what *pleases* me ?—I give you back your word ; Elsbeth only can decide.

Cuno. God knows, how I doat on the damsel ! yet were

she capable of deviating on this occasion, from the conduct which I demand and expect of her; I would tear her from my heart!——Go, page, and call my daughter. (*A page goes off.*) (*To Hugo.*) Knight, do not take it amiss, you know the laws of honor. If I cannot fulfil your wish, you are notwithstanding heartily welcome to my house.

Hugo. I have not lost all hopes yet.

Walt. With permission, knight, how old is your lord?

Hugo. Nineteen years,

Walt. Luck to them! Youth only plucks the roses of love.

Cuno. Be resolute, they will yet blossom among your laurels.

SCENE VIII.

Enter ELSBETH.

Elsbeth. You have sent for me, father?

Cuno. Come nearer. Here is Count Hugo of Werdenberg.

Elsb. (*Makes a courtesy.*)

Cuno. He solicits your hand, in the name of his lord, the Count of Burgundy.

Elsb. You jest, father.

Hugo. It is earnest, Baroness. Permit me, to be the first, who pays his respects to the new Countess of Burgundy, as my future sovereign.

Elsb. Knight, you think me to be a child. Who is this Count of Burgundy? Do I know him? Have I ever heard of him?

Hugo. He loves you with warmth and honesty.

Elsb. How can he love me? has he seen me in a dream?

Hugo. If you do not trust my words, accept these jewels, as a token of their truth. The Countess Matilda, his mother, sends them to her beloved daughter-in-law.

Elsb. Do you delight in my perplexity? Can my good father make jest of me?

Cuno. Not at all! The proposal is serious, for with Hallwyl's daughter no one shall dare to sport. What I in duty had to say; I have said already; it is your turn, speak, the language of your heart.

Elsb. Ah father! you know, my heart is attached to one alone!—and that only one is lost to me!—Good Henry! If I am not to possess you, a throne has no attraction for me!—For your sake, father, I have given my word to this man, and I will keep it. (*She offers Walter her hand, and then turns to Hugo.*) Knight, tell your master, that Elsbeth of Hallwyl is betrothed.

Henry. (*calling out*) Do not tell him so, knight! he would die with grief!

Elsb. (*Looking around her, and falling into a swoon.*) Henry.

Cuno and Walter. (*Looking at the attendants.*) What was that?

Hugo. My part is done. Count Henry, you must speak for yourself.

Henry. (*Throwing himself down at Elsbeth's feet.*) Away with the princely crown! Here I lay it down at Elsbeth's feet. She loved the poor Henry, and the poor Henry she shall again recognize, when she opens her lovely eyes.

Cuno. I feel strange? Is not this Henry? the old hermit's son.

Hugo. The son of Count Albrecht of Burgundy, whose uncle slayed his father, and eighteen years withheld from him his parental inheritance.

Elsb. (*recovering*) Henry is it you?

Henry. Remember your vow, by the holy Agatha!

Elsb. My Henry!

Henry. You have refused my mother's jewels; behold the floweret lies within it which you gave me at our parting.

Elsb. Have I been dead? and now awake in heaven?

Cuno. Miracles! Where is brother Peter?

Hugo. He has methamorphosed himself into the knight Hans of Bonstetten.

Elsb. (*pointing to Walter*) Father! For the love of God!—I cannot become this man's wife.

Walt. God forbid, that I should separate such a pair!

remain my friend, noble Miss, wear my ring as a remembrance of a faithful friend.

Henry. (rises and falls on Walter's neck) Take all my treasures! this one only leave to me!

Walt. Its love that gives it you.

Cuno. It is the finger of God!

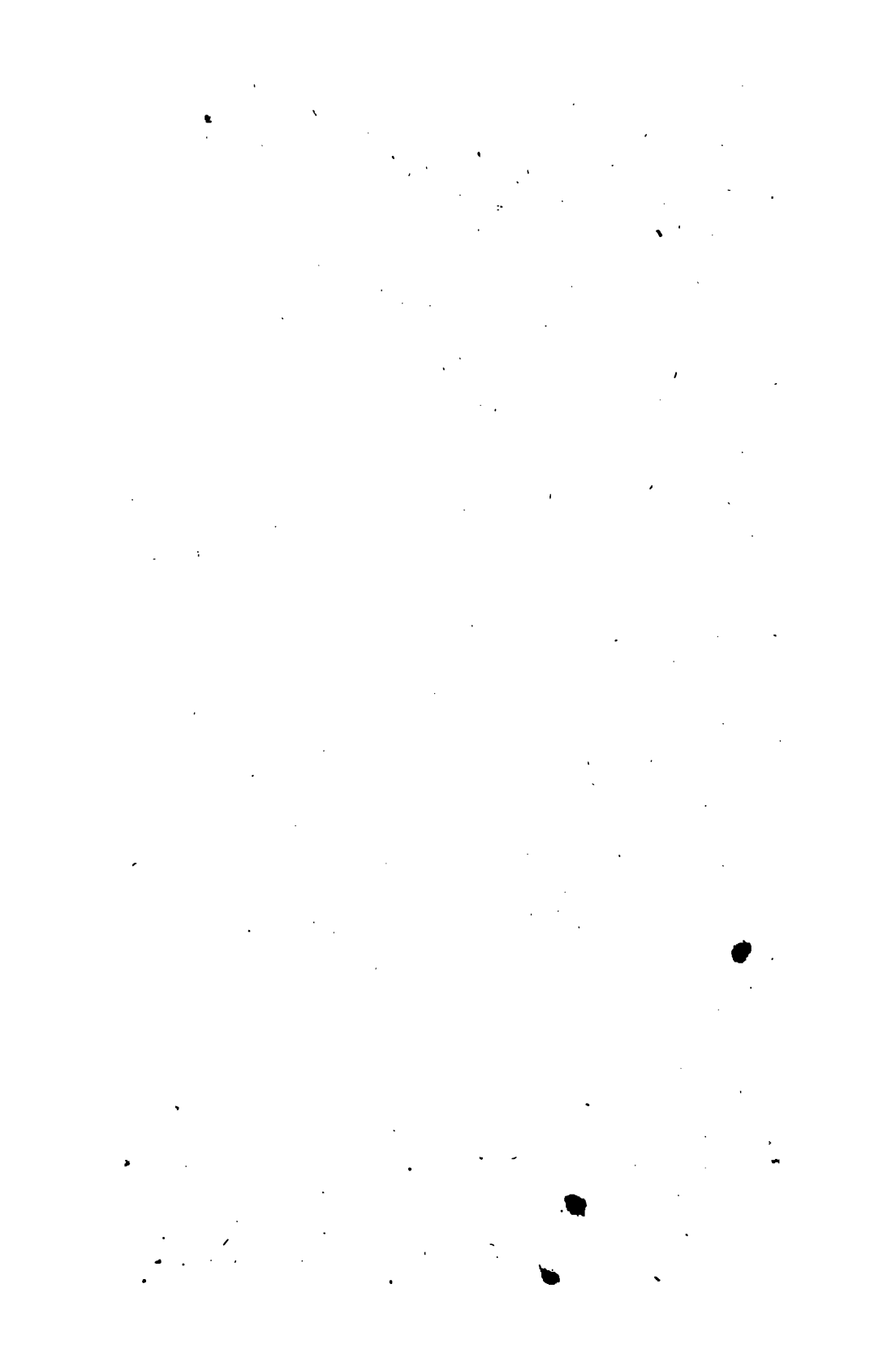
Henry and Elsb. (throwing themselves at Cuno's feet)
Your blessing, father!

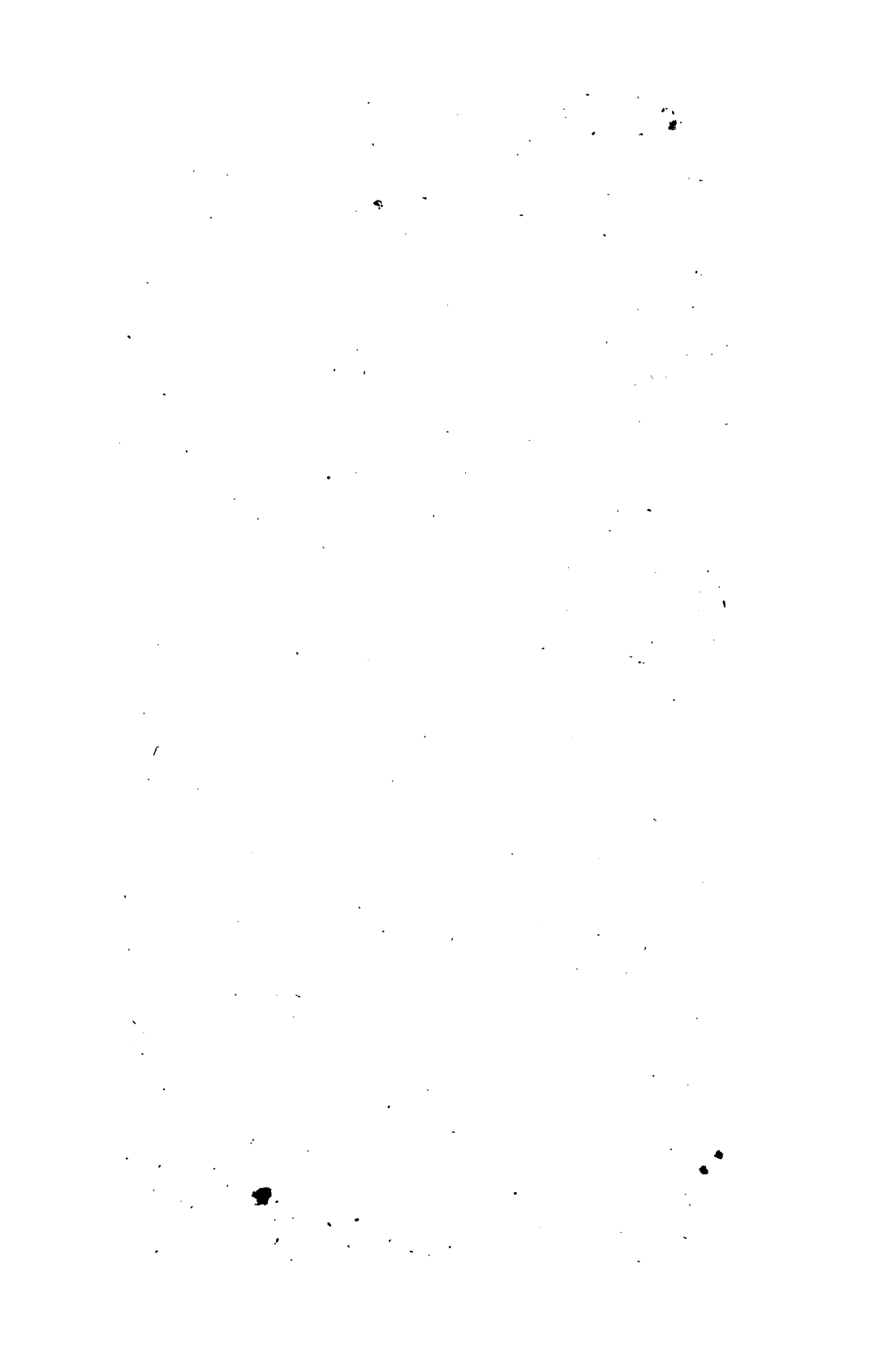
Cuno. (Bending over them with emotion.) Take it with these tears of joy!

The Attendants. Long live the young Countess of Burgundy!!! *(The curtain drops.)*

THE END.







THE
WILD YOUTH:
A
COMEDY FOR DIGESTION.
IN
THREE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

KOTZEBUE,

BY

CHARLES SMITH.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES SMITH AND S. STEPHENS.

1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FREDERICK BARON WELLINGHORST.

FELIX, *his Tutor,*

BARON PIFFELBURG.

JOHN MULKUS, *an Invalid with a wooden leg.*

HAIR-DRESSER.

BARONESS BRUMBACH.

NANNETTE, *her Daughter.*

LIEETTE, *her Chambermaid.*

SCENE—A Hall in an Inn, with a middle door, and several side doors, which are numbered.

THE
WILD YOUTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

FREDERICK *standing with folded arms before a door, and looking at the number.*

NUMBER three—an ominous number—one is tempted to become a Pythagorean—but I shall not stir from this place, till I know who lives here—a female figure, as beautiful as if *Angelica Kaufman** had been breathing her upon canvass—wife or maiden?—Oh, a maiden I am sure! at church she never turns her eye from the preacher: and when I meet her eye, her cheeks begin to glow like apple blossoms—In the end it's all the same—Frederick! Frederick! you lie (*pointing to his heart*) Here is something moving: May she be a girl!—a girl unengaged and free!

SCENE II.

LISETTE *comes to the door and calls,*

Molkus!

Molk. (*behind the scene*) Here!

Lif. Bring coffee! (*goes off again.*)

Molk. Directly.

Fred. A pert thing. The chambermaid I suppose: I must throw a handful of money in her pocket.

* An unri valled German female painter.

Molk. (*brings coffee*)

Fred. Where art thou going ?

Molk. Thou ?——— I have not drank fellowship with any one.

Fred. Do not take it amiss, where are you carrying the coffee ?

Molk. To number three.

Fred. Who lives in number three ?

Molk. To-day such a one, to-morrow another, as it happens at inns.

Fred. Fool ! I will know———

Molk. Sir ! if one man knows something, and another wants to know it, he must pay for it.

Fred. Just enough. There are three florins———

Molk. Well ! a reasonable question deserves an answer. In number three there live three ladies.

Fred. Who are they ? what are their names ? where are they going to ? how long will they stay here ?

Molk. I don't know : I don't know : I don't know.

Fred. Don't you know their names ?

Molk. Their names ? yes, they are written in the town clerk's list.*

Fred. Well ?

Molk. The name of the old woman is Baroness Brumbach.†

Fred. The name augurs nothing good.

Molk. The name of the little wild girl is Lifette, her chambermaid.

Fred. And that round angel's head ?

Molk. What angel's head ?

* Every stranger that enters the gates of any town in Germany, is registered.

† Brumbach : the first syllable of this name signifies a growling or peevish person.

Fred. That Grecian girl, with the beautiful swan's neck, and the lily bosom?

Molk. I do not understand you.

Fred. Blockhead, who is the third lady?

Molk. Blockhead? (*he looks at the money in his hand*) three florins—the blockhead may pass.

Fred. Well.

Molk. The third lady is the young Baroness.

Fred. And her name?

Molk. Well, her name is undoubtedly the same as her mother's.

Fred. Miss Brumbach? fy, that can't be her name.

Molk. Give her another name then.

Fred. So I will, by God! I will——Do you know any thing more?

Molk. Nothing more, but that the coffee is getting cold.

(*he goes into the room.*)

Fred. Miss Brumback, then?——fy! the name makes me shiver——but how can this beautiful girl help her hateful name? is it not in my power, to-day or to-morrow, to rebaptize her?——Baroness Wellinghorst that sounds better. If I knew only how to get acquainted with her? (*he looks through the key-hole*) I see a green sofa, but no one sits upon it——On the right hand a looking-glass, but no one is reflected by it——I must lurk a little——(*as soon as he puts his eye to the key-hole, Lisette opens the door, and almost upsets him.*)

SCENE III.

FREDERICK and LISETTE.

Lis. (*surprised*) Oho! what's that?

Fred. A formal siege, my pretty girl: but you make a fally, and the enemy retreats.

THE WILD YOUTH.

Lif. Have I hurt you, Sir ?

Fred. Yes, with your black eyes.

Lif. May I ask with whom you wish to speak ?

Fred. With you, my dear girl.

Lif. With me ? well, I am here.

Fred. Tell me in whose service you are ?

Lif. In Lady Brumbach's.

Fred. Who is Lady Brumbach ?

Lif. Dear Sir, you ask me what I can't answer. I am with her but three weeks, and of my predecessor I could learn nothing, for she only staid a fortnight with her.

Fred. And you three weeks already ? that does you credit.

Lif. My patience has already become as thin as a piece of thread, and if it was not for the dear miss——

Fred. The dear miss ! true ! the dearest miss !

Lif. Do you know her ?

Fred. I know but her, I have all my life time known nothing else.

Lif. Where have you seen her then ?

Fred. Yesterday at church.

Lif. Never before ?

Lif. (*smiling*) The acquaintance is short indeed.

Fred. I am young, and the lady is young too, and in short, I am mortally in love with her.

Lif. Aye, we don't know a word of that.

Fred. But I know it by heart.

Lif. Have you often such attacks ?

Fred. I must tell you, Lifette, that ever since my eighth year, I have been constantly in love, and I hope to be in love till my eightieth.

Lif. The last object of your love will be to be envied.

Fred. The last is your young mistress. I shall eternally love her.

Lif. Eternally ?

Fred. Not an hour less.

Lif. Well enough. Eternity is a fine little thing, especially in the mouth of a young gentleman of twenty.

Fred. Twenty-one, if you please.

Lif. Twenty-one ! I beg your pardon sir. But may I not know the name of the knight errand whom my young lady has made her slave ?

Fred. Baron Willinghorst. I am rich, have neither father nor mother : to-morrow I shall be of age, and can do as I please.

Lif. So, so, if only the young lady could do as she pleased.

Fred. Think you she would be willing ?

Lif. Why not ? here an old scolding mother, there a young friendly gentleman, here a draught of rhubarb, there a glass of lemonade——

Fred. You enrapture me ! I must kiss you.

Lif. (*opposing him*) Are you always accustomed to kiss the chambermaid of your beloved, when you are enraptured ?

Fred. Always, always, that's my way.

Lif. The young sparks kiss, and the old ones pay.

Fred. Oh ! on that subject I am a Methusalem. (*he gives her a purse full of money*) There little rogue.

Lif. (*with feigned resistance*) No, no,——it was'nt meant so——indeed you are irresistible.

Fred. Would to God your young lady was of the same opinion.

Lif. Who knows——

Fred. Tell her that I am languishing like Siegwart, and raving like Werter——

Lif. And love like Tom Jones.

Fred. That I am bashful and modest——

Lif. That you spout sparks like a sky-rocket.

Fred. Which at last dissolve in balls of fire.

Lif. But the balls of fire extinguish.

Fred. Dear child, we must not talk too long in families——
Let us speak of my gratitude, which is as eternal as my love.

Lif. I am contented with four weeks.

Fred. Jest aside, you might put me in a grateful furor (*he takes a letter from his pocket, which he turns about in his hands*) If, for instance, you would——look at this letter.

Lif. Willingly (*she looks at it*) it's a letter without a direction.

Fred. It is from me, addressed through you to my future bride.

Lif. A bride without a name? I may then give it to whom I please.

Fred. Only not to the old lady Brumbach, keep it yourself rather.

Lif. No my dear sir of one and twenty years, we do not proceed in love as a letter does by post.

Fred. The God of love is drawn by pigeons, and pigeons fly. As soon as he puts snails to his chariot I'll walk slower too.

Lif. My young lady does not know even that you exist, and is to enter in correspondence with you. That's dangerous.

Fred. She has to read only.

Lif. The letter is copied from your eyes, I suppose?

Fred. Verbatim.

Lif. Then I know it by heart already.

Fred. But an ambassador without credentials.—

Lif. Patience! patience!

Fred. This word is not in my dictionary.

Lif. Then write it in it. Keep your tender letter. I shall tell her, that a handsome young gentleman, with a pair of large wild eyes, has resolved to love her eternally. Not so?

Fred. The very thing.

Lif. That he is a rich Baron, of age to-morrow.

Fred. Quite right.

Lif. And that he would marry her the day after to-morrow.

Fred. Why not to-morrow evening?

Lif. If but mamma is not too sparing with her maternal blessing.

Fred. Chance has made me a Baron, chance has given me two lordly estates: what can she have against me?

THE WILD YOUTH.

Lif. She will say, that children must not marry.

Fred. In a few years she may tell that to our children.

Lif. A mother does not like to share the myrtle crown with her daughter.

Fred. What ! is the old one going to marry a second time ?

Lif. A third time.

Fred. Bravo.

Lif. Her first husband she plagued to death, the second is run away, but the third she'll lock up more carefully.

Fred. Indeed ? yet she carries her young daughter about with her ? she wants to sell cucumbers and has melons in her basket.

Lif. We imagine the melons are not yet ripe, we call miss Nannette only the little girl, the child.

Fred. Miss Nannette ? is her name Nannette ?

Lif. Yes.

Fred. A lovely name. I am enraptured at the very name ! I must kiss you.

Lif. Again ?

Fred. If your young lady has half a dozen such pretty names, I kiss you five times more.

Lif. Be quiet, sir ! if we should be overheard, they will think you are in love with me.

Fred. Why not ? I am in love with you. I have been at one time, in love with eight girls

Lif. A pretty recommendation !

Fred. I was but young then.

Lif. To be sure, constancy comes but with age.

Fred. But if you think a divided heart burns weaker, the fire of my kisses shall prove to you——

Lif. (*opposing him*) Baron ! Baron !

Felix. (*standing at the door*) Frederick ! Frederick !

Lif. (*screams and runs off.*)

SCENE IV.

FELIX (*in his night-gown*) FREDERICK.

Fred. Are you got up already, dear Mr. Felix.

Felix. I might ask you that. You are always asleep some hours longer than I.

Fred. Ah! love robs me of sleep.

Fel. Again? three miles from here it was the same case.

Fred. Three miles? just three? that's ominous.

Fel. How so?

Fred. Look at number three at the door there.

Fel. Well.

Fred. There lives my beloved.

Fel. What! she who just now went away?

Fred. That's the chambermaid only. A star of the sixth rank to the sun.

Fel. I am used to your suns and angels.

Fred. Dear Mr. Felix, if *Mahomet* could put the moon in his sleeves, I shall be able to marry the sun.

Fel. You will burn your wings.

Fred. You jest, but I am perfectly in earnest.

Fel. God forbid.

Fred. Why?

Fel. Because we find of twenty marriages scarcely one that's tolerable, and of an hundred but one that is happy.

Fred. You are a woman hater.

Fel. A burnt child dreads the fire, but a youth will throw himself into the flames.

Fred. What a sweetness there is in burning.

Fel. I know it, and have paid dear enough for my experience.

Fred. Only think, her name is Nannette.

Fel. And if her name was Angelica—a name does not make an angel.

Fred. She is scarcely sixteen.

Fel. The longer she will torment you.

Fred. She is beautiful like a rose.

Fel. The more admirers will surround her.

Fred. She is mild like a pigeon.

Fel. Women are all so, but out of the house only.

Fred. Well then we ride out all day.

Fel. My young friend, you make a jest of the most serious occurrence of your life.

Fred. Just the contrary ; I think it to be the most pleasant. To love a beautiful girl, to be beloved by her, to marry her ; what more pleasant can there be ?

Fel. It's enough that I know you, and that I know how quick your sparks extinguish.

Fred. Because they were sparks : but now it is a Trojan fire.

Fel. Dear Frederick, leave off these romances. You know the world, you have at my side travelled through all Europe, and have seen something more than inns.

Fred. Yes, dear Mr. Felix, I have to thank you for my knowledge of man.

Fel. You know men, and don't know yourself.

Fred. The seven sages of Greece were not a breadth of hair the better off.

Fel. And if you have possessed your Nannette a twelve-month——

Fred. *Then I have passed three hundred and sixty-five happy days.

Fel. And in the second year——

Fred. A day more, if it is a leap-year.

Fel. May my own terrible example serve you as a warning. I was also married, and am *perhaps* still.

Fred. *Perhaps* ? There is not much of tenderness in this *perhaps* ?

Fel. I played a romance with my wife. I gazed with her at

the moon, instead of looking into her heart ; and at the sunshine of reason I found that I was most egregiously mistaken.

Fred. Then you opened your Zenophon, and read the life of Socrates.

Fel. My Xantippe daily offered me the cup of poison. Vanity, obstinacy, and the damnable scandal at last drove me out of my house into the wide world.

Fred. You left her then.

Fel. It was wrong. I confess to you my weaknesses, to prevent you from falling into the same. I left her all my property, and my daughter ; took nothing with me, but the little knowledge I have acquired.

Fred. Particularly knowledge of women.

Fel. My adopted name Felix protected me from all enquiry, and so I came to your father's house, when you were but an infant.

Fred. Poor man ! why have you not called yourself *Infelix* ?

Fel. Your father's friendship, your genius, and the goodness of your heart, have these twelve years eased my grief.

Fred. My father died and left to me the duty of indemnifying you for his friendship.

Fel. You can do it if you please.

Fred. We must always remain together.

Fel. If my age will not be troublesome to you.

Fred. I could never be quite happy without your company.

Fel. I love you as my son, and value you as my father. Your father's last words sound still in my ears.

Fred. Follow this man, he said to me, and my blessing will be upon you.

Fel. You will be of age to-morrow, and I have no more command over you. You are master of your fortune and your person. A friend dare only request and caution.

Fred. A friend ? you make me proud of this title—but my dear Mr. Felix ! why should I be unhappy in my marriage because you was so in yours ?

Fel. I don't say so. Many a one has drawn the highest prize ; but let that romantic fire once be vaniſhed.

Fred. That may laſt long. I have lately been at the theatre, when *Iſland's Bachelor* was performed, and poor *Reinhold* moved me ſo that I reſolved at once to marry.

Fel. You are much too young.

Fred. Youth can be contented eaſier.

Fel. And eaſier be ſatisfied.

Fred. Whoever chooſes forty years, does not always chooſe well.

Fel. You do not know the object of your love. You have ſeen a book in Engliſh binding, and do not know its contents.

Fred. Should God have given to a bad book ſo fine a binding ?

Fel. An hour of reflection is better than a year of repentance.

Fred. Right, dear Mr. Felix, I will put *Nannette* to the proof with all the caution of a lover.

Fel. (*ſmiling*) That's all, to be ſure, that a lover can promiſe.

Fred. In the fiſt place, I have wrote her this letter, in which I tell her I adore her.

Fel. The beſt manner to acquire knowledge of her.

Fred. If I but knew how to get the letter into her hands.

Fel. In time we gather roſes.

Fred. But when the roſes are once in bloſſom there is no time to be loſt.

Fel. You have called me your friend. Well, make uſe of my eyes. Love has put ſpectacles on my noſe.

Fred. Is love then a dealer in ſpectacles ; or is it better to borrow a miicroſcope from a hypocondriac ? he that breaks the ſpectacles of any man, deſerves very little thanks——But, patience ! you ſhall ſee *Nannette*, and be bewitched by her yourſelf. Her ſoft blue eyes, her modeſt graces, her amiable baſhfulneſs, her attractive innocence——formed like a Grecian, blooming like a Circaſſian, the boſom of a Turkiſh, and the teeth of a Moorish beauty——(*A ſervant girl, with a bunch of keys, paſſes over*

the stage : Frederick perceives her) Halt ! halt ! what a neat creature !———hear, dear little one, do'nt run so fast ! Little Satan ! can you not wait ?

(He runs after her.)

Fel. There we have it ! each white apron puts him in flames. Thoughtless youth ! you mistake youthful flames for love ; woe to the poor girl that throws her myrtle garland into such straw flames.

[He retires to his room.]

SCENE V.

Lady Brumbach's Room.

LISETTE. *(soon after)* NANNETTE.

Lisette. (counting the money which Frederick gave her) eight dollars and a piece of gold. This young gentleman pleases me. He is as brisk as a cornet, and as generous as a prince. Let us see what a reasonable chambermaid has to do in such a case. Here burns the fire and there lays the straw. She has but to move the straw a little nearer the fire, and to blow a little into it, then the business is finished.

Nannette (appears) Has mamma got up ?

Lif. O yes, she is just combing her lap-dog.

Nannette. (Gaping) What day is to-day ?

Lif. Monday.

Nan. I am sorry.

Lif. How so ?

Nan. Because we are so far from Sunday.

Lif. Has the last sermon pleased you so much ?

Nan. The sermon ? Oh no ? but at church we see people. The whole week we dare not think of going out.

Lif. We see and are seen.

Nan. Who would look on my indifferent hat, and my plain white gown ? Indeed, I am ashamed. Mamma gives me nothing better.

Lif. Mamma Nature has been the more generous to you.

Nan. When I set among the fine dressed ladies, I feel, that Mamma is in the right.

Lif. In what ?

Nan. She always calls me a stupid ugly thing.

Lif. There are people, who would swear to the contrary.

Lif. Yes, Baron Piffelburg told me once that I was handsome; but mamma grew angry, and then he retracted.

Lif. I know a young gentleman who would not retract, if mamma was to become ten times as angry.

Nan. Do you know him ? how happy you are ! you know so many people.

Lif. I know him since half an hour only, but he prattled so much of you, that I could talk six months of it.

Nan. Of me ? tell me dear Lifette, tell.

Lif. He is young, well made, ardent in love.

Nan. In love ? with whom ?

Lif. With Miss Nannette.

Nan. With me ! Oh my God ! how you frightened me !

Lif. With what ?

Nan. We must immediately acquaint mamma of it.

Lif. Aye, indeed !

Nan. You jest with me.

Lif. Not at all, he wants to marry you.

Nan. Marry me ? I fall in a swoon.

Lif. No matter for that.

Nan. Tell me, can I then indeed be married already ?

Lif. Why not ? if you meet with a good match ?

Nan. You make me laugh.

Lif. He is rich, and besides a nobleman :

Nan. Are then noblemen so amiable ?

Lif. Not always, but I lay a wager this one will please you.

Nan. If he loves me, you win the wager.

Lif. When I told him that your name was Nannette, he became so enraptured, that he embraced me.

Nan. Was that a token of his love too ?

Lif. Yes, indeed.

Nan. Very singular ; I do not like that.

Lif. He desired of me to carry a letter to you.

Nan. Quick, quick, where is it ?

Lif. Aye, aye, would that be becoming ? I have scolded him well for it.

Nan. Fy, that was stupid of you. No one has ever wrote to me yet ?

Lif. We must first know him better.

Nan. Now the poor young man will be grieved.

Lif. No danger ; grief does not seem to be his business.

Nan. But what will be the end of it ?

Lif. Time brings advice. Mamma will stay here for some time yet, for the romance with Baron Piffelburg begins to become serious. An opportunity will present itself to see and converse with each other.

Nan. To see and converse ? What do you think ? I could not lift an eye, nor speak a word.

Lif. That's his look out. Who knows what may happen. He has fine estates, and if you become Baroness Wellinghorst, I accompany you and marry his steward.

Nan. Yes, but——then he shall not embrace you any more.

Lif. Silence ! Mamma is coming.

SCENE VI.

Enter, Lady BRUMBACH.

Nan. (*kissing her hand*) Good morning, dear mamma.

Brumb. Good morning little thing. My God ! how you look again this morning : Well and blooming like a maid servant.

Nan. I slept very well.

Brum. But you are not to sleep well. It is not becoming a young girl of quality to sleep all night like a mountain rat.

Nan. After supper I can never keep my eyes open.

Brum. That's a rustic custom, (*sitting down at the table.*) A lady of education knows how to be sick becomingly, and I have thank God, not had a healthy hour all my life time.

Lif. A certain languishing softness has, thereby, spread itself over your whole frame.——

Brum. Men are tyrants. How could we so often trample under our feet the rights of the stronger, if we did not know how to render our weakness interesting. Weak nerves, cramps, Pyrmont water in the summer, and Baldrian pills in the winter, has converted many a boisterous husband into a pleasant companion.—— However, these maternal advices are too soon for you. Go, child, go to my cabinet; read the morning prayers and take Mops on your lap. I have to speak to Lifette. (*Exit Nannette.*)

Brum. The poor fellow! inquietude would not let him rest? What do you think, Lifette, shall I marry him.

Lif. This question, my lady, you must direct to your heart.

Brum. God forbid! I am glad the times are passed, in which the heart plays the master, and throws dust in the eyes of reason. Love is a good slave, but a bad master. Marrying is a bad custom, which one must comply with like the Siesta in Spain. But woe to the fool that bends her neck, when she is born to command.

Lif. With Baron Piffelburg——

Brum. Is not that running a risk? but even that is in his favor. A woman cannot appear in the world with decency, if she does not always carry an animal in man's cloath with her, and this Piffelburg may do as well as any other. His estate, to be sure, is involved, but he is of an old family and a very honest fellow. A certain polish, a certain fine feeling, we miss in him; so much the better! nature! nature! nothing excels nature!—— Lifette, where are my teeth?

Lif. They lay in your apartment.

Brum. This man seems really attached to me. However, I shall put his obedience to the test.—

Lif. And if he answers the test?

Brum. I am tired of roving alone about in the world. I want a husband who can keep my accounts and quarrel with postillions and innkeepers. Besides, I have to provide for a little child——

Lif. Have you got a little child yet?

Brum. My God, have you forgot Nannette?

Lif. Miss Nannette——

Brum. What Miss! she is a child that scarcely knows the right hand from the left. I hope you are not putting stuff into her head——

Lif. God forbid! she hardly knows that she has a head.

Brum. There we have it. A mother's care is a very heavy care. Besides, there is Mops, the Canary birds—nothing can be trusted to you domestics. My future husband will have his hands full.

Lif. You might easily get rid of the care of Miss Nannette.

Brum. How so?

Lif. Give her a husband, the first she best.

Brum. Are you crazy? hah! hah! hah! this child a husband! We do not marry our girls as the Russians do their boys.

Lif. But if one could be found, who would take her——

Brum. Hold your tongue! Early marriage, late repentance. When the daughters feel the mother's must think. Hymen led by the god of love, is a Moloch, to whom I shall never sacrifice my child.

Lif. I should pity poor Mops, for he is so much attached to Miss Nannette.

Brum. For that very reason. No, as long as poor Mops is alive, Nannette dare not think of marrying.

A Servant (enters) Baron Piffelburg wishes to be admitted.

Brum. He is welcome.—Go, Lifette, let us be alone.

Lif. (aside). The shepherd's hour is at hand.

SCENE VII.

Lady BRUMBACH. Baron PIFFELBURG in a hunting habit.

Piff. Good luck to you. Lady! a fresh morning. I have been wetting my feet in the dew.

Brumb. You speak as pathological as if you had read Kleist or Thompson.

Piff. Kleist? my cousin serves in that regiment. Thompson is the miller's name on my estate. The rascal is a deer stealer.

Brumb. Have you a good hunting ground?

Piff. The best in the country. Marry me, and you shall see a hunting match or a fox chase—You are old, madam, but I'll be shot if you have seen any thing like it, all your life time.

Brumb. It seems, Baron, as if you understood as much of a woman's age as of the Chinese language.

Piff. You are right, I speak German.

Brumb. Quite massive German.

Piff. The age of a horse I can determine to a hair, I have to look at the teeth only.

Brumb. Won't you go down into the stable?

Piff. What am I to do there? the inn-keeper has a pair of the age of twenty—

Brumb. Your language will be better understood there.

Piff. Have I again been guilty of a stupid action?

D'ont take it amiss, I am plain and straight, but I mean it as honest as my pointer.

Brumb. Indeed, if one is not acquainted with your language—

Piff. What matters language, if but the heart has its charge? make once an end of it, madam, give me your hand. To-morrow shall be our wedding, and the next day the fox-chase.

Brumb. What are you thinking? at my age—

Piff. For that very reason, neither of us has any time to lose. I am an old boy too!

Brumb. My God! how old do you take me to be?

Piff. Have you not told me that your second husband was killed in the seven years war ?

Brumb. Why not at the Trojan conflagration ?

Piff. What of war ! of conflagration, I love peace, and would marry you, even if you had gone to school with Metusalem : Well, then, madam, make no difficulties. Come with me to Piffelberg. My pastor shall publish the bans from the pulpit, and then in the name of God : be fruitful and multiply.

Brumb. Not so rash, Mr. huntsman,. To kill a partridge, and to gain a woman, are two different things.

Piff. Have I not long enough watched for the game ; I think it is time to chase it.

Brumb. (*aside*) Stop, I'll sound my power, and heat your head a little. (*loud*) There is nothing more unsufferable than to conclude a marriage like a bargain of merchandize ; where nothing of juvenile thoughtlessness is intermixed either by duel or suicide, either by night or elopement.

Piff. But, hang it, with whom am I to fight then ? whom shall I elope with ?

Brumb. Our romance shall not end so tragical, but thousand other things are to be considered—

Piff. Thousand ? that's a great deal. Begin then.

Brumb. And thousand little manners to be observed——

Piff. Upon my soul ! in this I am a novice.

Brumb. We must be alone.

Piff. Who interrupts us then ?

Brumb. Can we not every moment be surprised by my daughter or my chambermaid ?

Piff. Well, then we send them back.

Brumb. That is against decency. Do you know what ? yonder door leads into the garden. Here is the key to it. At midnight, the hour of ghosts, I expect you here.

Piff. At midnight ! pshaw ! the wild huntsman* riots then.—

* Alluding to a German story, of the ghost of a dead huntsman rioting in the forests.

Brumb. I hope you are not afraid ?

Piff. No, no, but I may oversleep myself.

(She gives him the key.)

Brumb. Then you may to-morrow seek for a sweetheart in the dew.

Piff. But why am I to come jnst through the garden ? this house is a hotel, it is open all night, nobody prevents me from coming in.

Brumb. Will you expose my name ?——and then the garden, the fresh air, the song of the nightingales——

Piff. The nightingales d'ont sing now.

Brumb. In short, sir, through the garden is the way to my heart.

Piff. Well, well, I did'nt know that your heart was a garden house.

Brumb. Go, the comparison is not a bad one ; a garden-house, an arbour, faintly brightened by the light of the moon——

Piff. The moon does not shine now.

Brumb. We pass in the cool through the tufty walks——

Piff. We shall catch cold.

Brumb. A lover must not shun a consumption even——

Piff. If I loose my usual night's rest, I am not worth a shot of powder the whole day.

Brumb. So much the better. There is no merit without a sacrifice.

Piff. I thiuk, madam, we should leave such triflings to young people. If we add your age and mine together, the product will exceed a century——

Brumb. This man will make a Cybela of me:

Piff. We both have the gout.

Brumb. Your mind is terribly deranged.

Piff. I am plagued with the hip, and you are sometimes short-breathed.——

Brumb. My God !——how am I—I am falling in a swoon——

Piff. There we have it ! and yet she wants to walk about at night,

Brumb. Nannette !—Lifette !—I die——

Piff. No danger. Swallow a handful of gun-powder.

Brumb. Nannette !—Lifette !—help ! help !

SCENE VIII.

Enter NANNETTE. LISETTE, the former.

Lif. What is it ?

Nan. What's the matter with you, dear mamma ?

Brumb. My salts——give me my salts.

Lif. (*holds it to her nose*) I am sure the young Baron Piffelburg has taken liberties.

Piff. What young Baron Piffelburg ! I am an old man (*half aside*) and she is too changing into wisdom, as the Russian hares in the winter season do into whiteness.

Brumb. Get out of my sight !

Piff. (*aside*) Rot it, she is getting angry. (*loud*) Dear creature, I did'nt mean to offend you.

Brumb. Away with you, I say !

Piff. Remember the beautiful Duet in the *Cosa rara*. Let us make peace——

Brumb. A charming *Lubino* !

Piff. I'll send an excellent hog into your kitchen.

Brumb. Go to the devil with your hog.

Piff. upon my soul, it is becoming serious !

Lif. Don't you hear ? you are to go.

Piff. Yes, yes, but may I not come again ?

Brumb. Never, no more !

Piff. Well, well, I know what I have to do, and if that fails, I found a retreat, and couple the hounds. [*Exit.*

Brumb. Is he gone indeed ? without throwing himself at my feet ?

Lif. You will excuse him, he is a little stiff.

Brumb. Ah ! how much have we to excuse in men !

Nan. Dear mamma, do the Russian hares get white in the winter ?

Brumb. You are a goose.

Nan. If my lover was to tell me such things, I would give him up instantly.

Brumb. Is it possible ! what do I hear ! the infants in the cradle will soon babble to each other ; I love you ! each puppet will be an *amor*, and each sugar cake a love letter. Miss Pertness ! Do you then know the beings, who are called lovers ?

Nan. Not yet so exactly.

Brumb. Let us hear what conception you have of them ?

Nan. A lover is a creature——which I like very well.

Lif. Right miss, one cannot define it.

Brumb. Beware, child, of a lover, more than of the spring sun : The one only spoils the skin, the other the heart :

Lif. And if he don't spoil it, he takes it away.

Nan. One might swear that it was made for that.

Brumb. A lover is a cunning being, which will take advantage of your weakness.

Nan. Are we then weak when we have a lover ?

Lif. That happens sometimes.

Brumb. Like a slave he will lay at your feet. Let him lay.

Nan. The poor creature !

Brumb. If you raise him up, he is your tyrant.

Lif. The rogue !

Brumb. A lover is a second Proteus, he will insinuate himself in all kinds of shape.

SCENE IX.

FREDERICK, (*dressed like a hair-dresser, with a powder-bag under his arm, puts his head into the door.*)

Fred. I beg pardon, do I come right here ?

Lif. (*laughing*) Indeed in all manner of shape.

Brumb. Whom are you looking for, my friend ?

Fred. I am looking for the amiable Baroness Brumbach.

Brumb. I am the same, but speak with reverence.

Fred. In my country, love and reverence are inseparable.

Lif. (*aside to Nannette*) Miss, this is the young Baron.

Nan. (*cries*) Ah !

Brumb. What ails you ?

Nan. Nothing, dear mamma.

Lif. You frightened her so much about the lovers.

Nan. Must I then run away when I see one ?

Brumb. Yes, if I am not present.

Fred. In this country children become knowing very early.

Brumb. 'Tis so, my friend, but what's your desire ?

Fred. I wish to have the honor to put your filken locks into curls.

Brumb. You have taken this trouble in vain : I have a hair-dresser.

Fred. Quite right, he is my employer : he has been taken sick, and sends me instead of him.

Brumb. So, so, what ails him then ?

Fred. He———has broke his leg.

Brumb. Poor man : how did that happen ?

Fred. He went up the steeple of St. Ann's Church, on his return he glided and fell down seventy-seven feet.

Brumb. Yes, yes, he that climbs high falls low———Lisette give me my dressing-gown.

Lif. (*bringing the dressing-gown.*) My friend, have you been a long while at this trade ?

Fred. I hope soon to be master—(*begins dressing*)

Lis. Then you'll marry, I suppose?

Fred. (*looking stealthily at Nannette*) O yes, if my love is not rejected.

Brumb. What countryman are you?

Fred. I am an emigrant from Alsace, if I ~~am~~ found out I am lost.

Brumb. You must take care.

Fred. I take all possible pains to deceive all those, who want to be deceived.

Brumb. You are right. Have you many customers in this city?

Fred. I forget them all when I am with you, Baroness.

Brumb. You are a droll. Do you dress the Baroness Hengstburg?—

Fred. Baroness Hengstburg? O yes.

Brumb. How old do you think that lady may be?

Fred. Baroness Hengstburg?—how old?—

You, my lady, might be her daughter.

Brumb. (*smiling*) Not so old. She is a few years younger than I.

Fred. Is it possible! (*he shows Nannette his letter—Lisette takes it and gives it to her.*)

Brumb. But it is natural that she looks so old. Irregular living.

Fred. If I was her husband, I would keep her short.

Brumb. She is a widow.

Fred. True, she is a widow.

Brumb. No, they are separated.

Fred. Or separated, the same thing.

Nan. (*is going away with the letter,*)

Brumb. Where are you going?

Nann. To my room.

Brumb. Stay, you have nothing to do there.

Nannette opens the letter slyly.

Brumb. Has the revolution driven you from your country ?

Fred. To my sorrow ! they wanted to force liberty upon me, and (*casting a glance on Nannette*) I love servitude so much—

Brumb. Hair-dressers are the slaves of luxury.

Fred. I intended to fly to England, but since Pitt has laid a tax upon hair-powder, not much is to be gained there.

Brumb. Lisette give me—(*turning her head she perceives Nannette reading*) he—mifs, what have you got there ?

Nan. (*frightened*) Nothing, dear mamma.

Brumb. Nothing ? I will see it : Here with it !

Nan. It is—it is——

Lif. It is a paper——

Brumb. Will you obey ?

Fred. Ah ! most likely the letter I had in my powder-bag.

Brumb. What letter ?

Fred. Your roguish chambermaid, I dare say, has stole it out of the bag.

Lif. You might have chosen a more civil expression.

Brumb. Shall I soon be informed of the thing in question ?

Fred. Between us, madam, but you must not betray me, it is a letter to the Baroness Hengstberg.

Brumb. To that lady ? Let me see it.

Fred. When I dressed her hair this morning I found it upon her toilet.

Brumb. How imprudent !

Fred. And in that instant it was in my bag. With your permission I'll read it to you.

Brumb. Read my friend. Go to your room, Nannette.

Fred. Why ? the young mifs will not understand any thing of it.

Brumb. Children should not hear such things. Yet you may stay to draw good advice from it.

Fred. (*reads, throwing glances at Nannette*) " My dear amiable creature ! "

Brumb. Very fine ! she has grey eyes, and freckles in her face.

Fred. (reads) "I saw you but once, but my heart is yours forever."

Brumb. The fool ! what is his name ?

Fred. The letter has no signature.

Brumb. Read on.

Fred. (reads) "When you came from church yesterday"—

Brumb. From church ! that woman never goes to church.

Fred. (reads) "at the side of your ugly old mother."——

Brumb. True, her mother is an ugly old woman, and as malicious as a cat.

Lif. And as vain as a peacock.

Fred. And as stupid as a goose.

Brumb. Malicious, vain and stupid, an excellent picture ha ! ha ! ha !

Fred. and Lif. ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Brumb. Proceed.

Fred. (reads) "I am young, rich, and in love with you."

Brumb. Three fine things.

Fred. (reads) "I love you inexpressibly."

Brumb. My God ! it becomes quite flat.

Fred. (reads) "Give your hand to a young man, who means it honest."

Brumb. A lover's honesty is suspicious.

Fred. (reads) "Whose birth is equal to yours, and who will deliver you from your mother's tyranny."

Brumb. I d'ont know that. The mother complies with every thing, her daughter wants.

Fred. "Let us try to deceive your mother."

Brumb. That's not very difficult.

Fred. "And if all is in vain, then you fly to the arms of him who adores you."

Brumb. Even an elopement ? This was yet wanting ?——
How I shall laugh at the old woman ! —— Is that tender
pallaver at an end ?

Fred. Not a syllable more.

Lif. But I think the young gentleman has been very explicit.

Nan. Very explicit.

Brumb. He has, indeed, if even you have understood it.

Lif. What would you say, miss Nannette, if such a letter was written to you?

Nan. I would not suffer my mother to be made a jest of.

Lif. Then you would reject the ardent youth.

Nan. Not just that.

Brumb. How can you put the poor child in such a confusion?

Nan. I am confused indeed, dear mamma.

Brumb. And so Baroness Hengstburg entertains a secret correspondence with a young unknown one.

Fred. I know who he is.

Brumb. Well? quick!

Fred. A certain Baron Wellinghorst.

Brumb. Baron Wellinghorst? aye! aye! at our tea-party this evening, I must communicate it to four of my most intimate friends.

SCENE X.

Enter a Hair-Dresser.

Hair-Dresser. Madam, your most humble servant.

Brumb. My God, sir, have you not broke your leg?

Hairdr. Broke my leg?

Lif. Did you not get upon the steeple of St. Ann's church?

Hairdr. Upon St. Ann's steeple?

Nan. And fell down seven and seventy feet?

Fred. But you might have broke your leg?

Hairdr. Might have broke my leg?

Fred. This time he got off with a bruise.

Hairdr. With a bruise? I do not understand a word of all that.

Brumb. Why then have you sent your journeyman to me ?

Fred. (winking to him) My dear master have you not ordered me to dress this lady ?

Hairdr. Not at all ! as long as I have a sound pair of legs I can serve my customers myself.

Fred. But you do not dress hair with your legs——

Hairdr. This fellow is an impostor.

Fred. (tries to put some money in his hands) You do not understand me right.

Hairdr. There is nothing to understand. I see you are a stupid fellow, where are your customers ?

Fred. (endeavors again to put money into his hands)——
Here, here.

Hairdr. Nothing here ! I have a few sixpences yet to drink a pot of beer with.

Nan. (aside) I am frightened to death !

Brumb. He is then not in your employ ?

Hairdr. No more than your Mops. He is an impostor, a vagrant.

Brumb. Young fellow ! what has put it into your head, to intrude yourself into my house ?

Fred. (collecting himself) Well, I will confess it : I am an unfortunate youth——I saw you, madam !——I saw you !——is not that saying all ?

Brumb. And what is that to signify ?

Fred. If love is a crime, then may he pardon me who made my heart so feeling and you so charming !——I was seized with the most violent passion, yet I did not lose sight of modesty. The only wish I had was to see you, to be near you. I meditated on the means, and fell upon this innocent disguise ; But my lips would never have uttered, what forever may drive me from your presence. *(he kneels down)* Punish me now ! punish in me the power of your attractions !

Brumb. My friend, you either tell a lie, or you are a fool. Get up, I pardon you.

Fred. (rises) Ah ! I must be gone ! (*with a glance at Nanette*) but my heart remains behind !

Brumb. Who tells you that you are to go ? You are a young good for nothing fellow, who might be mended by reasonable correction———You see, dear Mr. Hairdresser, that nothing can be done with this young man.

Hairdr. Nothing be done ? he must go to Bridewell.

Brumb. If I excuse his boldness you may do the same.

Hairdr. Your ladyship does not lose a single cent by it, but he quacks into my business.

Brumb. In short, master, there is your money. I have a right to be dressed by whom I please ; I take this young man into my service, as valet de chambre.

Fred. (kisses her hand with ecstasy) You restore me to life again.

Hairdr. But he does not understand hairdressing. Only see how he towzed your hair.

Brumb. That's nothing to you. Be off !

Hairdr. Take care, young fellow, I shall complain to the police of you.

Lif. D'ont you hear ? you are to go.

Hairdr. I shall get you drummed out of town.

Brumb. Drum my valet de chambre out of the city ?—— you ruffian !

Lif. He is a fool !

Nan. An unpolished fellow !

Fred. An envious rascal !

Hairdr. You are a bread thief ! a good-for-nothing rogue !

Fred. and Lif. (pushing him towards the door) Go ! go ! out with you !

SCENE XI.

In that moment Piffelburg enters, behind him a huntsman with half a dozen hares. Frederick and Lisette throw the hairdresser upon Piffelburg, who pushes him upon the huntsman, and the latter throws him out of the door.)

Hairdresser. (crying out) A cheat ! a cheat !

Piff. What is the fellow talking ? are these not fresh hares, killed this morning ?

Brumb. You return already, sir ?

Piff. Yes, madam, and what am I bringing with me ? he ? —
——half a dozen hares, as peace-makers between you and me.

Brumb. Your price of peace is slender indeed.

Piff. I think six hares ———

Fred. And a Bear into the bargain.

Piff. There are no bears in this country.

Brumb. If I knew that true repentance had led you to my feet.

Piff. To be sure, my dearest, here they all lay at your feet.

Fred. The most repentant hares in the world.

Brumb. My God ! the animals flink !

Piff. How can they flink, they have only been shot this morning ? ——— ha ! ha ! ha !

Fred. And the gentleman has been shot too.

Brumb. Young man, you take a little too much liberty for a valet de chambre.

Piff. A valet de chambre ? *(he looks at him attentively)* hail and lightning ! are you not the young Baron, in whose company I was last evening at the coffee-house ?

Brumb. A Baron ?

Fred. I at the coffee-house ? ah ! my God ! I am sometimes glad if I can get a drink of small beer.

Piff. I am damn'd if it is'nt you ! Did we not drink three bowls of punch together ?

Fred. You are mistaken, sir.

Piff. Have we not been very merry together ?

Fred. God knows who made himself merry with you.

Piff. Did you not say, that a beautiful young lady lived here in this inn, who had an ugly old mother? Did you not call the mother an old beast? Did you not drink the young lady's health?

Brumb. Heavens! could it be possible?

Lif. (aside) Now we are in a pretty pickle!

Nan. (aside) I die!

Fred. You are blind, sir.

Piff. I blind? I have even this morning shot four hares?

Fred. Blind! blind! I tell you! blind! blind! blind! (*he powders his whole face full and runs away.*)

Piff. (shaking himself) hell and damnation! ——— Baron! I am a nobleman ——— a huntsman ——— We must see each other with pistols!

Brumb. How am I? ——— my eyes become open ——— Such an affront to me ——— I fall in a swoon! ———

Piff. The fellow is a deer-stealer, he wanted to hunt upon strange ground.

Brumb. I die! ——— Where is my faithful friend? ———

Piff. Here! here!

Brumb. The only one who never deceived me! ——— My Mops ——— My last consolation? ——— (*she goes slowly towards her apartment.*)

Piff. May I accompany you?

Brumb. (weak and faintly) Go to the devil! (*Exit.*)

Piff. Then I must go with you.

Nan. Well, sir, I shall tell my mother of that.

Piff. So miss, and who is the cause of all this chase? a sprightly young huntsman has traced your scent, and follows you through bush and wood ———

Lif. And an old hunter cries halloo! that the game runs off. Is that right?

Piff. No, that's not right.

Lif. Well, then, young lady, we leave this gentleman in good company, (*she points to the hares and goes off with Nannette.*)

SCENE XII.PIFFELBURG——*alone.*

Here they leave me alone like a mill-stone, and powdered like a hare in the snow. Thunder and lightning ! If the old one had not plenty of dollars, I'll be damn'd if I ever would put my foot again upon this hunting-ground, where an honest fellow remains sticking in swamp and morals. What is to be done ! One may shoot a crow, that carries gold to his nest——I shall have to make use of the garden key, to open the money chest with it. (*Exit.*)

ACT II.

The same Apartment.

SCENE I.

LISETTE, coming from the bedchamber, and going to the middle door, calls out,

MOLKUS !

Molkus. (*behind the scene*) Here !

Lif. (*lamentable*) Molkus !

Molk. (*appears*) What is it ?

Lif. (*more lamentable*) Dear Molkus !

Molk. Well ?

Lif. (*quite friendly and cheerful*) Good day to you.

Molk. Nothing else ?

Lif. Is a good day nothing ?

Molk. Nothing in your mouth.

Lif. Then may heaven give you the worst day !

Molk. I thank you.

Lif. As bad as the day on which you lost your leg.

Molk. 'Twas my day of honor.

Lif. Ha ! ha ! ha ! men are foolish beings. A soldier looses a leg——that's his day of honor. A girl bends her neck to the yoke of matrimony——that's her day of honor. A nun takes the veil——that's her day of honor. The first receives a medal, the second a husband, and the third nothing at all. It's a good thing that putting on of foolscaps has got out of fashion. Every man is a fool ; is it not true, Molkus ?

Molk. Not true.

Lif. The wooden legg'd look down upon the frait legg'd, the frait legg'd upon the bendy legg'd, and the bendy legg'd again upon the wooden legg'd.

Molk. Balderdash ! (*he is going*)

Lif. Where are you going ?

Molk. I am going !

Lif. Do you know then what I have to tell you ?

Molk. No.

Lif. D'ont you want to know it ?

Molk. No.

Lif. But you shall know it. Lady Brumbach orders you to wait for her here, she is going to take an airing in her carriage.

Molk. Well.

Lif. But she is not well——No——Well !——

What answers are these ?

Molk. Short ones.

Lif. Do you measure your answers by your short leg ?

Molk. Yes.

Lif. Do you know what, my friend, get your head shot away too, you have as little use for it as for your leg.

Molk. I do not always talk with women.

Lif. Blockhead ! What then do the men want generally in women's company ?

Molk. Every thing but a head.

Lif. And if it was not for the women, my God, who then would put your heads so rights ?

SCENE II.*Enter BRUMBACH, NANNETTE.**Brumb.* Are you there, Molkus?*Molk.* Here?*Brumb.* I shall go to my Milliner, for half an hour.*Molk.* Good.*Brumb.* You see here two foolish girls.*Molk.* Yes.*Brumb.* But that wild impudent boy, who is after one of these girls, you do not see.*Molk.* No.*Brum.* He most likely will make use of my absence. If he comes, I order you to throw him out.*Molk.* Through the door or the window?*Brum.* Where you like.*Molk.* Good.*Brum.* (to Nannette) You silly thing, you read meanwhile in the works of Madame de Beaumont, or Mad. de Genlis.—
pour former le cœur and l'esprit. You Lisette, take care of Mops. (Exit.)SCENE III.

NANNETTE, LISETTE, MOLKUS.

Molkus. (puts a chair before the door, sits upon it, takes a short tobacco pipe out of his pocket, fills it, and strikes fire.)*Lif.* You do not ask, whether we like the smell of tobacco?*Molk.* No.*Lif.* Miss, pray fall in a swoon a little.*Molk.* Just as you please.*Nan.* I don't understand that yet, I must learn it from mamma.*Lif.* This would be the finest opportunity to speak to your lover.

Nan. Do you think so?

Lif. He certainly is not far off.

Nan. Methinks I feel it.

Lif. How can we get rid of this blockhead?

Nan. Give him good words.

Lif. I would rather give them to Mops, he wags his tail at least.

Nan. We will both try it——Dear Molkus——

Lif. Charming Molkus!

Molk. What else?

Lif. You sit very uncomfortable.

Molk. It's very well.

Lif. An old meritorious soldier like you, should be carried on hands.

Molk. A wooden leg is better than a woman's hand.

Lif. In my lady's apartment stands a very fast sofa.

Molk. Let it stand there.

Lif. We will conduct you there.

Molk. I thank you.

Lif. Then I fetch from under the bed the bottle with the Dantzic cordials.

Molk. I am not dry.

Lif. You deserve to have your likeness engraved, on account of your honesty.

Nan. Glazed and framed.

Lif. Then we will hang you under the looking-glass.

Nan. Ah! I wish you were hanging there already.

Lif. (*aside*) or at the gallows.

Nan. Let me step out a moment to the balcony.

Molk. I dare not.

Lif. To take a little fresh air, we are here almost suffocated with smoke.

Molk. 'Tis not so bad.

Lif. Dear, charming Molkus, can you refuse me any thing?

Molk. I can.

Lif. Do but hear, how the lovely young lady flatters you.

Molk. And the lovely mother growls.

Lif. Is it then all in vain?

Molk. All.

Lif. But you must be hungry? There are some almond cakes.

Molk. I eat ammunition bread.

Lif. Well, then come down into the kitchen, to have a bit of roast beef with it.

Molk. It's too soon yet.

Lif. It grows dark already.

Molk. Do you know where that comes from?

Lif. Well?

Molk. Because the evening is approaching.

Lif. And do you know, why you are a blockhead?

Molk. No.

Lif. Because you are all darkness, night in your head, and midnight in your heart.

Molk. So?

Lif. What is to be done with the blockhead?

Molk. Nothing.

Nann. (*flattering him*) You are an honest fellow, dear Molkus.

Molk. To your sorrow. Is it not so?

Lif. Then we may converse without compliments.

Molk. Without compliments.

Lif. Tell me then, do you relish your pipe?

Molk. O yes.

Lif. But do you know, where we properly ought to smoke?

Molk. Where we relish it.

Lif. No, in the guard room. (*She knocks his pipe from his mouth*)

Molk. (*takes it up again coolly*) If you do that again—

Lif. Well, and what then?

Molk. Then I pick it up again.

Lif. Dear, damnable Molkus! Pray get a little in a passion at least.

Molk. Anger is hurtful.

Lif. Nothing hurts you, my iron Molkus: you may get angry without danger, my wooden-door-post. Place yourself in the cornfield, my dear straw-man, and drive the birds away.

Molk. That's what I am just doing.

Lif. You remain faithful to your post, like a painted soldier over a door. You have the spirit of a lump of lead, and the heart of a chained dog.

Molk. And you are witty like a chambermaid.

Lif. Tell me, in how many battles you ran away?

Molk. Ran away?

Lif. It can't be otherwise; you must have run away, for all your sensibility was in your leg. When it was shot away, the blockish stump remained motionless on the ground, but, I am sure, the leg was long convulsed like that of a spider.

Molk. You are a poisonous spider.

Lif. Immoveable blockhead! do you think we are sultannes? And you suffer yourself to be placed as a miserable Harem's guard?

Molk. I know which part of your body cannot be wounded.

Lif. Well?

Molk. Your lungs.

Lif. It is not worth while to speak to you.

Molk. Then let me alone.

Lif. You neither hear nor see, neither taste nor feel; you can only smell your stinking tobacco.

Molk. The tobacco is not bad.

Lif. Come Miss, let us leave this unpolished fellow. He is worse than an oyster, that has even not two senses.

(knocking at the door.)

Molk. I have two senses, for I just hear the knocking at the door.

Lif. Then get up, and go out. (*the knocking is repeated.*)

Molk. Get up? Yes—but to go out? No. (*he gets up and puts his head through the door*) Who is there?

A rough voice on the outside. A friend!

Molk. What friend?

The voice. An old invalid wants to speak to the honest John Molkus.

Molk. An Invalid?—Stop comrad! Young lady and miss march to your apartment!

Lif. With all my heart. Do you think we shall stay here in your tobacco society and suffer ourselves to be smoked.

Nann. Come, let us see how mops does.

Lif. Unluckily, fate has destined us, not to see any but dogs faces. [*Exit.*]

Molk. (*opens the door*) Walk in comrad.

SCENE IV.

Enter FREDERICK as an invalid, with a wooden leg and several scars on his face.

Fred. Welcome old boy! Do you know me yet?

Molk. No.

Fred. Dont you know George Frolich, of the regiment of Steinacker.

Molk. George Frolich? h'm! have quite forgot him.

Fred. Do you recollect our encampment before Prague, in the year 1757?

Molk. Before Prague? Oh that I know very well. Our regiment was encamped on the Ties Kaberg.

Fred. When the Austrians made an attack on the batteries of Strohnhof.

Molk. And Prince Ferdinand of Prussia repulsed them.

Fred. And when they afterwards made a trial on the side of Wisegrad.

Molk. And how our grape shot took them in flank.

Fred. How the Prince of Lorraine endeavored to surprise us with 4000 men.

Molk. And how we sent them back with bloody noses.

Fred. It was a pity that the weather became so hot.

Molk. And that the Moldau swelled to such a height.

Fred. To carry all our bridges away.

Molk. Right brother! I find that you have been there.

Fred. I not there? upon my soul! I was with our battalion when we attacked the Austrians at the windmill of Segeshuk. So we stood, and so we marched towards them, (*he marches straight towards the young lady's room*) hark there! halloo! where is the enemy! Come out of your holes!

Molk. Gently, gently brother! this is not a windmill—Some women live there.

Fred. God forbid! I would rather attack a party of Croats.

Molk. That's just my way of thinking.

Fred. When I hear of women, I run like the French at Rosback.

Molk. You just think as I do.

Fred. I would rather loose my other leg too.

Molk. Where have you lost your leg.

Fred. At Collin.

Molk. Just the place where I lost mine.

Fred. They may possibly lay together in one grave. The deuce fetch the legs! if the heart is but fresh. Come brother, let us drink together. (*draws a bottle out of his pocket.*)

Molk. With all my heart. The health of old Frederic!

Fred. Long live Frederic. (*he drinks and gives Molkus the bottle.*)

Molk. At Collin, under General Hulsen, I helped to attack the burying ground.

Fred. I was in the brigade of Manstein.

Malk. Then you had to do with the Pandors.

Fred. Do you see the scar on my cheek?

Malk. May the Pandors perish. *(he continues drinking.)*

Fred. At Sweidnitz I was present at the assault of the water fort.

Malk. At Olmutz I fought in the trenches.

Fred. At Gibau we were attacked by Laudon when we convoyed a train of transports.

Malk. In the defiles of Krenau we sweated bravely.

Fred. What of Krenau! at Leuthen, there we had warm work.

Malk. But brother, you seem to be young yet, and have been in the whole seven years war?

Fred. Brother, I am an old boy, but the wine kept me young. Drink, brother, drink! he that wants to remain young, must drink.

Malk. Yes, yes, must drink. *(drinks.)*

Fred. No women, and plenty of wine, that makes fresh blood.

Malk. Yes, yes, plenty of wine, *(drinks.)*

Fred. How do you come into this house among the women? I would rather live in the barracks.

Malk. How I come among these?—I stand here sentry.

Fred. For shame, Comrade!—You stood often sentry at the General's tent, and now over women?

Malk. What's to be done comrad?—We must put up with the times. In the field we want two legs, but in winter quarters, one will do.

Fred. *(feigning to be drunk)* Think you so?—No brother, he that meddles with women, must have two legs at least.

Malk. *(beginning to feel the power of the wine)* Two tongues would be better for him.

THE WILD YOUTH.

Fred. A man with a sound pair of arms, must fight. For that reason I entered into the Hessian service.

Molk. Among the Hessians?—

Fred. And went to America.

Molk. With one leg!

Fred. See now, brother—I calculated that I had but ⁴¹one leg to loose—

Molk. Why then?

Fred. Because the other was already buried at Collin.

Molk. Upon my soul! You are a sensible fellow—Long life to you!—*(drinks)*

Fred. But I would rather gain three battles on land, than to perish once at sea.

Molk. The sea must be terrible wet.

Fred. And always drunk—always drunk—

Molk. The sea!—

Fred. Yes, brother, what am I telling you—For instance, we want to sail this way, but the sea won't—and we are thrown that way—*(he staggers towards Nanette's room)* Now we want to get upon this tack—but there comes a wave, and throws us straight upon a rock! *(he runs against the door with such violence that it cracks open.)*

Molk. He! he! he!—Take care, comrad, you are running on a ~~bank~~ ^{bank}.

Fred. I think I am fast already.—Heigh! Here! Help! help!

Molk. Ha!—Ho!—Ha!—I tell you, this coast is inhabited but by women—

Fred. Let them come. When I have a glass too much, I never fear them.

Molk. I can bear them when wine makes me merry—

Fred. I shall fire alarm guns—Piff! Paff! Puff!

Molk. Ha! ha! ha! Piff! Paff! Puff!

THE WILD YOUTH.

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SCENE V.

Enter LISETTE. Some after, NISSEVILLE.

Lis. My God, what a road! The carriage follows us, and
 sticks here in a moment!

off!

Fred. (crying, from the carriage). I am going to die!
NISS.

Lis. Come, then.

NISS. I am going. The carriage is here.

Lis. My dear, you are a man, a woman.

NISS. I am a man, a woman.

Lis. I am a woman, a man, a woman, a man.

Fred. (crying, from the carriage). I am going to die!

un. (he

NISS. I am a man, a woman.

Lis. I am a woman, a man, a woman, a man.

NISS. I am a man, a woman, a man, a woman.

Fred. (crying, from the carriage). I am going to die!

NISS.

Lis. I am a woman, a man, a woman, a man.

NISS. I am a man, a woman, a man, a woman.

Fred. (crying, from the carriage). I am going to die!

e way's

NISS.

Fred. (crying, from the carriage). I am going to die!

NISS. I am a man, a woman.

Lis. I am a woman, a man, a woman, a man.

NISS. I am a man, a woman, a man, a woman.

goat.

Fred. (crying, from the carriage). I am going to die!

NISS. I am a woman, a man, a woman, a man.

Lis. I am a man, a woman, a man, a woman.

NISS. I am a man, a woman, a man, a woman.

Fred. (crying, from the carriage). I am going to die!

s go to

NISS. I am a woman, a man, a woman, a man.

Lis. I am a man, a woman, a man, a woman.

NISS.

Lif. Well?

Molk. Then he becomes tame like a lamb.

Lif. Aye!

Fred. To-morrow we will throw ourselves at your mother's feet and obtain forgiveness.

Nann. Those that ask for forgiveness must have transgressed first.

Molk. Upon my soul, you are a fine damsel.

Lif. Indeed.

Fred. If you would love me.

Molk. If you loved me.

Nann. Has not my heart betrayed me?

Lif. (*stroking his beard*) Do you think then I hate you?

Fred. Then flee this night, and to-morrow you are mine forever!

Molk. You hate me not, little rogue?

Nann. I am guarded by thousand eyes.

Lif. Who could see the valiant Molkus, and remain indifferent?

Fred. Love will enchant them all into blindness.

Molk. If that's true, then give me a kiss.

Lif. If you promise to marry me.

Fred. May I make a trial this night, to elope with you?

Molk. To marry? Ha! ha! ha! have never married in my life.

Nann. How will you force yourself through locks and doors?

Fred. That's my care.

Lif. Try only, we shall live together like doves.

Molk. Like doves! ha! ha! ha!

Fred. Have I your consent?

Nann. I trust to you my innocence.

Molk. But the kiss—the kiss.

Lif. (*kissing him*) There you have it.

Fred. (*embracing Nannette*) Heavenly girl.

Molk. (*seeing it*) Aye! aye! comrade!

Fred. What is it brother?

Molk. You are attacking Sweidnitz.

Fred. The fort is ours!

Molk. Victory! let us fire victory! Piff! paff! puff!

Lady Brumbach (*without*) Unharness the horses.

Lif. My god, the old one is coming!

Nann. Ah, my mother!

Fred. Where can I fly to?

Lif. She is at the door.

Molk. Victory! the old one comes!

Fred. Is the window high?

Lif. But one story. It leads into the garden.

Fred. Adieu, dear Nannette! I shall see you again. (*he jumps upon a chair, and thence through the window.*)

Nann. Ah! if he but does not hurt himself.

Molk. Haigh Comrade! Where are you going?

SCENE VI.

Enter LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. What riot is this! When the cat is out of the way, the mice jump upon tables and benches.

Lif. (*aside*) She forgot the chairs.

Molk. Victory! The old cat is arrived.

Brumb. Molkus, are you drunk?

Molk. The fellow has but one leg and leaps like a wild goat.

Brumb. Who gave him to drink?

Nann. Not I.

Lif. Nor I neither.

Brumb. Go block-head! go to sleep.

Molk. (*to Lifette*) Come then, little bride, let us go to sleep.

THE WILD YOUTH.

Brumb. Are you crazy?

Lif. To-morrow, dear Molkus, to-morrow.

Molk. To-morrow, the regimental priest shall come——

“ John Molkus! Will you have this girl?”——Yes——

“ Lisette Pertness, will you marry John Molkus?”

Lif. No.

Molk. Yes——Good night, children, good night, sleep well!
(*he reels to the window.*)

Brumb. Where are you going?

Molk. I am going to look for my comrade.

Brumb. Your comrade?

Molk. (*calling out of the window*) Holloo! George Frolich!
Where are you?

Lif. (*drawing him from the window*) you are mistaken,
there is the door.

Molk. I can't leave my comrade in the lurch.

Brumb. What is all this!

Nann. He is drunk.

Molk. Drunk or not drunk! he stormed the Water Fort at Sweidnitz, consequently——

Lif. (*dragging him to the door*) Consequently you must go to sleep.

Molk. We must first fire victory.

Lif. Fire without, as much as you please. (*She shoves him out of doors.*)

Molk. (*without*) Piff! Paff! Puff!

Brumb. Has any body been here?

Nann. Not a soul.

Brumb. Look at me (*Nannette raises her eyes timorously*)
can you swear?

Nann. Lisette, can I swear?

Lif. Why not? I should like to know, how any body could have entered here? Has not this drunken fellow been constantly sitting at the door? Has he not smoked us with

his tobacco and brandy, it stinks here just like a guard-room.

Brumb. Why did you not remain in your room?

Lif. We were going to meet you, when we heard the carriage.

Brumb. How is Mops?

Lif. He is in a sweet slumber.

Brumb. It is late, children, go to bed.

Lif. Shall I not undress you first, Madam?

Brumb. No.

Nann. Shall I read the evening prayers to you, Mama?

Brumb. No. You shall go to bed. I intend to set up. There is a fine star light night, I have some knowledge of Astronomy, I know the great Bear, and the Orion.

Lif. (aside) Alas! Where is our Sattelite of Venus!

Nann. (kissing her mother's hand) Good night, dear Mama.

Brumb. Go my child, endeavour not to sleep so much. Think of the affront you have met with to-day, and you have cause enough for a sleepless night.

Nann. An affront? To me?

Brumb. Have you already forgot that impudent fellow and his powder bag?

Nann. Ah! I did not know that a girl can be affronted by an offer of marriage.

Brumb. He marry you? a boy just from school, and a girl hardly bigger than her doll?

Nann. I am sure Mama, he wants to marry me.

Brumb. Indeed? and how do you know that?

Nann. I—I suppose—

Brumb. I suppose that you are a fool.

Lif. To marry? What are you thinking, Miss? They come, they gaze; they love; they burn; first a flame, then coals, then cinders. Woe to the girl, that makes a cinder barrel of her heart.

Brumb. Right Lisette, explain that chapter a little to her before you go to sleep, away to bed!

Lif. To bed! to bed!

(Exeunt Nannette and Lisette.)

SCENE VII.

LADY BRUMBACH *alone.*

The hour of trial is approaching. Obedience, Mr. Piffelburg, submission—he that shuns a cold, will he, as husband fetch the Physician at night, when I am taken ill? *Accommodating* to me he shall be, but not *accommodated*. In short, if I have given him the garden key in vain, then door and heart shall be shut against him. He that mounts a galley the third time to be chained to the oar; does not deserve compassion.—I'll put out the lights, that I may perhaps over-hear his talking to himself, *(She extinguishes the lights.)* Confess it only, Salomeh, you wish a good termination of the Romance, for the disagreeable circumstance of your being already forty-eight—hush!—in the name of God. I hope I am not overheard! alas! old age has traitors enough, without the help of the tongue.—What is that? Why this rustling of the trees, near the window?—Methinks I hear the creaking of the window.—Indeed! I feel by the drawft, that it opens more and more.—Should Piffelburg—to give me a token of his obedience—endeavour to creep through the window?—that would be charming—hush? hush!—I must see the end of that.

SCENE VIII.

FRED. *(Opens the window, and puts his head through it.)*

Fred. Hush! hush!—all is quiet—all darkness—I may venture—*(he creeps through the window, the wooden leg is left behind.)* Here I am again. But what more?—

It is so dark that one can't see the hand before one's face.—
On the right hand is the door, (*he fumbles about*) hush!
hush!

Brumb. (*in the back ground*) hush! hush!

Fred. He answers—(*in a low voice*) is any body here?

Brumb. (*with a dissembled voice*) I am here.

Fred. My beloved?

Brumb. Yes.

Fred. O hasten to my arms.

Brumb. Here! here!

Fred. Where? where? (*he runs towards the voice and at last embraces Madame Brumbach.*) I hold you in my arms and no power of earth shall tear me from you again!

Brumb. (*crying*) Ah! this is not Piffelburg.

Fred. (*leaving her*) Damnation! this is not Nannette.

Brumb. Help! help! thieves! robbers!

Fred. This will become a funny affair.

SCENE IX.

Enter JOHN MOLKUS, (with a light.)

Molk. What is the matter here, is it the witches' holyday?

Fred. By heavens! it is the old one.

Molk. But comrade, how do you come by this sound legs

Fred. Who are you sir? what is your business here?

Fred. (*in consternation*)—I have long since wished for the honor of your acquaintance.

Brumb. And therefore you had to come through the window?

Fred. If I durst tell you every thing—It I could be so fortunate, to speak to you a few minutes in private.

Brumb. (*to Molkus*) Set your candle down and be off with you.

THE WILD YOUTH

Malk. Do but tell me comrade, where you got this leg from?
Brumb. Go to sleep, I command you.

Malk. The fellow is a sorcerer—*(he puts down the candle, and goes off.)*

SCENE X.

FRED. LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. Now sir, we are alone.

Fred. (aside) What shall I say?

Brumb. I am anxious to know, how it happens, that you appear here, at the very hour in which I expect Baron Piffelburg? and that in so strange a manner.

Fred. Baron Piffelburg?—for that very reason, Madame—because I know that the power of your attractions, extend themselves even to a man, to whom I am in the nearest relation.

Brumb. Nearly related to you? how is that?

Fred. Ah! Madame! you see in me a ball of fate, an unfortunate child of love.

Brumb. A bastard.

Fred. Baron Piffelburg is my father.

Brumb. Your father?

Fred. My mother was his housekeeper, and something more. After her beauty faded away, he turned her off, the cruel man; she went into the wide world, and maintained her and me by begging.

Brumb. This is the consequence when we leave the path of virtue.

Fred. I grew up and entered into military service.—I have fought in Russia against the Turks, and in Flanders against the French—The scars on my face are proofs of my valour.

Brumb. Was not your father moved by that ?

Fred. I have wrote to him many lamentable letters, but never received the least support.

Brumb. (*aside*) the poor young fellow, I pity him.

Fred. Chance at last brought me to this city—I learned, that my father met with the fate of all who see you, Madame; that he loved you, *that he* adored you.

Brumb. A little less poetry, I beg.

Fred. I heard at the same time, that you were the most amiable, and beneficent Lady, that ever was ~~formed~~ ^{formed} by the maternal hand of Nature. A ray of hopes raised itself in my heart, and I resolved to direct myself to you.

Brumb. But why just through the window ? and did you not, in the darkness, speak of a beloved ?

Fred. Will you pardon me, that, deprived of all hopes, ever to be allowed to approach you, I directed myself to Lisette, your chambermaid ? and that I intended this night to consult with her on the means, to gain your feeling heart in favour of a wretch who wishes to have to thank you for the alleviation of his miseries ?

Brumb. Then it was Lisette whom you expected ?

Fred. Whom else, Madame ? It is Lisette that painted to me in heavenly colours the amiable picture of your virtues ; it is she who inspired me with hopes, that you would use the power you have over my father, in favour of a youth, who feels himself less miserable, since he is so near you.

Brumb. (*aside*) The young man speaks well. (*loud*) I promise you, to do something for you.

Fred. (*kisses her hand*) Rejoice, poor Frederic ! the beautiful Baroness Brumbach takes your part.

Brumb. I expect your father every moment. You shall be witness—

Fred. No ! no ! I will ascribe it all to your power, and nothing to the impulse of nature. Permit me to take my leave.

Brumb. No, no, you shall stay.

Fred. My father might——at the first sight of me——

Brumb. I engage to put his head to rights.

Fred. I know him——he is headstrong.

Brumb. Don't you know, that love can lead lions by a silken thread?

SCENE XI.

Enter PIFFELBURG.

Piff. Here I am. Hail and lightning! this is a cold night.

Fred. (aside) Now, impudence, assit me?

Brumb. Welcome, Sir. You are a fine bird. You never told me that you had children?

Piff. I? Children?

Brumb. That a son of yours ranges about in the world, a prey to misery?

Piff. A son? of mine?

Brumb. Indeed, a fine young man, well deserving to be taken notice of.

Piff. Are you jesting with me?

Brumb. Be ashamed! do you know this youth?

Piff. I have never seen him in my life.

Fred. (at his feet) Yes, my father! Do not deny the voice of nature! recognize in me your son, your unfortunate Frederick!

Piff. What the devil! are we playing a comedy?

Fred. Ah! till now it has been a tragedy, it is to you to convert it into a comedy! take me into your paternal arms! let the tears of parental love trickle upon my cheeks.

Piff. Young man, are you mad?

Fred. Your cruelty will deprive me of reason.

Brumb. Will you continue to shut up your heart against nature's tender feelings?

Piff. The fellow is a fool, and makes a fool of me.

Fred. Do you hear it, Madame? he disowns me! Me, the son of his housekeeper, who loved him faithfully, and took disinterested care of his linen and kitchen. He desires my misery! He desires my death! Cruel father! to-morrow my bloody corpse will be found in the river! to-morrow the cry of woe will fall upon you!——Ha! I already see the devil's claws stretched out to take hold of my poor soul——Away, away with you to hell! (*aside*) Stop a little, I'll plague you more yet. [Exit.]

Brumb. And you let him go?

Piff. He may go to the devil! The fellow is out of his mind. Why does the police not confine such vagabonds?

Brumb. Out of his mind? No, Sir, he spoke very reasonable.

Piff. But, hail and lightning! there is as little reason in this as in an air-gun. He that has no housekeeper can have no son, and he that has no son cannot be a father, how?

Brumb. You deceive me. It is very probable that he belongs to you.

Piff. Why then? perhaps because he is a fine fellow?

Brumb. What reason can he have to pretend to be your son?

Piff. St. Hubertus may know that.

Brumb. In the first place you are not rich.

Piff. Alas! no.

Brumb. In the second you are hard hearted.

Piff. By all the elements! Must we then erect a foundling house, to gain the name of being tender hearted? I cannot bear the hearts, on which every flower makes an impression, and every tear digs a hole.

Brumb. What advantage then can he expect by such a deception?

Piff. I declare it once more, that St. Hubertus may know that better than I. He is a pretty fellow indeed, he has made fine progress in villainy. Who can know what he is aiming at.

Brumb. But if he throws himself into the water?

Piff. No danger of that.

Brumb. And is dead to-morrow?

Piff. Then I will be condemned, to shoot sparrows and to dig moles all my life time.

Brumb. I observe, sir, that you possess more cunning than I expected of you.

Piff. The devil take me, if I have more cunning than a shot of gunpowder.

Brumb. Do you know that my chambermaid is acquainted with the young man?

Piff. That I believe. Chambermaids have many acquaintances.

Brumb. And consequently is able to unmask your hypocrisy.

Piff. My conscience is as blank as my fowling piece.

Brumb. We shall soon hear that. (*she opens the door of her apartment*) Lisette? are you in your bed?

Lif. (*behind the scene*) No, Madame.

Brumb. Then come here for a moment.

SCENE XII.

Enter LISETTE.

Lif. Here I am. What are your commands?

Brumb. You are a pretty creature, you have nightly rendezvous.

Lif. I, Madame?

Brumb. You let young fellows come in through the window.

Lif. (*aside*) Oh Lord! Lord!

Brumb. But, this time I'll excuse you, if you will openly confess: Where have you made acquaintance with that young man?

Lif. Here in this house—he was so friendly—so complaisant—

Brumb. And how do you know him to be the son of Baron Piffelberg?

Lif. (*is confused.*)

Piff. Out with it! I will know all. In short, I will not suffer that such a gallows bird shall declare himself to be my son.

Lif. Has he then confessed it himself—that this gentleman is his father?

Brumb. He has. He has solicited my protection and called you as a witness.

Lif. Well, if he has disclosed the secret himself, I must confess, that he has indeed the honor to be very nearly related to Baron Piffelburg.

Piff. To the devil, but not to me!

Brumb. There we have it. Have you evidence Lisette?

Lif. O yes—for—one dare not tell every thing—

Piff. Out of the bush!

Brumb. Perhaps you know his mother?

Lif. His mother?—yes—she is a distant relation of mine.

Brumb. Now, Baron Piffelburg.

Piff. Caltrops! fox draps! wolf's ditches! I'll be shot with peas, if there is a single word of truth in all this gibberish.

Brumb. A penitent confession might perhaps have gained my forgiveness. But now—what am I to think? There are undoubtedly more such boys running about in the world—who knows, how many poor deceived damsels are sitting behind their spinning wheels, wetting the flax with their tears for your faithlessness.

Piff. I'll be hanged, Madame, if my conscience is not so pure, that I might find a hidden treasure.

Lif. But I should not like to stand in the circle.

SCENE XIII.

Enter FREDERIC (dressed in women's clothes, with a veil over his face.)

Fred. (to Piffelburg) Have I found you at last, faithless man? Have I at last discovered your clandestine practices?

Brumb. What is that?

Lif. A new scene indeed.

Fred. Is this the reward for my fidelity and constancy? Is this the way you fulfil your vows?

Piff. Thunder and lightning! have I then entered a mad-house?

Brumb. Who are you, Madame? What do you want?

Fred. Pardon, Madame, an unfortunate woman, who has been cruelly deceived. Thousand times has this gentleman vowed to me eternal love, thousand times has he promised to marry me. This ring he gave me as a pledge of his faith.

(he weeps.)

Brumb. Is it possible!

Piff. Woman! are you possessed with the devil?

Fred. So? now I am possessed with the devil? but when you lay at my feet, and coaxed me out of my innocence, then I was an angel.

Piff. Satan's angel!

Fred. (weeping) And now you throw me from you, now, when I carry the pledge of love under my heart——

Piff. Sirrah! another child!

Brumb. I am petrified.

Fred. Long since I have heard, that you walk on uneven ground, but I would not believe it; I took the trouble of watching you, and when you at midnight stole out of the house like a thief, I followed you.

Piff. Woman! I'll tear your scandalous tongue out of your throat!

Brumb. Stop, Sir! I take her under my protection.

Fred. Dear Madame! you are generous and beautiful, your sight alone can serve the traitor as an excuse.

Piff. Satan! come but out doors, I break your neck, and put you in Bridewell.

Fred. There you hear it.—Even his own flesh and blood he won't spare. Ah! poor me! what shall I do! I dare not go from here, he will murder me!

Piff. Yes, you hawk! that I will! you crows' face! you night-hawk!

Brumb. Be tranquil, Madame, you shall be protected. Go meanwhile to my daughter, there you are perfectly secure.

Fred. Ah! Madame! fame does not say too much of you, when it describes you as the most generous lady.

Brumb. Conduct her in Lisette, (*secretly*) and let her out of the back door, here is the key.

Lis. (*stifling a laugh*) Very well, follow me Madame.

Fred. (*to Piffelburg*) Farewell, you tyrant! ah! you still beloved traitor! (*Goes with Lisette into the apartment.*)

SCENE XIV.

LADY BRUMBACH. PIFFELBURG.

Piff. So it goes, when one does not remain quietly in one's bed at midnight.—'Tis all witchcraft. Satan has let loose seven evil spirits.

Brumb. You want to persuade me that the devil is the father of your bastards?

Piff. The devil suffocate me on the first cross road, if I ever have seen that woman in all my life, no more than that villain, who with all the powers of hell, wants to be my son!

Brumb. In short sir, all is over between us.

Piff. Do but examine first.

Brumb. What is there to examine? here a son and there a mistress.

Piff. The one deserves the gallows, and the other the wheel.

Brumb. Then, to be sure, their maintainance would not cost you any thing.

SCENE XV.

Entrée LISETTE.

Lif. Ah! Madame! what a misfortune!

Brumb. What is it?

Lif. Ah! I can say no more!

Brumb. Is the woman in a fit?

Lif. She has run away.

Brumb. So much the better.

Lif. And has taken the young lady with her.

Piff. Now we are paid for all.

Brumb. What? speak!

Lif. When I opened the back-door—as you ordered—she all at once threw away her cloak and veil—and then I saw she was a young gentleman—and then I saw him take Miss Nannette in his arms, and like lightening ran off with her.

Piff. And the young gentleman was with child, ha! ha! ha!

Brumb. Couldn't you cry then?

Lif. I was going to cry—but he drew a dagger—and held it to my breast—and said my death should be the consequence, if I made the least noise.

Brumb. Oh what an unfortunate mother am I! What shall I do! My child! my only child!

Piff. Have I not told you before? it's all deceit.

Brumb. Ah my dearest Baron Piffelburg! if you love me—hasten! fly!—in pursuit of the robber!

Piff. So! I thought it was all over between us?

Brumb. I have wronged you, forgive an unfortunate deceived mother.

Piff. Will you marry me then, if I fetch him back again?

Brumb. Yes! yes!

Piff. Done! I'll see whether I can scent the hare—he will take a round-about course, but I will follow him to the bed, where he jumped out from. *(Exit.)*

Brumb. Away Lisette! call Melkus! he also shall go on the high road, and you too! take the patrol with you! get the gates shut! run! run!—ah! I could tear the hairs from off my head! *(runs to her apartment)*

Lif. Yes, if she had any to tear out. *(Exit laughing.)*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

(THE COMMON HALL IN THE INN. *Night.*)

NANNETTE comes running from Frederic's chamber. FREDERIC follows her.

Nann. **N**O, I wo'nt stay in your room.

Fred. Why not?

Nann. I don't know why, but my feeling tells me, that it is unbecoming.

Fred. Is it then more becoming here?

Nann. In an open hall, where people pass every moment there is no danger.

Fred. What danger then is there in my room?

Nann. I don't know, but when I am alone with you there, my heart beats. It beats here too but not so much.

Fred. Well? and is the heart-beating a sin then?

Nann. I don't know, but I had a governess, who used to say; shun every thing that makes your heart beat and drives the blood to your face.

Fred. She most likely, had a faded heart and not a drop of blood.

Nann. Pray, fetch a light.

Fred. Are you afraid of ghosts?

Nann. Sometimes, but not when you are with me.

Fred. Why then shall I fetch a light?

Nann. Why! why! you continue asking why? and I do not know it. But there is something within me that whispers: beg him, to fetch a light.

Fred. But what says that something, if I refuse it you?

Nann. Then it becomes uneasy.

Fred. Your bright eyes, give light enough for me.

Nann. Whoever seeks darkness, wants to do wrong.

Fred. Can we do nothing wrong at candle light.

Nann. No, we are ashamed of ourselves.

Fred. Consider only, dear Nannette, if we had a light—three steps from here lives your Mama, how soon we might be surprised and betrayed.

Nann. Ah my God, I almost wish to be betrayed.

Fred. You don't love me then?

Nann. O yes, I am heartily attached to you; but that we are so alone together, is certainly not right.

Fred. Have you not promised to become my wife? and may not husband and wife be alone together.

Nann. Yes, husband and wife may, but we are not husband and wife yet.

Fred. A few hours only, and we shall be so, as soon as daylight appears.

Nann. Ah! I wish it would appear!

Fred. Your impatience will spoil all. We shall be surprised, you will be torn away, and lost to me forever.

Nann. I shall remain faithful to you, indeed I shall.

Fred. Have compassion on my impatience, come to my room.

Nann. Rather into the street, or the market.

Fred. Singular girl! If a girl runs away with a man, she may as well go to his room too.

Nann. Have I then run away with you? ah! that was stupid of me.

Fred. Do you repent that step?

Nann. Almost. What will you think of me? You must believe me to be very thoughtless; indeed it is the first time I have run away with a man.

Fred. (smiling) I willingly believe you.

Nann. You have surprized me so, that I know not how it happened.

Fred. All disquietude will be gone to-morrow. Just now something comes into my head, which will obviate your delicacy. I will lead you to my tutor's apartment.

Nann. To the apartment of a man?

Fred. Of a man of fifty.

Nann. Whom I know not.

Fred. I shall stay with you.

Nann. But he will sleep, and we shall still be alone.

Fred. Droll girl; he has a night lamp before his bed.

Nann. And if he wakes?

Fred. Then I present to him my bride.

Nann. It would be better he did not sleep at all.

Fred. (smiling) Agreed. I will wake him.

Nann. Go then.

Fred. Accompany me.

Nann. No, you must wake him first, and then he must fetch me.

Fred. Even that—but I do not like to leave you here alone—yet it is done in two minutes. Do not move, and if any one pass the hall, keep your breath. *(he enters the room.)*

Nann. (alone.) Have I then any breath left? It is to me as if I could not repose at all—I tremble like a leaf—Why did my governess say; The wicked only tremble?—But my heart tells me, that love is nothing bad.

SCENE II.

LADY BRUMBACH (*comes softly out of her room.*) Methinks I heard somebody talk, (*listening*) No, all is quiet—My God! how much anxiety and grief this wicked girl of mine, causes me!—Let me only get her again, I will soon confine her in a Convent. (*re-enters her room.*)

Nann. In a Convent?—Ah! then I'll rather go to the Baron's apartment.

SCENE III.

Enter FREDERIC, and FELIX in his night gown.

Fred. Here, dear Mr. Felix, here is the dear bashful girl.

Fel. Frederic! Frederic! What have you done?

Fred. Ask rather, what *will* you do? I will marry her.

Fel. After such an action, you *must* indeed.

Fred. My God, I do not desire it otherwise. Do but turn your lamp and look at her face.

Nann. Dear strange sir, have pity on my innocence! be my father!

Fel. A father, my child, is easier deceived than a mother.

Nann. (*to Frederic*) Do you hear it? he reproaches me. Ah! it goes through my heart? I will return to my mother. She will confine me in a Convent—there I shall constantly weep—but here I can't be happy either.

Fred. Dear Mr. Felix! listen to the voice of the purest innocence! if ever you have loved me, assist me!

Fel. I pity your weakness, still more the inexperience of this good girl. I will assist you, but on one condition.

Fred. I agree to any.

Fel. You must at day-break throw yourself at her mother's feet, and beg for her blessing.

Fred. Willingly ! willingly !

Fel. Till then this young lady remains under my protection.

Nann. Ah, now I become easier.

Fel. Will you trust yourself to me ?

Nann. With joy ! you appear to be so good, so honest, I have confidence in you.

Fel. Go then, dear child, into this room, I follow you immediately.

Fred. Go Nannette, and slumber if you can.

Nann. I slumber ? feel how my heart beats. I felt so but once in my life, when I had the small-pox, and then I could not sleep at all. (*Exit.*)

Fred. Do not leave the poor timorous girl alone.

Fel. But one word more, young man——Maiden's honour is like polished steel—a breath, and it looses its lustre.

Fred. Not by the breath of love.

Fel. Just by that the soonest. This girl seems to be a spotless lamb. If this should be one of your love intrigues ; if you were capable, to sacrifice her after three days to a fancy——

Fred. Never !

Fel. I hope it not, for I know your heart——But I must declare to you, that in such a case, I would immediately quit you, and call your father's curse upon you !

Fred. To-morrow she is my wife !

Fel. As soon as the mother consents, she is your wife.

SCENE IV.

LADY BRUMBACH (*comes once more to the door.*)

It still seems to me——My God ! a ghost ! (*shuts the door behind her.*)

Fred. This was the old one.

Fel. How am I—Methinks I know the voice.

Fred. Have you ever heard the crocking of the crows.

Fel. Now I'll go to the poor timorous creature. You stay meanwhile, where you can, and do not appear before me till you have gained the maternal consent. *(Exit.)*

Fred. That will be a difficult matter. Yet I must make the experiment—When a powerful prince has an appetite to a province, he begins, by taking possession of it, and the treaty of peace follows of course. Nannette is in my power, that's the main point :—And if Lady Brumbach was the devil's grandmother, her claws shall never tear her from me again.—But what shall I do with myself just now? To my bride I dare not go, sleep, I cannot, and pray, I will not. Nothing is so tedious, as the languor of a lover—The hour creeps, we follow it, we pass it, we wink—all in vain! It creeps the pace of snails.—We want to carry it forwards—Ah! it is as heavy as lead. We put wishes to the carriage, they won't draw; whip it with the nettles of impatience, it won't proceed. Accompanied by prayers and curses, it at last arrives at its destination. The lover embraces his bride—and then the next hour runs as if it was mad—No cry of halt can stop it, no wish overtake it! it runs along! along into eternity!—and sometimes it takes love away with it.

SCENE V.

LISETTE *(comes timorously through the middle door.)*

Fred. Is there not something moving? *(he coughs.)*

Lif. H'm! h'm!

Fred. That's a woman's cough, *(in a low voice)* from what beautiful breast does this h'm proceed?—No answer?—

Hush? hush!

Lif. Hush! hush!

Fred. What beautiful lips does this hush come from ?

Lif. Is it you, Baron ?

Fred. Baron ? there are many Barons, which of them do you mean ?

Lif. Baron Wellinghorst.

Fred. You have hit it. And you ?

Lif. I am Lisette.

Fred. Ah Lisette ! is it you ? come, let me embrace you. You come quite apropos, to help me passing my time.

Lif. Where is my young Lady ?

Fred. Secure enough with my Tutor. But where are you driving about, at midnight ?

Lif. Lady Brumback has sent me out to search for you.

Fred. Have you found me then ?

Lif. Do not jest. I know not what to do.

Fred. Stay with me.

Lif. Bring me to my young lady.

Fred. That won't do.

Lif. Why not ?

Fred. She is with my tutor, an old peevish man.

Lif. My God ! Shall I then return to lady Brumback ?

Fred. Who compels you then ?

Lif. She will scold, bawl, grumble, and heaven protect me, if she finds out that I have favoured your roguery.

Fred. Be tranquil. I declare you, in this solemn hour, by virtue of my matrimonial power, as the well advised chambermaid of my wife, from this hour to all eternity, and as a token of my sincerity, I give you this kiss as earnest money.

Lif. (*opposing him*) This is stolen money ; it belongs to your bride.

Fred. Take it, I recoin this piece of money every minute.

Lif. It is good for nothing, where love does not make the impression. Jest aside, Baron, I enter into your service. 'Tis but just, for you have brought me into this dilemma.

Fred. Well then, I will get you out of it.

Lif. That is not the question. But where can I go to now? now, this moment? On the right hand is hell, (*pointing to Lady Brumbach's room*) and on the left Satan. (*pointing to Frederic.*)

Fred. How would that be, if you was to go to purgatory till morning?

Lif. How is that?

Fred. See, there in the wardrode, I use to get my hair dressed. Some old cloaks are hanging there. In one corner stands an umbrella, and in the other a lantern. Will you stay there till morning?

Lif. Rather than with the old witch.

Fred. Come then, I'll carry in a chair, and at daybreak Nannette shall relieve you.

Lif. A fine opportunity to reflections of penitence.

Fred. As long only as one is alone.

(*he leads her to the wardrobe*)

Lif. My God, it is as dark here as in a grave.

Fred. Your black eyes will give you light.

Lif. I am not a cat, Sir.

Fred. There, sit down upon this chair, and be as quiet as a mouse.—Good night my pretty Lisette. (*he closes the door*) Now I'll creep about the house, like a ghost. I will hear every mouse behind the paper hangings, and every worm in the wainscoat.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter MOLKUS, coming through the middle door.

Molk. I would rather pursue a hare than a lover who runs away with his girl. A race horse has but four legs, but such a fellow has wings.—I have been running about half the night

in wind and rain. My sound leg is tired, and the wooden one covered with mud. I can do no more. For me they may run to the Arabian deserts, and eat Locusts, like St. John.—If I go to the old dragon and make my report, I shall jump out of the frying pan into the fire. I'll rather encamp here for the night, no matter how it goes. *(he sits down upon an arm chair)* Hang it! it is as soft as if it had been made for a gouty man.—Thank God, I can have the gout but in one leg—Ah! now I feel again comfortable and warm — *(gaps)* and powerful sleep is creeping on. — It an't a bed, to be sure, — but after such a fatigue — When in the seven years war, — I stood on an out-post — there sometimes I would — lay on my musket — and nod — nod — *(he murmurs a few more unintelligible words, and then falls asleep.)*

 SCENE VII.

: Enter PIFFELBURG. MOLKUS, *sleeping.*

Piff. All my greyhounds wo'nt overtake this hare. That's an old fox, who has often been at it. We must encircle him and hunt him up, or he will get off clear, and eat the chicken up, without mercy. A whole hour I have been upon the trot through thick and thin. What have I gained by it? wet feet, pain in my ears, and the gout in my arms.—Shall I let the old one wash my head into the bargain? No, no, I'll stay here till daylight, and attempt to sleep a little on one of the chairs. *(He fumbles about, and touches the chair on which Molkus sleeps.)* Aye, aye, here is a chair. Now let us try whether an old huntsman, after such a fatigue, can fall asleep without rocking. *(He sits upon Molkus's lap.)*

Molk. (wakes) Heigh, there! The night-mare has got hold of me!

Piff. Thunder and lightning! what's that?

Molk. (encircles him with both his arms) I have him! I have him!

Piff. Satan, let me go!

Molk. The robber is caught!

Piff. All good spirits, praise our Lord!

Molk. Bring light! light!

Piff. You are the prince of darkness!

Molk. I shan't let you go; where is the young lady?

Piff. Satan's claws, leave me!

SCENE VIII.

Enter FREDERIC, (dressed as a butler, bumpbacked, stuttering, with a plaster over one eye, and a candle in his hand.)

Fred. What noise is this? Gentlemen, what are you about?

Piff. Ah, Molkus! is it you?

Molk. Ah, Baron Piffelburg! is it you? I thought you were that robber.

Piff. I thought, you were the devil.

Molk. Why did you sit down on my lap?

Piff. I would rather be on Abram's lap than sit again on yours. I am so terrified that all my limbs tremble!

Fred. I am only employed in this house since yesterday, but if it be every night so noisy, the devil take such employ! what do you want here at so late an hour?

Molk. I was running after the eloped young lady.

Fred. Hopping after her you meant to say.

Piff. I did the same.

Fred. Have you caught her then?

Piff. Ask me rather whether I could outrun a hare?

Molk. Who knows in what ambush she has fortified herself?

Fred. But if I should know it?

Piff. You ?

Molk. You ?

Fred. You must not betray me.

Piff. By no means.

Molk. Let us hear then.

Fred. The young people are still here in this house.

Piff. and Molk. Where ? Where ?

Fred. Do you see the dining room ?

Piff. Well ?

Fred. There they are not.

Piff. Proceed, proceed.

Fred. And there is the wardrobe——

Molk. Well ?

Fred. There they are neither.

Piff. Scoundrel, do we want to know where they are not ?

Fred. Patience ! patience ! if they are not yet there, they may come to it.

Piff. Think you then, they will——

Fred. I heard whispering. When all is quiet in the house, the young gentleman intends to put her into the wardrobe.

Molk. Into the wardrobe ? a fine ambush.

Fred. But the young lady objects to it. She says it was too dark there, too solitary.

Piff. Where then does she mean to stay ?

Fred. In the dining room.

Piff. Then we must be in ambush there.

Fred. But the young gentleman insisted on the wardrobe.

Molk. Then we must take our post there.

Fred. But the young lady insisted on the dining room. No, said he, no, said she, yes, no, yes.

Piff. Thunder and lightning ! who then carried the point at last ?

Fred. See now, I think so : be attentive. If you both go into the wardrobe, and the young lady does *not* come there——

Molk. Then we wait in vain.

Fred. Quite right. But if you both go to the dining room, and the young lady goes to the wardrobe——

Piff. Then we are hum'd.

Fred. You have guessed it. But if one of you hides himself *here*, and the other *there*, then she cannot escape you.

Piff. Bravo! it is to me as if I had caught her already.

Fred. Only keep her fast.

Piff. Be not concerned.

Molk. I will take post in the dining room.

Piff. Do so, and at the first noise I'll come to your assistance.

Molk. That's right. The allied army forms a-line.

(He goes to the dining room.)

Fred. Off with you to the wardrobe.

Piff. Give me the light.

Fred. God forbid! If a light was seen, nobody would enter.

Piff. It is not haunted, I hope?

Fred. Ha! ha! ha! By fine girls sometimes.

Piff. Fine girls are not always good spirits. *(He goes to the wardrobe.)*

Fred. So. Now you may sit there till broad day-light. *(looks at his watch)* Three o'clock. Creep, creep, creep, you leaden hours! But a time will come, in which I will dance with you through the world!

SCENE IX.

Enter LADY BRUMBACH.

Brumb. (coming timorously out of the door) Thank God! there is light. Tell me, my good friend, is not this house haunted?

Fred. How so?

Brumb. I have heard a strange noise.

Fred. The cats.

Brumb. I have seen a figure, a hideous ghost.

Fred. (aside) She most likely was before her looking glass.

Brumb. I have sent out all my people; be so kind to stay with me.

Fred. Cheerfully, Madame, what company could be more agreeable than yours?

Brumb. Have you heard any thing of my daughter?

Fred. Of your daughter?—Well—

Brumb. You shrug your shoulders? speak!

Fred. I know very well—

Brumb. What do you know?

Fred. That she has run away.

Brumb. That I know too.

Fred. I met them on the stairs.

Brumb. And have not stopped them?

Fred. If I was to stop every one I meet on the stairs—

Brumb. But my God! you well saw—

Fred. What have I seen? a young lady with a young gentleman. Nothing new, I am sure, in an inn.

Brumb. Where are they gone then?

Fred. Between us, I believe, they are in this house yet.

Brumb. In this house? My good friend, I'll reward you, if you assist me in catching them.

Fred. I do it willingly without reward. Please to go to the dining room.

Brumb. Well?

Fred. There on the left hand you will find a door, leading to a long passage, where a lamp is burning.

Brumb. Proceed.

Fred. You then go to the end of the passage, where you will find a small stairs.

Brumb. There I step up?

Fred. No, no, you step down, and then you fall at once in the yard.

Brumb. And what shall I do there?

Fred. What you please.

Brumb. Blockhead! but where shall I find my daughter?

Fred. You cross the yard, and leave the cow stable at your left.

Brumb. If I wanted an ox, I had not far to look for it.

Fred. At the farther end you will see the laundry.

Brumb. Is she there?

Fred. God forbid!—but at the side of the laundry——

Brumb. Well? at the side of the laundry?

Fred. Is a Mangle-house.

Brumb. There she has hid herself?

Fred. Perhaps so.

Brumb. At last! I will put on my cloak. My friend, you shall go with me.

Fred. Willingly.

(Lady Brumbach goes to her room.)

Fred. (alone) I accompany you, old dragon? No, I am not inclined to wade with you in the dung puddle. I have disposed of all my good friends, now they may find the way themselves. *(he puts the candle on the table, and runs off.)*

Brumb. (returns in a fur cloak) Here I am again—— Now? Where is the fellow?—Indeed, he left me and his reward. No matter, since I know where to find my runaway daughter. Dining room, passage, stairs, yard, cow stable, laundry, Mangle-house,—right!—shall I take the candle with me, or leave it here? In the dining room it's dark, but in the passage burns a lamp. Better I creep in the dark, and appear suddenly among them, like Peter the great among the conspirators, if only I do not meet the ghost. *(She goes into the dining room.)*

Soon after Molkus is heard crying.)

Molk. I have her! I have her!

Brumb. Help! Help!

Molk. What help! Mama will help soon enough. Out of the hole!

SCENE X.

MOLKUS (holding Lady Brumbach in his arms, throws the door open with his foot, and cries whilst he carries her out.)

I have her! I have her!

Brumb. (recognizing Molkus) Molkus, what possesses you?

Molk. (looks at his prize, lets her go in consternation, and remains standing before her with staring eyes.)

Brumb. Are you drunk again?

Molk. It seems so; bewitched at least.

Piff. (within) I have her! I have her!

Lif. Help! Help!

Brumb. What's that?

Molk. He has got hold of her, if the devil does not play him a trick too.

Piff. (within) Resist as much as you please, I shall hold you fast.

SCENE XI.

PIFFELBURG. (holding Lifette in his arms, pushes the door open with his foot, and cries, bringing her out)

I have her! I have her!

Brumb. Baron Piffelburg, what does that mean? What are you doing with my chambermaid?

Piff. (Looks at his prize, drops Lifette, and stands staring.)

Brumb. On what chace have you been?

Piff. Seemingly on the witch chace.

Brumb. I am quite petrified. All three of you I have sent

out, and now find you at home? My pretty Baron Piffelburg, what business have you in the wardrobe?

Piff. I was on the look out.

Brumb. And you, Molkus, what had you to do in the dining room?

Molk. I lay in ambush.

Brumb. And you, impudent girl?

Lif. I—I wanted to mend the laces, in which your ladyship tore holes at the last ball.

Brumb. To mend laces in the dark? fine indeed!—And you, Baron Piffelburg, are not ashamed at all?

Piff. And for what then? That the devil plays hide and go seek in your house?

Brumb. Is this the friend in need? is this your love? instead of pursuing my daughter, I find you with my chambermaid in a suspicious corner?

Piff. Thunder and lightning! the devil fetch you and your daughter! I am tired of it! The moment I put my feet in your house, Satan sets all his evil spirits loose. There comes a damned fellow and calls me father; another scoundrel pretends to be my mistress, and at last, when I hold your daughter fast, she converts herself into Lisette. Is it not all a comedy? It can't be worse on the Block's mountain*. No, Madame, I am your humble servant. I will rather eat potatoes and turnips between the ruins of my castle, than to marry into this family of witches.

[*Exit.*]

Brumb. Ah! what an unfortunate woman I am! My daughter is eloped; my lover runs off; all, all leave me in the lurch.

Molk. I see clearly, that the spy has deceived us.

Brumb. But come. I know where Nannette is concealed. Take the light, Molkus, follow me through the passage, into the yard, into the cow stable, into the laundry, into the Mangle-house.

Molk. God preserve us! she is crack-brained.

* A place which Poets say to be the rendezvous of Witches.

SCENE XII.

Enters FREDERIC (in his proper appearance.)

Fred. (throws himself at the feet of Lady Brumbach.) Stay, Madame, and excuse the love, which is the cause of all this confusion.

Brumb. Who are you sir? What is your desire?

Fred. I am the man, who ran away with your daughter.

Brumb. And you venture to appear before me?

Fred. Permit me to make good my transgression. I am Baron Willinghorst, the only heir of a rich house——

Brumb. And if you were the heir of the Emperor of Abyssinia——

Fred. I love your daughter, your daughter loves me——

Brumb. In a Convent between two walls she shall atone for her disobedience.

Fred. No, this feeling heart will not forever be immovable; those lovely lips were made, but to pronounce blessing.

Brumb. Flattery? away with you, sir!

Fred. Pardon!

Brumb. Curse!

Fred. Your daughter at least.

Brumb. As soon as I have broke her neck.

Fred. Will you drive me to despair.

Brumb. Yes, sir! I wish you would go to hell in despair.

Fred. You are not serious.

Brumb. (disdainful) I do not jest with children.

Fred. Child? I am then indeed your child?

Brumb. My satan you are! be off!

Fred. I shall not rise, till you give me your beautiful hand as a token of reconciliation.

Brumb. Then you may lay there till the end of time.

Fred. Well Madame! I shall lay here till the sun extinguishes, and the earth is torn from its poles.

Brumb. Be sparing with your hyperboles. I shall never give my daughter to a man, who begins his suite by depriving an innocent girl of her honor.

Fred. Of her honor?

Brumb. Who intended to cover my black hair with grief and shame.

Fred. With shame, Madame?

Brumb. I hope you won't endeavour to make me believe, that it was honorable for a young girl to run away with a young fellow at midnight, and to hide herself with him, God knows where?

Fred. You wrong me. Miss Nannette is under the protection of a venerable old man, my Tutor.

Brumb. So? a pretty Tutor!

Fred. He himself will assure you, that your daughter's honor and innocence have been treated with the greatest delicacy, and that I even durst not see her during the whole night. *(he rises and opens the door of his apartment.)* Come Nannette! come dear Mr. Felix! assist me in softening the obdurate maternal heart.

SCENE XIII.

Enter NANNETTE and FELIX.

Brumb. (crying loud) Ah! my husband!

Fel. By all the devils! my wife!

Brumb. Is it you, Charles?

Fel. Is it you, Salomeh?

Fred. What means all this?

Brumb. Are you not dead yet?

Fel. Alas! no.

Lif. (aside) A tender meeting.

Brumb. Have I not cited you in all the newspapers?

Fel. Did not I go out of your way?

Lif. (aside) Now she has all at once a husband.

Fred. (to Felix) If I understand right, this lady is your wife?

Felix. Alas! yes!

Nann. (to her mother) Dearest mama! is this gentleman my father?

Brumb. Alas! yes.

Lif. How moving and edifying!

Nann. (embracing Felix) My father! What unexpected joy!

Fel. My good child, you help me to support the presence of your mother.

Fred. O now we are all relieved at once? Dear Mr. Felix, from you I expect my sentence.

Felix. Yes, dear Frederic, she is yours. I know your heart. The wine is yet fomenting, but it is good. Indeed, dear Nannette, you often will have to exercise your patience.

Nann. I'll have patience, dear papa.

Brumb. Very well, Charles, you may do as you please, she is your daughter. But you are mistaken if you think that I shall ever be your wife again. I have cited you in all the papers, and we have been formally divorced for your malicious desertion, as the lawyers call it. The consistory has wrote full twelve sheets about it, and put a large seal under it.

Fel. I have not the least objection against it. Take, if you please, three husbands more, and get divorced three times more. My property you may keep, for the sake of the amiable daughter you have given me.

Brumb. We may meet in company with propriety?

Fel. O yes.

Brumb. And I never shall make the least mention of what I suffered with you.

Fel. Nor I neither.

Brumb. Then, *mes chers enfans*, I will not withhold from you my blessing any longer.

Fel. God's blessing be upon you! and with tears in my eyes, I conjure you—Do not follow the example of your parents.

Fred. Dearest Nannette! you are mine!

Nann. Dear Father!

Fel. Now children, you must separate. You, Nannette, go with your mother, and you, Frederic, follow me.

Nann. I am not sleepy at all.

Fred. Nor I neither.

Fel. To-morrow, children, to-morrow your wishes shall be crowned.—Good night, Madame.

Brumb. Good night, sir,

Fred. Sleep well, dear Nannette.

Nann. Sleep well, dear Frederic.

FELIX, and Lady BRUMBACH (*make the usual courtesies, Frederic and Nannette throw kisses to each other; all go to their apartments.*)

Molk. A singular occurrence.

Lif. Now Molkus, you wanted to marry me last evening.

Molk. I was drunk. (*Exit.*)

Lif. (alone) So? and is not the young gentleman drunk too?—Aye, aye, I fear, in four weeks, he will be sober enough.

THE END.

INDIGENCE,
AND
NOBLENES OF MIND.

ACOMEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

From the German of
KOTZEBUE.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED FOR CHARLE SSMITH AND S. STEPHENS.

1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VAN SNARL, a rich Merchant.

TILMAN TOTUM, his Book-keeper.

ADELBERT, a Polander lodging in Van Snarl's House.

LEOPOLD, Brother to Van Snarl.

NICOLAS, Servant to Van Snarl.

HANS WILLIAM, a young Dutchman, a suitor to Van Snarl's daughter.

JOSEPHINE, Van Snarl's daughter.

LOUISA, supposed daughter of Mrs. Rose, house-keeper to Van Snarl.

MRS. ROSE, house-keeper to Von Snarl.

ELLEN, a villager.

SCENE, a Sea-Port in Germany.

INDIGENCE

AND

NOBLENESS OF MIND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Parlour : at the back are Doors with glass Pannels, through which is discovered a large Compling-House, where several clerks are writing.

NICOLAS *laying the breakfast on the table.*

HOW plaguy cross my master is before breakfast ! not a good word comes from his mouth till he has put a roll down his throat—(*piles up rolls on a plate*)—It is no little matter that brings him into temper. He will make as much havoc among these rolls, as a stage coach would with six insides. Oh, here he comes—now I shall get my trimmings, because I asked for a bit of lace to my coat. “ My master opens his eyes and his mouth at the same moment in a morning, and between hunger and ill temper, snaps at every thing he sees.”

Enter VAN SNARL.

V. Sn. And so you must have lace to your coat ! you impertinent puppy ! to give me *your* opinions !

Nic. I did not mean any thing, Sir.

V. Sn. And what do you speak for, if you don't mean anything ? hold your tongue at once—that's the shortest way of saying nothing.

Nic. I did not look on it as how you would be angry.

V. Sn. Who says I'm angry ?—Rascal, if you did not know the sweetness of my temper, you would not dare to open your lips : always trying to vex me and spoil my temper ! But I *will* be quite happy and easy, I'm deter-

mined, in spite of you all. I'll be placid—I'll be serene,—I'll be meek—I'll be———(*turns to the table and speaks in a passion*)—plague on you—what do you bring me this heap of dry rolls for? Fetch a muffin.

Nic. Yes sir (*aside*) I wish he would begin to eat—nothing cures his ill humor like plenty of rolls and muffins.

V. Sn. (*pours out tea*) If a man can lay up an hundred thousand pounds, and not have a right to his own way of thinking at least, there's an end to every thing at once. If I had not the sweetest temper in the world (*Nicholas returns with several muffins*)—Where's the muffins—Puppy! you don't think my liveries handsome enough!—D'ye call these muffins? Butter a roll or two. Don't let me see you open your (*begins eating muffins*) mouth again, sirrah.

Nic. (*aside*) I don't dare answer till he has swallowed.

V. Sn. (*having swallowed his morsel*) Do you starve?

Nic. (*observing that he had eat*) No, we know better how to follow our master's example. We be main well as to the inside lining. "But—lud! Sir—there's our neighbor's servants be as fine as so many puppets at the wax work."

"*V. Sn.* Yes, and live on the same diet as puppets at the wax work. Go down into the kitchen, you rascal, and stop your mouth."

Nic. What answer be I to give the Polandish gentleman, that lodges up stairs?

V. Sn. What! now you want to plague me again!

Nic. He have been waiting this half hour to know if you be at leisure.

V. Sn. Well, I cannot hurry my breakfast for him—Zounds! you don't let me swallow my victuals. What is the use of money if one cannot be happy at one's meals? (*Nicholas going*) What are you (*peevishly*) going away for, before I have done speaking? Probably Mr. Adelbert wants to pay his rent—so, as soon as I've eat this roll tell him I'm at leisure. Go—and don't open your lips.—(*Nicholas bows and exit.*)

V. Sn. (*taking a large bit of muffin*) Laced liveries!—no, no—solid comfort for me. Oh, here's my lodger.

Enter ADELBERT, in a Polish dress.

Adel. Mr. Van Snarl, I come to wait on you—

V. Sn. Rent in hand—strict to your word, eh? I'm glad to see it. It's not always the case with gentlemen of small fortune.

Adel. With gentlemen of every fortune—They profess an obligation over which wealth has no influence.

V. Sn. Aye! what's that?

Adel. Honour.

V. Sn. I should not like my rent in that coin: Honour makes a good cabinet medal, but won't pass on 'Change.

Adel. In my country, in Poland, it will—I have seen it too in England, at the call of friendship or humanity, accepted and endorsed for a man's whole estate.

V. Sn. Psha! why d'ye plague me about England?—People love to praise every country but the country they live in.

Adel. I'm afraid I disturb you.

V. Sn. No, no, sit down; a punctual tenant is never any disturbance. Only that rascal Nicolas has been trying to spoil the sweetness of my temper. Puppy! wants a *lacy* *ry with a bit of lace (imitates Nicolas)* as if he could eat lace! *(forced laugh)* ha—ha—as if he could eat lace, eh, Mr. Adelbert! Now you're a sensible man—you prefer the plain dress of your country—you're economical.

Adel. Necessity imposes that duty on me.

V. Sn. Aye, aye, I know you're not so rich as I am. I have been laying up money these twenty years. You'd, hardly believe, Mr. Adelbert, how interest upon interest, once set a rolling, gathers like a snowball. And you see *(points to the counting house)* there they are at it—there's my mill going, eh! look—there it goes.

Adel. You are a happy man, Mr. Von Snarl.

V. Sn. Happy! to be sure I am. Why should not we all be happy? Come, now to business.

Adel. (sits down) Well then, I owe, Sir, already a debt to you; I come to ask your permission to encrease it.

V. Sn. Eh!

Adel. It is with the utmost reluctance I venture on this freedom;—but you would greatly oblige me by honoring my draft for twenty pounds.

V. Sn. (staring at him) What !

Adel. If from riches you derive happiness, you have assuredly learnt their real value, that of imparting happiness to others ; and I am confident you will not turn your back on one, who entrusts you with his distress.

V. Sn. (turns away from Adelbert) Thank'ye for the compliment.

Adel. My little revenue is secure, but my remittances are not arrived. If in the mean time——

V. Sn. Well, I hope they'll arrive soon.

Adel. Were I not satisfied on that head I would not——

V. Sn. Shall I pour you out a dish of tea ?

Adel. You will indulge me then ?

V. Sn. You have seen the papers I suppose——no news——

Adel. (piqued) Mr. Von Snarl, you are a rich man, and accustomed to speculations.

V. Sn. Speculations ! well what of that ?

Adel. Did you ever speculate on the face of an honest man ?

V. Sn. Did I ever see one ? (*sarcastically.*)

Adel. It is true I can give little security. This miniature, (*drawing a miniature from his bosom*) is the only one I am able to offer. It is set with a few brilliants, of no great value, and I am sorry to part with it. But if you would accept it as a pledge——

V. Sn. A pledge !—why the devil ! d'ye take me for a pawnbroker ?

Adel. I beg pardon.

V. Sn. What I give, I give without pledge, bond or note.

Adel. Even to a stranger ?

V. Sn. Stranger or no stranger, we are bound to assist distress without interest.

Adel. Generous !

V. Sn. D'ye observe ?—when we can—but my purse won't bear a loan at present.

Adel. Only twenty pounds.

V. Sn. Twenty pounds ! twenty devils. I had yesterday two bankruptcies in my books—one of my ships from Africa lost, with a cargo of 400 blacks on board—besides the parson's widow, Mrs. Rose and her daughter, whom I

maintain, as you know, in the house. I won't say what they cost me, because that's charity—but I know I have a tender heart and a sweet temper, that would be my ruin, if I did not watch my purse at both ends. But come—if I can't lend you my money, I'll give you my advice. Go to Levi, the great Jew, and he'll lend you, on the picture nearly its full value.

Adel. To a Jew!

V. Sn. A Jew! well, what of that? I would as soon do business with a Jew as a Christian. He'll deal with you as a man and a friend.

Adel. And not as *you* have done. I beg pardon for the trouble of this visit. (*going*)

V. Sn. Hark'ye, Mr. Adelbert, (*Adelbert returns*) I expect to see my son in law every hour, and I shall want a room for him. I don't mean to be uncivil to you, because you have not got twenty pounds.

Adel. I understand you—I shall provide myself with another lodging.

V. Sn. Well, well, as you like for that: I don't mean to turn you out of the house. You'll dine with me before you go away to-day?

Adel. Dine with you! you do me too much honor.—(*contemptuously*)

V. Sn. Nay, I insist on it. You *must* take leave of the girls this afternoon.

Adel. That's true. I owe the young ladies every attention. I shall wait on you. (*Exit Adelbert.*)

V. Sn. Now that's what I call plaguy dry. Owe the young ladies!—He doesn't owe the young ladies half so much as he owes me. And then he'd borrow!—an insolent rascal!—borrow!—Talk to me as he would to a pawn-broker!—If I had'n't the sweetest temper in the world—Nicolas!

Enter NICOLAS,

Ask Totum, if there are letters by the mail to-day, and tell Mrs. Homily to come hither.

Nic. Mrs. Rose, Sir?

V. Sn. Mrs. Rose, sirrah! yes Mrs. Rose.

Nic. Yes, Sir.

(*Exit Nicolas.*)

V. Sn. May not I call her Mrs. Homily if I choose it? Plague on it, I must not have my jokes now in my own house.

NICOLAS returns.

Nic. Mr. Totum says he will bring you the letters himself, sir.

V. Sn. In how many hours, minutes, and seconds, has he calculated he shall come?

Nic. He said he would come presently, Sir,—Mrs. Rose is here, Sir. *(Exit Nicolàs.)*

Enter Mrs. ROSE.

V. Sn. Well, Mrs. Homily, whither in such a hurry?

Mrs. R. Oh, lud, Sir, here is every thing wanted at the same instant. In the comptinghouse they want their coffee—The cook wants rice and currants—the footman wants his breakfast, and Miss. Josephine wants honey water for her hair.

V. Sn. Well, and I want to speak to you. I expect company to dinner.

Mrs. R. Company! no I hope not.

V. Sn. I have two Burgomasters to dine with me, and—

Mrs. R. Oh, Gemini, I must go to to the larder directly. The kitchen is not prepared for two Burgomasters.

V. Sn. *(pettishly)* What's the kitchen to me, provided there be plenty on the table? Next, I suppose, I must not have Burgomasters to dine with me?

Mrs. R. Pretty talking! it would be a fine thing indeed, if one could blow good things on the table, forsooth, as they do in the Rambling Night's Entertainments.—That's all sinful witchcraft, and I am sure you cannot expect a clergyman's widow, as I am, to meddle with any such devilish practices.

V. Sn. No: but I expect my house-keeper to provide me a good dinner.

Mrs. R. Well, well—I'll go to the larder and see what there is for you. Yonder's Mr. Totum with your letters. By the time you have read them I shall know more about it. *(Exit Mrs. Rose.)*

TOTUM *without.*

Three bales of goods to Van Cormack and Co—Right.

V. Sn. Totum!

Tot. (without) Ready, Mr. Van Snarl—Item; numero four—cargo of Spanish wares—right—post Don Candimorez—right—place four hundred marks to account of Louis Vancaper and Co—right—call in—

V. Sn. Totum!

Tot. (without) Ready, Mr. Van Snarl—call in bills on Carpoand Co. No time to note.

Enter TOTUM.

Mr. Van Snarl, your very obedient servant.

V. Sn. Well, Totum, is the mail arrived?

Tot. Received letters—read—speak contents, names, signatures—say if right—no time to note—(*gives a parcel of letters to Van Snarl*) Imprimis—a letter bearing royal signet—parcel annexed—(*goes to the door of the compting house*) Clever door! convenient—hear clerks with left ear—letters with right—credit time (*places himself in the midway of the door sometimes watching the clerks within, and sometimes attending to Van Snarl*)

V. Sn. (opening the parcel) How long has the mail been arrived?

Tot. (looking hastily at a clock, which is seen within) Thirteen minutes, nine seconds, and a fraction.

V. Sn. Eh! the deuce! a letter from our Prime Minister! (*reads*) "Greeting—Whereas it appears from the report of our Secretary for the Naval Department, that you have procured an expeditious delivery of the articles required of you; We, therefore, to testify our good will towards you, send you the inclosed snuff-box—Your affectionate friend, Richtenstein."

Tot. (advances) Congratulate—this is a day—this is an hour—day fourteen—month April—hour ten in forenoon—fifty three minutes, seven seconds, and a fraction. Ha! (*looks at the box which Van Snarl holds in his hand*)—brilliant—I underwrite

V. Sn. Doubtless—

Tot. Worth more or less, twelve hundred and ninety.

nine dollars, three guldens, eighteen stivers, one groot, and three pfennings.

V. Sn. I'll value it at two thousand dollars.

Tot. Right—secondly, a letter from correspondent at Amsterdam (*gives a second letter and goes again to his post at the door of the counting house*)

V. Sn. Vander Housen ! (*opens the letter and reads*) "Sir, this is to inform you, that, under date of seventeenth ultimo, we have sent to your direction a son, viz. Hans William—hope you will safely receive the same, and beg you will consign him forthwith to your daughter."

Tot. Not arrived as per advice—hope they book'd him.

V. Sn. (*reads*) "Tho' young folks are of late much fallen in value, we can assure you, said Hans William is of extra good quality, and will, we dare say, give satisfaction. Remain, errors excepted, Sir, your most faithful servant and friend to command, Vander Housen & Co."

Tot. Congratulate—ha, ha ! you'll have a wedding—you must give a ball—

V. Sn. I will give a dinner.

Tot. A fire-work in your garden.

V. Sn. With all my heart.

Tot. Your own figure all in a blaze.

V. Sn. Eh !

Tot. Like a flying mercury (*imitates the attitude of a mercury*) with a snuff-box in your hand.

V. Sn. Zounds ! d'ye consider what all this will cost ?

Tot. Total, seventeen dollars, eight guldens, nine stivers, three pfennings and a fraction—ha ! Oh, it will cut a dash ! we'll go halves.

V. Sn. Halves ! Totum ! Why, Totum, you're out of your senses, Totum.

Tot. One expence to serve for two weddings.

V. Sn. Two weddings ! who is the other bridegroom ? (*TOTUM draws himself up conceitedly.*) What ! yourself ?

Tot. Received this morning—hour nine in the forenoon, forty-three minutes, seventeen seconds, a letter—note the contents—poor dear father deceased.

V. Sn. Your father dead !

Tot. Died twenty-fifth instant, four in the morning, fifty-nine minutes, and three seconds, aged seventy eight.

years, four months, two weeks, five days, fourteen hours, and a quarter—left to Tilman Totum, sole heir, eighty thousand marks.

V. Sn. Totum, take a chair.

Tot. Exclusive, in the hands of Van Creeper & Co. one thousand bales of Panama dowlas—

V. Sn. Dear Totum, pray sit down.

Tot. Six chests of silver plate (*takes a chair*)—twenty four cargoes of Nankin muslins—

V. Sn. Let we wipe the cushion.

Tot. And one hundred and eight jars of fine Smyrna oils—

V. Sn. Mr. Totum, I insist on your being seated.

Tot. Besides a box of uncounted livres, stivers, groots, pfennings, guilders, schellings, florins, dollars, ducats, doubloons, milreas, sequins, and duros, all brand new, never been yet in circulation.

V. Sn. Dearest Mr. Totum, do me the favour to sit down. [*They both sit.*]

Tot. Father deceased—enter on trade—engage capital—ensure on my own risk—build ware-house—settle correspondence—marry.

V. Sn. And who's the bride?

Tot. Louisa Rose—a good girl.

V. Sn. Good! why, you're mad—she has not a farthing.

Tot. A pretty face—

V. Sn. What interest will that bring?

Tot. A pair of white hands—

V. Sn. Which can earn nothing.

Tot. Hm! a pretty little foot—

V. Sn. Poh, poh—why, Totum, you're bewitch'd.

Tot. Totum, you're bewitch'd—right. The devil draws on my heart—must accept—flesh weak—temptation strong—pretty girl, an enchanting angel—solitary bachelor, a poor devil—so, if you have no objection—

V. Sn. None in the world, dear Totum. (*aside*) I shall get rid of a boarder, whom I took into my house to please my daughter. But have you spoke to the girl?

Tot. Occasionally—time suiting.

V. Sn. How does she seem to like you?

Tot. Little rogue! loves me—secretly.

V. Sn. Secretly !

Tot. Prove it—pro primo—whenever she sees me, laughs—shews she's pleased : Pro secundo, when she hears me coming, runs away—shews she is bashful : Pro tertio, when I speak to her, answers at random—shews her mind is so engaged, she does not know what she says : Pro quarto, always jokes about my wig.

V. Sn. That shews plainly she is in love.

Tot. Only one little article makes me uneasy. That Polander up stairs—I perceive certain looks—here, there—from, to—seem to mean something.

V. Sn. I can make you easy on that head, for he shall not stay in my house. Between you and me, Mr. Totum, I suspect the Pole to be a spy.

Tot. Hm ! why not ?

V. Sn. I see he is very poor—and who can tell ? It would not be amiss if you could take an opportunity, when he is gone out, of just—eh ? in his room, eh ?

Tot. Examine his papers, boxes, and so forth—I understand you---Just what I wish'd---Shall find if there is any thing going on between him and Louisa---I'll be on the watch---At what hour do we dine to-day ? Answer---three o'clock---Burgomasters never wait---Your humble servant to command, Tilman Totum---sole heir to eighty thousand marks, six chests of silver plate, one hundred and eight jars of Smyrna oil, &c. &c. &c.

[Exit TOTUM.]

V. Sn. This will be a rare riddance for me—Where is that giddy baggage my daughter all this while ? Oh, here she comes with Louisa. Come hither, Josephine.

Enter JOSEPHINE and LOUISA.

I have something to tell you—can you guess what it is ?

Jos. No, but I am dying with curiosity to know it.

V. Sn. Ah, you're a woman.

Jos. Yes, unfortunately.

V. Sn. And you, (*to LOUISA*) I suppose, are dying too---you are a woman too, eh, Louisa ?

Lou. Yes, Sir.

V. Sn. Well, there's a grand dinner to-day, and the grand dinner has its grand reasons.

Jos. Must we put on our best gowns ?

V. Sn. If you like.

Jos. That is according as the reasons are worth them.

V. Sn. Suppose it's a bridegroom—

Jos. (*laughs*) Oh, la! have you *ordered* one for me, papa ?

V. Sn. Suppose I have—

Jos. What ! from China ?

V. Sn. Psha! he comes from one of the first houses in Amsterdam.

Jos. (*with affected gravity*) Does he cost much ?

V. Sn. Your hand.

Jos. That's very dear.

V. Sn. And your heart into the bargain.

Jos. That's too much.

V. Sn. It's little enough for a good husband, 'so don't plague me with any more questions.

Jos. Yes, there's one more I must ask. What is his name ?

V. Sn. Hans William.

Jos. Oh—then I won't have him.

V. Sn. Why so ?

Jos. I have no objection to William,---but Hans---positively Hans must not come near me.

V. Sn. There, there! that's the way---no matter how deserving a man be---if his name do not happen to strike your fancy, he is to be laugh'd at. Take pattern by Louisa---she is a good girl, and knows how to behave herself.

Lou. Josephine is only joking, Sir.

V. Sn. Joking! zounds! every body is to make jokes but myself. I have found a husband too for Louisa.

Jos. From Holland too ?

V. Sn. No---home manufacture.

Jos. And his name not Hans ?

V. Sn. Hold your tongue, and think of making up your wedding suit.

Jos. Oh---there will be time enough for that.

V. Sn. Suppose your bridegroom should come to-day ?

Jos. Suppose some accidents should happen to-morrow ?

V. Sn. What accidents; pray ?

● *Jos.* Suppose he should not like me, and suppose we

should quarrel, and suppose I should scratch his eyes out before the wedding?

V. Sn. Why, then you'll have the comfort of marrying a blind man; for, to tell you plainly, the affair is concluded, and if you don't take him, and like him too when he is come, never expect to have a farthing of my money; and another time you may provide for yourself. (*angrily.*) If I had not the sweetest temper in the world, these silly girls would contrive to put me in a passion.

[*Exit VAN SNARL.*]

Jos. But, Louisa, we forgot to enquire the name of your husband.

Loui. Oh, Dear! that was not said in earnest.

Jos. It will prove as much in earnest, I fancy, as mine. Do you think I'll let my father send me to Holland, like a ton of flax?

Loui. Ah, Josephine! you are very happy;---for you have a father---

Jos. Will you change fathers with me?

Loui. No---not for all the world. My father, to be sure, won't see me; and I always thought that very strange: But, in every thing else, he is so good to me, and so kind!---

Jos. But not very wise, I think. He refuses to see you, and does not know that he sees you every hour. Under the name of Mrs. Rose's daughter you have won his affection, in spite of his prejudice and absurdities.

Loui. If I was but sure of that, Josephine!

Jos. I am sure of it---and, what is better, he loves you for your own sake: the parent's vanity has no hand in it.

Loui. Why should he shun me so, Josephine? An't I his child? And, indeed, indeed, I never did any thing willingly to offend him. Why should he drive me from his sight, as soon as I was born? I grew up far away from him, and he forbids me now to come to him, that I may take his hand, and press it to my lips.

Jos. To be sure it is droll enough. Father and daughter live in the same house, converse together, correspond together, and yet are strangers, except by letters, which are sometimes a week in travelling from one to the other.

Loui. Yesterday he got my last letter. When I sat down to it, Josephine, my heart was quite full:---and I

beg'd so hard to see him ; and the words were, all, so blotted, he must have seen that I cried all the while I was writing it. I fancied in the evening he looked more thoughtful than ever. Perhaps he may be brought to give his consent to see me at last. Don't you think he might, Josephine ?

Jos. If I were to tell you that I saw him wipe a tear away with his hand——

Loui. Did you, indeed ? I wish I had seen it ! But it would not have signified. Ah, Josephine ! 'tis very hard when a child is not allowed to kiss off a tear from the cheek of her father.

Enter Mrs. ROSE, with a letter.

Mrs. R. Well, child, here is a letter for you again—
(*LOUISA snatches the letter hastily from her, and presses it to her lips.*).

Jos. Would not one think it was from her sweetheart ? Well, I'll leave you to your transports ;—when they are over, I shall expect you ; and in the mean time I'll settle the colour of our wedding suits. [*Exit JOSEPHINE.*]

Loui. (*reads*) “My dear and only daughter (*she kisses the letter again*) your last letter has drawn tears from my eyes. Your wish to see me is mine also.” Oh ! then I shall be so happy ! “Yet, as you value my life, do not insist on your request. I have withheld myself eighteen years from your sight—I dare not yet meet it---never again enquire the reason. (*weeps---then after a pause reads,*) You must have occasion for money---yet you ask for none---I therefore inclose you a note---you must want for nothing---all I have is yours---I received it all from your mother---Resemble her ! Adieu, my dear, dear child ! Love your father, who has no other joy in this world than you !”---Then he never will see me ! what have I done to deserve this ! (*weeps.*)

Mrs. R. Dear child, trust to Providence ! We must none of us despair---things may change for the better in a moment. Oh ! if you had heard my husband's discourse about poverty and want ! Poor dear Dr. Orcanius !

Loui. Poverty ! Oh, that's a word the heart knows nothing about.

Mrs. R. Because the heart knows nothing about hunger and thirst. Want is a very bad companion; and you may thank your father for never letting you know it. See how much the note is for, that he has sent you.

Loui. It's for much more than I want.

Mrs. R. Well, well, if you don't want it to-day, you may to-morrow---but I warrant you'll give it away before to-morrow, to some poor person or other: [*LOUISA appears suddenly thoughtful.*] Well---what will you do with it?

Loui. Oh, I must not tell you. What I intend to do would be of no value if it were told.---(*Looks at the note*) three hundred crowns! I wish they were three thousand, with all my heart.

Mrs. R. Oh, you extravagant child! three hundred crowns! you won't surely give that sum away!

Loui. No---I'll lay it out at interest---I'll be an usurer.

Mrs. R. An usurer, forsooth! Ah, child, child! you learn to cypher and cast accounts, to be sure; but how many pence there are in a dollar, you'll never learn to reckon as long as you live. [*Exit Mrs. ROSE.*]

Loui. That, now, may be very true: and, somehow or other, I always thought charity much easier than arithmetic. I know Mr. Van Snarl takes a deal of pleasure in counting up his dollars; but, for my part, I think there is more pleasure, by half, in giving money to the distress'd, and letting them count it for me. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

An Apartment in VAN SNARL'S House.

SCENE I.

*Enter VAN SNARL and LEOPOLD.**Van Snarl.*

NAY, brother, its very strange you won't let me tell you the news.

Leop. I have no relish for news—Few old things of the world are worth much, and the new ones are worth less.

V. Sn. There, now you are out of temper—It's a strange thing a man cannot be always easy and happy as I am. I *will* tell you for all that ; Louis a Rose is going to be married.

Leop. Louisa Rose !—to whom ?

V. Sn. Guess.

Leop. I cannot rack my brain with conjecture.

V. Sn. To my book-keeper, Tilman Totum.

Leop. (*appears surprised*) I am sorry for it.

V. Sn. His father has just left him eighty thousand marks.

Leop. I am heartily sorry for it.

V. Sn. Why, that's droll. I think it's a devilish neat thing—He means to set up in trade for himself, and he thinks Louisa will make him a very suitable wife.

Leop. Fie, fie !

V. Sn. Brother Leopold, you are a queer fellow :—why should she not ?

Leop. A girl like an angel, and a fellow like a monkey.

V. Sn. Yes—but the angel is as poor as the devil, and the monkey is as rich as a jew.

Leop. She may starve with Totum, in spite of his riches.

V. Sn. (*with a sneer*). Nay, how can that happen.

Leop. If the fool does not know that money is not wealth.

V. Sn. Money not wealth ?—What nonsense you talk !
—Pray what is wealth then ?

Leop. The free and liberal use we make of it. Wealth, brother, is like a sword, placed in various hands. Fools are laughed at for their ignorance in using it; knaves, who grasp it, hurt their neighbours with it; wise and benevolent men, alone, know how to guard themselves with it, while they protect the weak, who want their assistance.

V. Sn. Well, if Louisa starves, it shall not be my fault.—I'll set her off well at least—I'll give her a grand wedding-dinner.

Leop. I hope you mean to give her a portion likewise.

V. Sn. A portion! d'ye think I am gone out of my senses?

Leop. With all your money!

V. Sn. That *all* would have been little enough by this time, if I were as romantic as you are, brother—If you are so fond of the girl, why don't you give her a portion out of your own fortune?

Leop. It belongs to my daughter.

V. Sn. Ah—if you had taken as good care of your patrimony, and attended to the golden rule of multiplication, as I have done.—

Leop. I have attended but to one golden rule through life, brother.

V. Sn. What may that be?

Leop. Humanity.

V. Sn. Lucky, if you had mix'd a little prudence with it; then you wou'd have been always easy and happy, as I am; that is, if you were as sweet temper'd as I am.—But you—had not you happen'd to meet with a wife—

Leop. (*interrupting him.*) Let me beseech you, brother, no mention of that subject!

V. Sn. I was only going to say that her fortune help'd you up.

Leop. Oh, Emilia!

V. Sn. Aye, aye, she was a woman of the right sort—She had plenty of jewels and cash. I wish she was alive again.

Leop. For heaven's sake, brother!

V. Sn. I am only saying that if your wife was still alive—

Leop. Nay, then, you compel me to leave you. (*Exit hastily.*)

V. Sn. There he goes again. Was ever any man so uncivilly treated in his own house as I am! a silly fellow, making such a perpetual wimpering for the loss of one wife!—I have buried three, one after the other, without breaking my heart. That's the difference between Leopold and me—he carries his remembrance of his wife about in his mind, and I carry mine in my pockets.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment.

Enter TOTUM and Mrs. ROSE.

Mrs. R. Let me go, Mr. Totum—I have no time for talking—My master has two Burgomasters to dine with him—and, thank heaven! there's plenty for them!—A sirloin of beef, roast fillet of veal, scollop'd oysters, collar'd eel, anchovies, and a furmenty pudding.

Tot. No time for talking! forty-seven words, four articles, and five stops. Listen! do you know, Mrs. Rose,—sweet Mrs. Rose,—that to-day is a day—a day—a—I cannot tell you what a day it is——

Mrs. R. Well, and if it be a day, I warrant I can provide for it—

Tot. Brief reply—credit words.

Mrs. R. I always add a dish for every fresh guest, and for every bit of good news.

Tot. Good news—right. Attend, note contents—Imprimis, Mr. Van Snarl has received a snuff-box from the Minister—

Mrs. R. What—the Minister of the Parish?—

Tot. Poh! psha! No, no, Prime Minister—Head-Clerk to the King.

Mrs. R. From his Majesty's Minister! Oh! then I must provide a dish of *Plaise*.

Tot. In secundo, Miss Josephine's bridegroom is on the road.

Mrs. R. The bridegroom! I must have pigeons and a cake.

Tot. And, thirdly—Mrs. Rose—sweet Mrs. Rose—you may take into account a second wedding.

Mrs. R. A second wedding?—

Tot. Yes, note a ditto.

Mrs. R. Oh, then I must order a goose for the second course—mercy on me!—there will be hardly time.

Tot. Dine at three—time in hand five hours twenty-seven minutes—no fear of deficit.—Enter items—provide plaicé, pluck pigeons, gut goose, one hour, fifteen minutes—dress, stew, and roast ditto, two hours, one half quarter, and three seconds.—Balance, two hours, four minutes, twenty seven seconds, and a fraction—post credit side—therefore listen, Mrs. Rose—sweet Mrs. Rose, listen.

Mrs. R. I tell you, Mr. Totum, since there is to be a second wedding—

Tot. The second wedding, Mrs. Rose, depends on you.

Mrs. R. The second course does, Mr. Totum; so I'll give another look into the larder—(*going.*)

Tot. Listen, Mrs. Rose, sweet Mrs. Rose, listen—I have placed a large sum in your hands—

Mrs. R. In mine!—

Tot. The sum of my happiness—I must disclose to you the state of my books—my father being deceased—

Mrs. R. Poor man!

Tot. Died fourteenth of last month, at fifty-nine minutes, three seconds, after four in the morning—aged seventy eight years, four months, two weeks, three days, fourteen hours, twelve minutes, and a quarter, ha!—

Mrs. R. Bating the odd hours, minutes, and quarter, just the very age of my late husband, poor dear Dr. Olearius.

Tot. Left Tilman Totum, sole heir, eighty thousand marks.

Mrs. R. Indeed! I am truly happy to hear it—Now I've just thought that we have got in the larder—

Tot. Psha! close the larder, open your ears and listen—I say, Mrs. Rose—sweet Mrs. Rose, listen.—Having now stock in trade, I mean to open an account of matrimony.

Mrs. R. (*bridling and smiling.*) Matrimony?

Tot. Yes—open a new firm, raise a new head.

Mrs. R. Was that the subject you wanted to speak on? Oh, Mr. Totum, you do me too much honour.

T. I do you no honour at all; I only want you to listen, Mrs. Rose; sweet Mrs. Rose, listen! I fear, above all things to cast up wrong; that, you know, to a man in business—say no more—hate a blot—therefore, without your consent, reckon *nought*.

Mrs. R. Dear Mr. Totum—to be sure—but you know the world is rather ill-natured: there are some circumstances, that should be taken into consideration.

Tot. Allow deductions—state fairly, what heads?

Mrs. R. First—

Tot. Imprimis—

Mrs. R. Difference of age.

Tot. Repairs payable by the owner; according to best of knowledge and belief, difference not great.

Mrs. R. True, when one has met with hardships, one looks older than one really is. But, dear Mr. Totum, marriage is a serious step; when I lost poor dear Dr. Olearius—Heaven grant him rest!—I made a vow never to marry again.

Tot. Well, well, I don't care for your vow—that is an account balanced—credit by loss—but, sweet Mrs. Rose, my new head is yet a blank—suffer me—

Mrs. R. Ah! dear Mr. Totum, we are poor people, who have many wants to be supplied.

Tot. You allow the demand then?—note consent

Mrs. R. (*with affected satisfaction*) Dearest Mr. Totum, you may command me.

Tot. (*adjusting himself.*) Your daughter, I conclude—

Mrs. R. My daughter!

Tot. Yes, Mrs. Totum, that will be—Happy, happy pair!

None but the rich deserve the fair.

Mrs. R. Mistress Totum! Oh! you want to marry my daughter Louisa, do you?

Tot. Whom else, the dickens! d'ye think I want to marry?

Mrs. R. Oh, oh! Aye, aye! Well, that is nothing to me—you must speak to Louisa herself about that.

Tot. Express. But, if I may debit my head with the

daughter, and credit by the mother's consent, that will be a pretty clear account.

Mrs. R. A mother! Oh! to be sure—well, I have a deal to say on that subject; but I am in haste now—Well, Mr. Totum, speak to Louisa yourself; you have my consent,, if you can gain Louisa's, (*aside*) which I am sure you never will.

Tot. Enough! You endorse the bill—she will answer it—therefore I remain, errors excepted, your obedient, faithful servant, shortly son-in-law, Tilman Totum, sole heir to eighty thousand marks, six chests of silver plate, one box of uncounted livres, stivers, &c. &c.

[*Exit TOTUM.*

Mrs. R. Dear heart! What will Mr. Leopold say to this? Well, well, as Heaven pleases: Mr. Totum is a pretty man, and a good man; he never fails at a sermon, and it is quite edifying to hear him chant.

[*Exit Mrs. ROSE.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in VAN SNARL's House.

LOUISA sitting at her Work, ELLEN with a Guitar in her Hand, which she appears to be laying down, as taking leave of LOUISA.

Loui. Thank ye, Ellen; but did not you tell me, that Mr. Leopold heard you singing one day?

Ellen. Yes, I did so.

Loui. And desired you to sing the song again?

Ellen. Yes; twice.

Loui. Then pray let me hear *that* song before you go. I am sure I shall like it, if he did.

Ellen. 'Tis one of our village ballads.

AIR.

'Twas in the solemn mid-night hour,
When all was dark around;
When planets strike, and spells have pow'r
And mandrakes cleave the ground:

I heard a voice as from the tomb,
The bell then beating one;
"Adieu," it cried, "I meet my doom,
"My life's last sand is run."

'Twas William's voice, 'twas William's form,
Wet from his wat'ry grave;
"I sink," he cried, "amid the storm,
"I sleep beneath the wave:"
Starting I rise, and snatch my gown,
And hasten to the shore;
I see the gallant ship go down,—
But see my love no more.

Exit ELLEN.

(After the Air, LOUISA remains pensive.)

Enter JOSEPHINE and ADELBERT.

Jos. Pray walk in, Mr. Adelbert; there is no one here who will not be glad to see you—is there, Louisa?

(LOUISA appears embarrassed, and rises from her chair.)

Adel. (to JOSEPHINE.) Your friend's generous heart is ever ready to welcome the unfortunate,

Jos. Make a curtsy, Louisa.—Mr. Adelbert is come to dine with us.

Adel. By your father's invitation.

Jos. That was very well done. You shall sit by one of us. Now, the question is, whether you mean to eat much or little, or to talk much or little.

Adel. Why so?

Jos. I'll tell you. If you have a mind to eat very little, and not to speak at all, you shall sit by Louisa.

Adel. I protest, I am at a loss to understand you.

Loui. Dear! She doesn't know what she means herself.

Jos. But indeed *she does* know what she means. Have not I seen him sit by you for hours together, without opening his lips?

Loui. Nay, now I'm sure you are mistaken; Mr. Adelbert has always entertained me exceedingly.

Jos. Oh! I never doubted that.

Enter TOTUM, more sprucely dressed than before, and

Mrs. ROSE.

(JOSEPHINE, LOUISA, and ADELBERT, converse in dumb shew; TOTUM appears to be whispering to Mrs. ROSE.)

Tot. (*in a low voice.*) Have you dropt a word for me ?

Mrs. R. Speak to the girl yourself, I tell you, Mr. Totum.

Tot. There's that cursed tall Pole ! When he is gone—

Mrs. R. He dines here.

Tot. Dines ! choke him.

Mrs. R. Heaven forbid !

Jos. (*advances to Totum.*) Mr. Totum ! I protest you have put on a new wig to-day.

Tot. Yes—I've raised a new head. D'ye like it ?—Put it on in haste—spirits in great fluctuation—high, low—up, down—from fifty to seventy.

Loui. Ha, ha !—Why really—

Tot. Don't laugh ; a laugh sinks me. This day, Miss Josephine, is the most awful day of my life—I am going to file off bachelor's account, and begin a new head in the ledger of matrimony.

Jos. Then you are going to be married ?

Tot. Going to be married—right.—Oh, my Louisa, if I may speak the wishes of the heart !—

Jos. What, have you got a heart ?

Tot. Only by debit—wants credit by ditto—I come to ask Miss Louisa, whether she will run the risk of partnership with me in a new branch of trade ?

Jos. Why, Louisa knows nothing of book-keeping.

Tot. I beg you'll not interrupt me, Miss, while I am summing up my articles. Speak, Miss Louisa, without loss of time, may I flatter myself—

Loui. With what, Mr. Totum ?

Tot. Transfer—heart and hand—hand and heart—please to accept a barter.

Jos. Why, I really begin to think you want to marry Louisa.

Adel. (*aside.*) Heavens !

(*JOSEPHINE and LOUISA laugh.*)

Tot. What means this pretty smile on my Louisa's cheek ?

Jos. Pure joy.

Tot. Pure joy !—right. A laugh—brief—credit words. (*to LOUISA.*) Note consent ?

Loui. Indeed, Mr. Totum, you are very good ; but I am not my own mistress, you know.

Tot. Oh! I have got your mother's consent posted already.

Loui. Yes—but my mother knows, that——

Jos. (*maliciously to Adelbert*) She is already promised. (*Adelbert appears alarmed*).

Loui. Indeed, Mr. Totum, I can never be your wife.

Tot. Never! Error in addition. Why?

Jos. Hold, Sir! Girls must never be asked why.

Tot. Account stands open. (*looking askance at Adelbert*). To be sure I am not the youngest in the room, but neither am I the poorest—I fancy eighty thousand marks.—Oh! here comes Mr. Leopold; he will sum up better for me——

Enter LEOPOLD.

Your servant, Sir; please to check account between these ladies and me.

Leop. What is the matter?

Tot. The matter, Sir, is that——

Jos. Mr. Totum wishes to marry——

Tot. Hush, Miss, do not interrupt me, while I am drawing up my articles. The matter, Sir, is that, where—

Jos. What, is it a bankruptcy in the gazette?

Tot. Whereas, Sir, it has pleased Providence to close my father's account, and to make me sole heir to eighty thousand marks, I intend instantly, and without loss of time, to open account per matrimony—to take a wife.

Leop. Right.

Jos. His choice is fixed on Louisa.

Leop. Right.

Tot. But Miss Louisa——

Jos. Won't have him.

Tot. Don't interrupt my articles, Miss Josephine. Miss Louisa, Sir, draws ballance by refusal—won't strike a barter—but rather chooses to strike me clear out of her books.

Leop. Very right.

Tot. Right! no, I say she is wrong; her mother's consent stands to credit—(*Leopold starts and is affected*)—Mrs. Rose here——

Mrs. R. To be sure. Fortune leads to comfort.

Leop. (recollecting himself) Very true.

Jos. But love, not fortune should lead to the altar.

Leop. Very true, likewise,

Tot. So we are all in the right then ?

Leop. All.

Tot. And I get no wife.

Jos. Take me.

Enter VAN SNARL.

V. Sn. Come, come along, girls : come, gentlemen, the dinner is going in. Come, Mr. Totum, you must dine with us to-day. Totum and I are partners to-day in good fortune. Here, girls, I have not shewn you the handsome snuff-box I have received from the Minister. Look at it, brother : Totum says it is worth two thousand dollars. (*gives the box to Leopold, who looks at it with indifference.*)

Leop. I wish you joy.

Jos. Dear uncle, let me look at it. (*Leopold gives the box to Josephine, by whom it is handed to others, till it comes round again to Van Snarl, who during the ensuing dialogue, puts it in his pocket without attending to it.*)

V. Sn. Totum ! why, how now ? You look as sad as if your father was come to life again.—What's the matter with you ?

Jos. Cannot you guess, Papa ?

V. Sn. What, has Louisa refused him ? (*Totum shrugs his shoulders*). I supposed as much. Methinks a girl that has nothing but a smooth face to recommend her, and her feet under a strange table, might give herself fewer airs. If I had not the sweetest temper in the world——

Leop. You would on such an occasion remind her of her dependence on you. Fie, brother, for shame !

V. Sn. What, Louisa behaves like a fool, and I am to be ashamed ! Mr. Totum, I'd have you know, brother, with eighty thousand marks in his bureau, has only to hold out his hand, and on every finger hangs a bride.

Jos. Aye, such brides, Papa, as deserve hanging.

V. Sn. Well, a good dinner will put a silly girl out of his head. Come along, children ; where is my snuff-box ?

Leop. I gave it to Josephine.

Jos. And I handed it round to the company.

Loui. And I.

Adel. and Tot. And I.

V. Sn. But no one handed it to me again. (*feels in his pockets*).

Jos. No matter now : Mrs. Rose I see is growing impatient. The box will be found again, I dare say.

V. Sn. It *must* be found again.

Leop. Well, after dinner. Come, your guests are waiting.

Mrs. R. And the soup will be stone cold.

V. Sn. Soup be d---d ! If all the soup in the town should freeze, I won't stir, I tell you. I have never had my box again ; here—here are my pockets ; *here* is nothing, and *here* is nothing. (*turns out both his pockets.*)

Tot. Here are mine, to command. (*turns his pockets out ; they contain only a letter, which he opens and reads*)

" Sir, this brings advice that your father departed this life yesterday, the twenty-fifth instant, at four A. M. fifty nine minutes, three seconds, &c. &c.

V. Sn. (*turns to ADELBERT*) Now, Sir, it's your turn.

Adel. (*appearing disturbed at the proposal*) Sir !

V. Sn. I suppose, you'll consent to what all the company must agree upon—only for form's sake, you know. (*going to him.*)

Adel. Stand off ! You cannot be in earnest.

V. Sn. Joke or earnest, as you like. Gentlemen do not carry smuggled goods, I suppose, in their pockets.

Adel. (*nettled*) If that is meant as a joke, Sir, it is, without under-rating it, a very clumsy one ; but, if you are in earnest, I must inform you, that both my birth and character place me so far beyond this low suspicion, that I will sooner die than consent to give you the gross proof you require of your absurdity. I utterly despise the meanness of your conduct ; and leave you, lest, by persisting in it, you should rouse me to convert the contempt I feel for you, into chastisement. (*Exit.*)

V. Sn. The devil !—we must not let him go—(*following him.*)

Leop. Hold ! do you know what it is to charge a gentleman thus, brother ?

V. Sn. What do I care for a gentleman, when he hops off with my snuff-box?

Loui. (with warmth) He has not got it—it is impossible—

Leop. (observing LOUISA) Ha! Louisa the Defender of Adelbert!

Loui. Mr. Adelbert, I am sure, knows nothing of it. You may see that plain enough in his face.

V. Sn. His face! why, zounds! you don't expect to see the snuff-box in his forehead, do you? What do you say, Totum?

Tot. Set down circumstances—cast up fairly—sum total—the Pole must have the box—

V. Sn. Aye, that he has—but come—let us go to dinner—he is not out of the town.—Plague on him, he has spoilt my stomach for to-day, I shall not be able to touch a morsel for vexation—Come—oh! plague on that Pole!

Leop. We follow you, brother.

[Exit V. SNARL, MRS. ROSE, LEOPOLD, and TOTUM.]

Jos. Louisa, what say you to this? Is Mr. Adelbert—

Loui. Guilty of a baseness? Ha!—Oh, Josephine! my heart is ready to burst. *(crying.)*

Jos. Why you seem very much interested about Mr. Adelbert, Louisa?

Loui. Who, I?—dear, no!—it's only, because—because—

Jos. Because you can't bear to see innocence suspected.

Loui. Yes, that's what I was just going to say—that's it exactly.

Jos. Oh, nothing else to be sure. *(archly)*

Loui. No, indeed, it was nothing else. Nothing but—Heigho!—come, Josephine, we must follow the company. Come. *[Hurries off with JOSEPHINE.]*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

An Apartment in VAN SNARL'S House.

SCENE I.

LEOPOLD *holding ADELBERT by the hand, and pulling him forward into the room.*

Leopold.

NAY, nay—yet come in—this is a liberty I do not frequently take. I love the world too little to force myself upon it—but when a wrong is offered to an innocent person, a very hermit may find cause to leave his cell.

Adel. I respect the justice of your sentiments, but I ought never to be seen again in this house.

Leop. My brother has been in the wrong—the box is found—

Adel. Probably.

Leop. The lining of his pocket was unsewed—and the box slipped through it—

Adel. And from such a trifle a man's honour is to be called in question!

Leop. My brother is ashamed of his behaviour—he will beg your pardon.

Adel. I do not seek to witness the humiliation of another.

Leop. He has been sharply reprov'd by all of us—particularly by Louisa—(*observing Adelbert with attention.*)

Adel. (*expresses surprise—pauses—*) By Louisa!—Let all be forgotten—

Leop. The commission of my visit is then at an end.—I could wish to prolong it on my own account. Your manner has interested me—will you answer me, as a man, what I shall ask you?

Adel. As a man!

Leop. Yes, for I would make my enquiry as a man; who, though he shut himself from the bustle of the world,

as I do, should never lock up the kind impulses of his heart towards a fellow creature.

Adel. I will answer you—

Leop. Your resentment of my brother's proposition was natural : but before you avowed that resentment, I fancied that I remark'd a certain embarrassment in your manner, which appeared to proceed from some other cause than indignation. What was that cause ?

Adel. (after a pause) False shame.

Leop. In what could that consist ?

Adel. I am poor—very poor—

Leop. Poverty is no dishonor.

Adel. Certainly none to me. To Poland, to my struggling country, I sacrificed my wealth as I would have sacrificed my life, if it had required it—My country is no more, and we are wanderers on a burthened earth, finding no refuge but in the hearts of the humane and virtuous.

Leop. But you are young, and industry might—

Adel. That has ever been my friend. The little talents with which the affluence of my parents crowned my education, have preserved me from the extremes of indigence. The spirit of Poland has supplied the rest. (With warmth.)

Leop. Your gains then are probably small ?

Adel. When beneath the gilded roofs of the wealthy, the social banquet gladdens the heart, I take my solitary walk into the fields, and under heaven's canopy I make my poor repast. Such was my intention to-day, before your brother unexpectedly invited me to his table.

Leop. Go on.

Adel. You know what pass'd. Had I submitted to the search proposed, my scanty meal must have been discovered.

Leop. (expressing great surprise and emotion) Young man, we must be better acquainted. Yet that cannot be without more confidence on your part.

Adel. I am a stranger—an unknown exile—

Leop. Who yet chose rather to bear the harsh suspicion that wronged you, than submit to that pity, which, however painful to you, would have exulted in your relief.

Adel. Perhaps I acted from prejudice—but let me confess my pride. Had one contemptuous glance fallen on the humble pittance which I bore about me—had any one but smiled—

Leop. Had any one dared to smile, I—I would have resented it.

Adel. You are warm, sir !

Leop. My heart is so. Young man, since your residence at my brother's I have marked you, and am persuaded of your worth—and if you will accept of a small loan from me—it will come from the hand of a friend—do not reject it.

Adel. When I shall be unable to earn even the morsel which I concealed to-day, I will come to you.

Leop. Give me your hand. (*they shake hands*) Another time we will—(*looks round in great agitation*) Yonder comes Louisa—let me see you again. At another time if the recital be not painful to you, I will request your confidence: and should it open afresh the wounds of your bosom, be persuaded that you will meet a friend, who will strive to heal them—one practised in sorrow—one, whose delight it would be to pour out the balm of comfort, and confer a happiness which he cannot hope himself to taste.

(*Exit.*)

Enter LOUISA.

Loui. I thought Mr. Leopold had not been gone, and I—oh ! dear me, you seem quite flurried—I hope nothing has happened—I hope you have not done any thing, sir, to offend my—to offend Mr. Leopold, sir ?

Adel. Far from it, I hope—he came just now to confer favors on me, which I must not accept.

Loui. And do you mean to go, then—from—from this house, sir ?—(*looks down embarrassed*)—Indeed, I am sorry—

Adel. Do you take an interest in my fate, Louisa ?—Beware of that.

Loui. Beware !—and why so ?

Adel. Because poverty, which in general silences the feelings, is not always master over the heart.

Lou. But the poor have hearts like other people—and when the heart is good, why should poverty silence it?

Adel. The rich only dare to speak its language.—A man like Totum dares to offer you his hand, he dares to say—
I love you—

Lou. And what signifies his saying that? I'm sure I don't mind what he says.

Adel. It signifies something, Louisa—for the rich man is at least received with politeness, the poor one, however worthy in other respects, is rejected with scorn.

Lou. Then they who reject a worthy man, because he is poor, never deserve a rich one, I am certain.

Enter VAN-SNARE.

V. Sn. Mr. Adelbert. I—I am come to beg your pardon—I have found—

Adel. I beg that not a word may be spoken on the subject.

V. Sn. Why may'nt I say, I found myself in the wrong? Surely 'tis not for the pleasure of saying it—

Adel. Mr. Leopold has explained all.

V. Sn. Oh, very well, and now I mean to make you amends.

Adel. Amends!

V. Sn. Ah, it goes against a man's stomach, to be sure, —but I must make you an apology—Leopold says I must, —they all say I must—It's cursed disagreeable—but I must make you amends—so you see I do it with a good grace. I'm come to tell you, that I am just sending out a ship, and you shall go supercargo.

Adel. Indeed! My gratitude robs me of words to thank you.

Lou. (*alarmed and full of emotion*) Will you go, Adelbert?

Adel. To gain an honest livelihood! to be restored to honest industry! Oh! heavens!

V. Sn. She will sail for Africa next month.

Lou. Oh! what, will you go to Africa!

Adel. (*with surprise*) for Africa!

V. Sn. You shall not be at a farthing expence. I am determined to do the thing handsomely. I'll freight her

myself ; you shall only have to purchase negroes—(*Adel. shudders*) What is the matter with you ?

Adel. Humbled though I am, in poverty and in affliction ; harrassed by daily cares, and wounded by hourly regrets—the bread I earn shall never force a tear from the helpless, nor bring remorse to my repast.

V. Sn. So now I must not make him amends—I'm not to have my own way in any thing. What, then, you despise my offer ? Go on with your romantic notions :—Here's a pretty couple of you !—one does not choose a husband with eighty thousand marks, and the other won't go to sea to make his fortune for life. I wish you had nothing but sentiment and romance to eat for a fortnight, and by that time, you, Miss, would take Tilman Totum, with eighty thousand marks, and you, sir, without a pound in your pocket, would be glad to sail to the coast of Guinea—Zounds ! if I had not the sweetest temper in the world, I should be kept in a perpetual passion.

(*Exit Van Snarl.*)

(*Louisa appears agitated, and Adelbert observes her anxiously.*)

Adel. What agitates you, Louisa

Loui. You have a kind heart, Mr. Adelbert, for every one but yourself—You wo'nt go, then, to make your fortune ? Oh, dear, if you had gone—Mr. Totum Would then have asked me again to marry him.

Adel. And would you have accepted him ?

Loui. No, never—though he were ten times as rich as he is.

(*A pause for a few moments.*)

Adel. Does my heart deceive me, or do I read yours aright, Louisa ?

Loui. What do you mean ?

Adel. Were you ever in love, Louisa ?

Loui. Lord ! that's a strange question—

Adel. And I have perhaps no right to ask it.

Loui. Why, though you have lived a whole year in this house, we know nothing of you, to be sure, but that you come from Poland, and *that* we should hardly know either, but from your dress.

Adel. Would you listen with patience to my story, if I should disclose it to you, and you alone ?

E

Loui. With patience ! Ah ! I wish you would try.

Adel. Well,—during the last struggles of our expiring state, though private and important duties detained me at a distance, I embarked my whole fortune on the side of those, who, even against a victorious enemy, wished to defend their native country—you know the result—my situation here speaks it—except a trifling stipend that is still left to me, I have no remaining possession but health, no hope but industry—Alas ! my poor country !

Loui. And can you be happy no where but in Poland, Mr. Adelbert ?

Adel. I might yet be happy—I might—I struggle in vain against myself—Reason forgets to speak, and my heart betrays me. *(he kneels to Louisa.)*

Loui. Oh, dear ! you frighten me out of my wits—if any one should come—

Adel. Hope only can raise me from the ground—*(Louisa hides her face with one hand, and holds out the other to Adelbert, who seizes it and presses it with rapture to his lips)* Then I am happy—My banishment, my wrongs, my sufferings, all—all are now a dream. Will you indeed share my poverty ? Oh ! then we will make it a lot the richest ones shall envy. The dawn shall light me forth to industry, and the dews of evening shall warn me from my work. Love shall season our scanty meal, and the husband, returning from his toil, shall enjoy, in contentment and affection, a kindlier rest than lights upon the downy beds of palaces.

Loui. Oh ! but I am not so poor as you imagine—*(Adelbert starts)* I am not the orphan of a clergyman.

Adel. No !

Loui. I have a father, and a rich one too.

Adel. Rich ! then all my hopes of happiness are crushed at once.

Loui. No—don't say so : I am sure, when he knows you, he must be so proud of you !

Adel. The poor Adelbert dared to lift his eyes to the poor Louisa. The rich Louisa is lost to him—Honor is my tyrant—I obey, against my will—but I obey. Ah ! Louisa !

Enter JOSEPHINE.

Jos. Bravo, children—(*both start*) when lovers are caught—

Adel. (*embarrassed*) Do not imagine that—

Jos. That you are in love ? oh, no—it's impossible ; you are a great deal too old for that.

Adel. I should be sorry if you thought that Louisa—

Jos. Was in love ? Oh ! no certainly ; she is a great deal too young.

Adel. I assure you that—

Jos. That she hates you : Is that the case, Louisa ? You see she has not the heart to deny it : and you, sir, can you venture to confess ?—

Adel. Who can look at Louisa without admiration ?

Jos. Nay, that's a very rude speech when there's another woman in the room.

Adel. But to love her is a blissful privilege denied to me.

Jos. And why so, pray ?

Adel. Because I am poor.

Loui. And I am rich.

Jos. Oh, you are in the right. (*to Adel*) You are a good-natur'd soul, and you know what a plague it is to share a fortune with the person whom we love best, and so would save Louisa that trouble. Well, I grant you a twelvemonth for reflection ; Louisa will then be nineteen, and you may by that time resolve to accept her with the incumbrance of her fortune. In the mean time promise me you will not take any rash step, that may make Louisa unhappy.

Adel. You shall dispose of me. (*bows and exit.*)

Jos. Oh, then it's all very well. Make yourself easy, Louisa : the man is young, and we shall manage him.

(*Exit Louisa and Jos.*)

SCENE II.

A Hall in Van Snarl's house.

Enter NICOLAS, laughing.

I fagg's we've got a pretty visitor to-day, sure enough. Whod'ye please to speak with, sir, says I. Any body, says he. And who be I to say, sir, that you be? Any body, says he again——Odzooks, here he is following me.

Enter HANS WILLIAM, walks across the stage singing and whistling.

Nic. Be pleased to sit here awhile, sir; and I'll go on without *any body*, to see if *any body* is at home.

[Exit Nicolas laughing to himself.]

H. Wil. So, Hans William, here you are—My father has an odd way of thinking;—I shall be more inclined to follow my own—Eh! yonder's a nice girl—I wish that may be Josephine.

Enter JOSEPHINE.

——Good morning, young lady.

Jos. It is rather afternoon than morning.

H. Wil. Not where the day breaks so brightly.

Jos. Very gallant, truly—May I take the liberty to ask——

H. Wil. Who I am? —I am a queer fellow.

Jos. Well, but queer fellows have names.

H. Wil. Mine is Timothy Trifle, at your service;—
“Plain Timothy with the men—dear Timothy with the women.”

“*Jos.* With all of them?”

“*H. Wil.* With all who wish to please me.”——And now, what is your name?

Jos. My—my name is Louisa Rose. I am a poor clergyman's orphan, who live in this house. Perhaps you have business with Mr. Van Snarl?

H. Wil. But I have with his daughter ?

Jos. With his daughter ?

H. Wil. They say she has a great fortune ; and, about six weeks ago, says my mother one evening, to me——
“ Dear Timothy, you are a poor fellow, and must make your fortune by marriage.

Jos. Very wisely.

H. Wil. Very motherly, you mean. There’s Mr. Van Snarl, says she, your father’s old school-fellow, has a most charming daughter—I dare say you must know her.

Jos. Oh, to be sure—I know Josephine as well as I know myself.

H. Wil. Is she handsome ?

Jos. When she consults her looking-glass, she thinks so.

H. Wil. Is she like you ?

Jos. She is not handsomer than I am.

H. Wil. I like that—she has no need.——Has she good sense ?

Jos. Not enough to prevent her from talking.

H. Wil. Well, I like that—Is she kind hearted, good to the poor ?

Jos. Oh, lord ! the poor get nothing in this house, if I do not give it them.

H. Wil. I don’t like that. Is she grave or lively ?

Jos. As wild as a young devil.

H. Wil. Aye ! Then she’ll just do for me.

Jos. But there’s one thing, Mr. Queerfellow, with your—I like that, and I don’t like that, that’s against you :—Josephine’s hand is promised.

H. Wil. To whom ?

Jos. To a young man at Amsterdam—one Hans William.

H. Wil. Oh, I know him.—I’ll rid her of that booby.

Jos. What sort of a man is he ?

H. Wil. He ? A stupid, pedantic fellow, with a full-bottom’d wig.

Jos. Oh, lord !

H. Wil. A shrill voice, and bandy legs.

Jos. Oh, lord ! I don’t like that.

H. Wil. You don’t like it ? How does it concern you then ?

Jos. Oh, it’s nothing at all to me, to be sure—only for

my friend's sake. (*Aside*) So I had nearly betrayed myself.—Do you wish to see my father, Sir?

H. Wil. Your father!

Jos. My friend's father, I mean. (*Going*.)

H. Wil. Hold, hold, a moment (*looks stedfastly in her face*.) Your name is Louisa Rose. "It may be;—
"there's not a rose-bed in Christendom, that would refuse to own you; but" deuce take me if I believe you.
—Shall I tell you your real name?

Jos. Well, what is it?

H. Wil. Josephine.

Jos. And what makes you suppose so?

H. Wil. I don't *suppose*—I am certain.—You discovered the husband in my features at first sight, and you thought it your duty to impose upon me instantly.

Jos. You are a devil.

[*Runs off*.]

H. Wil. Bravo, Hans William!—That's just the girl for you. Oh, here comes old Van Snarl, I suppose;—Egad, I'll have nothing to say to him, till I know whether that be Josephine, or not.

Enter VAN SNARL.

V. Sn. Your servant, Sir. (*H. WILL. whistles*) Here's a pretty fellow!—My daughter tells me you desire to speak with me.

H. Wil. Oh, that is your daughter, is she?

V. Sn. Why whose should she be?—Next I'm not to be father of my own children. She tells me your name is Trifle.

H. Wil. You recollect the name well enough, I suppose?

V. Sn. Never heard it in my life.

H. Wil. When you were at school, with the old Doctor with a red nose, and used to steal peaches in company with Tom Trifle.

V. Sn. Tom Trifle!—Who is he?

H. Wil. My father, Sir, your poor school-fellow.

V. Sn. Poor! Zounds, Sir, I do not know any thing of him. If you have nothing particular to say to me—

H. Wil. I have a letter to you from my father—The deuce! I have left that plaguy letter at the inn.

V. Sn. There you may leave it then.

H. Wil. I'll run and fetch it in a moment.

V. Sn. You may break your neck by the way, if you chuse. I desire you'll never step your foot over my threshold again.

H. Wil. Stay, old gentleman—stay till I return with the letter—I'll make you remember Tom Trifle, depend on it.

[*Exit H. WIL.*]

V. Sn. Puppy! These young fellows, now-a-days, have no more respect for riches than they have for manners. (*going.*)

Enter LEOPOLD, meeting him.

Leop. Brother, lend me the master-key of your house.

V. Sn. What is it for?

Leop. I cannot tell you at present.

V. Sn. Then I cannot lend it you at present.—D'ye intend to set all my doors wide open to-day?—First comes my daughter, "Pappa, lend me the master-key."—She is hardly gone, when you come, "Brother, lend me the master-key."—Every body wants me to lend them something.

Leop. Surely thou don't distrust me?

V. Sn. I don't say that:—I know you won't rob me; but 'tis fair enough to refuse you for all that.

Leop. On what account?

V. Sn. who has got English patent locks to his doors, eh?

Leop. For that I have a particular reason.

V. Sn. Who sits whole days locked up in his room, eh?

Leop. I wish to be alone.

V. Sn. Who has a mysterious cabinet, in which no mortal has dared to set foot for years together.

Leop. That's my fancy.

V. Sn. Well, and it's my fancy not to lend you the master key. I have my particular reasons as well as you, only I'm not so unbrotherly minded; but that is no wonder—you have not such a remarkable sweet temper as I have——There, there's the key, but take notice, if I miss a single bottle of wine, you shall be answerable for it.

[*Exit Van Snarl.*]

Leop. He is in the right—but I dare not open my heart

to him. He would not understand it. Could I indeed find the bosom of a friend !

Enter LOUISA.

(LEOPOLD turns and starts at perceiving her.)

Loui. I hope I don't interrupt you, sir.

Leop. Come in, Louisa, you can never be unwelcome:

Loui. You are so good, and yet I am afraid you are not happy.

Leop. I was once happy : That's the proudest boast that mortality allows.

Loui. And why can't you be happy again ? I'm sure all good people, who know you, must wish to make you so.

Leop. Few are the hearts, Louisa, that keenly feel for the distress of others : those few the miserable cannot seek—but when once they find them—Oh ! heaven !

(lifting up his hands with great emotion.)

Loui. I am an orphan ; and it signifies so little what a poor girl, like me, feels for the distress of other people, that I am afraid to tell you how many tears you have cost me.

Leop. Tears for me !

Loui. I am too young, to be sure, to ask you questions about yourself ; but if I had a right—if I were your relation, now—your daughter, or—

Leop. Would to heaven !

Loui. Hav'nt you a daughter ?

Leop. I have.

Loui. Is she about my age ?

Leop. Yes, thereabout.

Loui. And why don't you let her live with you ?

Leop. Dear girl, spare me ! do not repeat that question.

Loui. Has she offended you ?

Leop. Never.

Loui. Then you do not love her ; that's a sure thing.

Leop. She is my only happiness on earth !

Loui. Then why have you banished the poor soul your presence ?

Leop. (warmly) Who says so ? Those with whom she lives—and must live yet for a short time—are excellent people.

Loui. But they are not her parents. She does not find the care of a fond mother.

Leop. Oh, heaven !——She has no mother !

Loui. That's a great pity, when she does not find a father.

Leop. Cease, girl ! cease ! *(after a pause)* Pity my sorrows

Loui. indeed I wish to share them. Do let me speak to you. Death has robbed you of a wife, but you have still a daughter left : she would be almost wild with joy, if she could fill her mother's place in your affection——Why will you not call her to you ?

Leop. She shall come.

Loui. And, till she comes, do look on me as your daughter—let me dry your tears, and kiss the hand a daughter should kiss.

(Takes his hand and kisses it.)

Leop. Louisa, you have shaken my soul. I cannot account for the power you have over me——Yes, I will disclose to you the very sanctuary of my grief——Come to my apartment an hour hence——It is sacred to sorrow——sacred, alas ! have I kept it——nor have I suffered the foot of a stranger to profane the threshold.——For one hour adieu, Louisa !——Remember—be punctual.

Exit LOUISA and LEOPOLD on opposite sides.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Apartment in Van Sparl's House.

SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. ROSE, NICOLAS, and another Servant.

Nicolas.

WHAT is the matter, Mrs. Rose ?

Mrs. R. There is a crowd about them at the inn : they fought with swords, as if flesh and blood were made of wood.

Nic. Well, but who are they ?

Mrs. R. Oh, I don't wish to know——somebody said it

was our Polish lodger—but heav'n forbid!—a couple of wild wretches—I'm certain they never read my husband's sermon on duelling—the last sermon my poor dear Dr. Olearius ever preached—

Nic. Are they wounded?

Mrs. R. Oh! I dare say they are both killed—they fought together, one like a cannibal, the other like a *hottenpot*—

Enter TOTUM.

Tot. Fine doings! five gashes, three side-cuts, and an eye-let hole—The Pole is a pretty fellow.

Nic. Mr. Adelbert!

Tot. The young gentleman wanted a bleeding.

Mrs. R. What, is Mr. Adelbert wounded?

Tot. The point of the sword made entry by his wind-pipe, proyed a running account in his ribs, and carried over into the heart—I think he's a safe man.

Mrs. R. Oh, mercy! let us go and enquire about him. Oh, that he had read my husband's last sermon on duels!

(Exeunt Mrs. Rose and servants.)

Tot. Ha!—Louisa will now be mistress Totum—Ha! no rival now—The Pole's done for, Ha! Scratch out the Pole, Ha! *(Exit.)*

SCENE II.

ADELBERT'S Apartment, with an inner room and closet; and a window looking into the street—A small box standing on the table—A trunk in the corner of the room.

LOUISA opens the door, and enters timorously—then treading softly, goes towards the window and looks out.

Loui. No, he is not coming; I am safe for a few minutes at least—poor soul! he is wounded, and perhaps he can't come home yet—he will want a great many things, which money can procure for him—so let me make haste and give him all I have. *(she takes the bill of exchange)*

from her bosom) Now where shall I put this note, that he may see it directly? On the table—no, it won't be safe—*(tries to open the box on the table)* Stay, this is not lock'd—he cannot help seeing it here, when he opens the box.—*(laying the paper in the box and addressing herself to it)* Don't you let any body take you out, but my Adelbert, and when you come to his hands, tell him *(takes up the note and kisses it)* there, tell him that, Now if I can get back to my own room before any one asks for me, *(goes towards the door)* Oh! dear! hark I hear somebody on the stairs. “If Adelbert should have me back—No, it's impossible in this short time *(listens)* they are coming” —If I should be found here—cannot I hide myself?—this door is open. *(goes into an inner room.)*

LEOPOLD opens the door cautiously—Enters.

Leop. So—I might have pass'd without the master-key. It is plain the young gentleman has little to lose, or less suspicion of losing it—Well, here is a man with whom I can hold fellowship—to whom I can at last open a burthen'd heart—a comfort so long denied to me! *(Louisa, overhearing, clasps her hands with expressions of great affection)* Spite of that noble pride which disdains to lie under an obligation, I will enjoy the pleasure of conferring one on him—this for a beginning *(takes a roleau from his pocket)* where shall I put the money?—This box—Aye it is open *(opens the box and sees the note)* Eh! what is this! the very bill I sent by yesterday's post to my daughter! how can it have come into this man's box?—Could the servant I sent with the letter have opened it?—he is seemingly honest—nay I know him to be so—“Fie, fie, I'm ashamed of myself when I suspect an honest man.” Surely Adelbert could not *(discovers suspicion and horror)*—could not have recourse to means, I shudder even to think of!—at least 'tis ground of reasonable suspicion—Shall I take back the note?—No! What right have I to take out of a stranger's chest, a paper, which I sent to Frankfort fifteen hours since!—a perfect riddle! I'll leave it where I found it *(puts the note again in the box)* my money too shall stay where it was—*(puts the roleau in his pocket)*

and now back to my solitary chamber, till some fortunate conjecture shall make me once more hope that man is not altogether hateful ! *[Exit Leopold.]*

LOUISA comes out from the inner room.

Loui. Oh, mercy ! what have I done ? Instead of helping poor Adelbert, I have brought him into a suspicion of the basest guilt. What can I do ! I must e'n go and tell my father who I am, come of it what may. Yes, I'll tell him all—dear, ~~dear~~ I do tremble so ! —let me get away before I'm caught again *(goes to the door—starts and runs back again frighten'd)* Oh, mercy ! there's somebody else—this time perhaps it is Adelbert himself !—I feel as if I had done wrong—but heaven knows my innocent intentions ; I'll hide myself once more. *(returns into the inner room.)*

TOTUM puts his head in at the door.

Tot. Eh ! door open ! now for a peep *(enters)* nobody here—Pole wounded—stopt at hotel—post time to debit and proceed. Now, sure as my name is Tilman Totum, I'll balance the Pole's books—"if detected, transfer account to my master, and declare I went by orders."

Loui. *(looking out)* What can Mr. Totum want, I wonder !—

Tot. *(looks round the room with contempt)* Light stock in warehouse—soon taken—"small compass—credit trouble and thought."—Quick—first look over papers—Eh ! no desk ! no books !—a fellow of no account !—Oh ! may be he writes in his closet—look into back shop. *(goes into the closet.)*

Loui. *(coming from the inner room)* I am frighten'd out of my wits—he does not perceive me, and I'll seize this moment to make my escape—I cannot guess his design, but, whatever it may be, I'll lock the door after me, and leave him to answer for it.

[Exit LOUISA, and locks the door without.]

Tot. *(returns)* Egad, he's a deep one. Where can he keep the balance sheet ? must have private books somewhere—*(sees the box on the table)*—Oh, ho ! here

we have him—now see contents—now we'll detect the spy—*(takes out the bill of exchange and reads.)* "On demand pay to this my order, the sum of three hundred crowns." Accepted too! As good as Bank—ah, your spies must have the wherewith *(reads again)* "Le--o--" What! "Leopold Van"—drawn by my master's brother! Zounds, this is forgery! "Aye, aye, this is the use he makes of getting his head into good books." We'll go over a few more folios here. *(Draws a chair to the table, sits down, and begins to rummage the box.)* If I can barely find enough to hang him, that's all, *(rummaging)* that's all the harm I wish him. Hark! did not I hear something? *(Rises suddenly, replaces every thing in the box, except the note, and shuts the box hastily, which closes with a spring-lock.)* I'll take a peep down the street, to be sure that Mr. Iron-driver is not nearer than I suspect. *(He runs to the window, looks out, and starts.)* Oh, here's a blunder; here's a scratch—Zounds! here's Old Scratch himself. Yonder comes the Pole; I see his head. Whip off with the box—Egad, the best way.—*(Takes up the box and goes towards the door.)*—"We'll have a halter for you, Mr. Forgery, and then see whose is the safest head; your's with a rope round it, or Tilman Totum's with eighty thousand marks to credit." *(Goes to the door, tries to open it, and finds it locked.)* Eh! how's this? the door fast!—O Lord! I am check'd. A plague on him; I hear him at the foot of the staircase—there are only thirty-four steps, two landing places, and a turning, between me and a sword through my body. Oh, the devil! here he is on the stairs. Let's return the note—*(sets the box down on the table, and tries to open it.)* Devil on devil! the box shuts with a spring-lock, and the lid is fast. "O lud, if this piece of forgery is found up—on me, I shall be brought in an accomplice, and then there'll be a halter for me." I have open'd a fine head of account here. Where shall I put the note? Here is a trunk as large as our ledger. I'll insert it here; he won't think of opening this. "At least the note will be wrote off from my head." *(Opens the trunk, flings the note into it, and shuts it again.)*

Enter ADELBERT and HANS WILLIAM.

Tot. Mr. Adelbert, your most obliged and obedient.

Adel. Mr. Totum, how did you come into my room?

Tot. Brought forward per door, Sir.

Adel. I left my door lock'd.

Tot. Closed; pardon me, it stood open, I swear; though there's no occasion to swear that, because it is true.

Adel. But we found it shut this moment.

Tot. Why, yes; while I was just looking out at the window, a sudden *draft* came in per chimney, and closed the account—closed the door, I mean.

Adel. And lock'd it too?

Tot. Lock'd it! Oh, perhaps it shuts with a spring, (*aside*) like some other cursed locks.

Adel. It does not turn without a key.

Tot. No? not turn!—then it must have been an Eddy wind,—a sort of *tornado*—we suffer much by them in our trade.

Adel. And pray, Sir, what might occasion me the honour of this visit?

Tot. O Lord, Sir, your chamber commands such a fine view of the forest! I was just taking a peep, looking over your leaves—the leaves of your trees, I mean. Charming green fields, Sir! smooth as the desks in our counting-house. What beautiful geese, Sir, on the common yonder! good quills, I warrant; eighteen stivers per dozen. You would find them excellent for book-keeping.

ADELBERT and HANS WILLIAM express contempt
of TOTUM.

H. Wil. Come, you forget that you are wounded.

Adel. A mere scratch on the wrist.

Tot. Scratches are sometimes serious things.

Adel. A little balsam will cure it; to-morrow there will scarcely remain a scar—(*goes into the inner-room.*)

Tot. (aside) Now is my time for getting out without loss. (*to H. WIL.*) I am glad to find our friend so little damaged, Sir. I wish you a good afternoon, Sir.

H. Wil. Stay, Sir; I could not pardon myself, if I did not declare to every one the noble assistance I have received from that gentleman.

Tot. Another time I shall be happy to attend—I wish you a good afternoon, Sir.

H. Wil. I'll tell it you in a few words.

Tot. (*with great impatience*) As few as you please.—I have three bills to forward to Amsterdam, seven letters of advice, thirteen dinners, all for night's post; to be ready at nine, P. M.

H. Wil. As I was finishing my wine this afternoon at the Hotel, I engaged a party at Faro, which was at my side. (*points to his left hand.*)

Tot. Yes, debtor's side.

H. Wil. I knew no one: a man in the dress of an officer held the bank, so, without scruple, I punted high, and lost a good round sum. On this I wanted to force the game, and put an hundred ducats on one card.

Tot. Yes, a hundred ducats; exactly that sum I shall send to agent at Leipsic to-morrow; three notes ready in iron chest, No. 21, three months date, No. 29—

H. Wil. Well, well, but, my friend yonder in his bed-room, whose name I don't know, stood leaning on a chair, and observing the game.—You don't attend to me. (*TOTUM looks frequently to the door of the bed-room.*)

Tot. Yes—I do—Sir; attention is the best point of business—I am attending, Sir—to—(*aside*) see how I can get off before I am caught by the Pole again.

H. Wil. The card turn'd against me, and I was pushing the cash to the bank; stop, Sir, cried he, take your money back; you are cheated. (*Tot. draws back, H. WIL. follows.*)

Tot. Yes—cheated.

H. Wil. Up jumps the bank-holder, insults my friend; both drew their swords, and before we could part them, both were wounded.

Tot. Double entry—good check—very extraordinary indeed. I wish you a good afternoon, sir. (*Adelbert returns from the inner room, and advances. Totum going out, meets him*) A plague! Here is the Pole again.

Adel. (*holding his wrist with the other hand*) There, it is dress'd. Mr. Totum, be so good to lift the lid of that trunk, and take out a ribbon which lies at the top.

Tot. Sir! take out!—excuse me, sir, I never take any thing out of other people's trunks.

H. Wil. Do you know her?

Adel. (*embarrassed, but recollecting himself*) Yes.

H. Wil. You do! then there is really such a person?

Adel. There is only one Louisa Rose in the world.

H. Wil. I comprehend—Hans William, you are come here a day too late. Is she rich?

Adel. Unfortunately she is.

• *Hans Wil.* Unfortunately! for whom?

Adel. What have I said! pardon me, my friend. You have an honest open countenance, and it led me half way to a confession, which——

H. Wil. You may very safely entrust to me—Go on.

Adel. A confidence so rashly ventured——

H. Wil. Is, I own, as rare as the generous action, by which you have made me your friend for life.

Adel. I cannot resist you—yes, I love Louisa—the agitation in which you see me, will tell you how much I love her. While I believed her the orphan of a poor and humble clergyman, I flattered myself I might have obtained her—but, alas!——

H. Wil. What! did not Von Snarl acknowledge her for his daughter?

Adel. Louisa his daughter!

H. Wil. He told me so himself just now——

Adel. She said her father was rich! (*with emotion.*)

H. Wil. I am to marry her.

Adel. (*starts*) You are to marry her!

H. Wil. I came hither for no other purpose.

Adel. And will you marry her?

H. Wil. (*holds out his hand to ADELBERT*) What! and break the heart of a man who has risked his life for me! give me your hand. (*they shake hands*) If you cannot make an answer for me to that question, I'll make none for myself.

Adel. But I heard of a match that was in treaty for Josephine.

H. Wil. Josephine! well, that's she, is it not?

Adel. I don't understand you.

H. Wil. Von Snarl has but one daughter, has he?

Adel. Did not you say Louisa too was his daughter?

H. Wil. Eh!—I begin to suspect some mistake—let us examine, if you please.

NOBLENES OF MIND.

Adel. You came to this house to marry Louisa—

H. Wil. No : I came to marry Josephine, Von Snarl's daughter.

Adel. And who wants to force Louisa on you ?

H. Wil. Why, are not Josephine and Louisa the same person ?

Adel. By no means.

H. Wil. Then one of them has made a fool of me. Which of the two is the merrier ?

Adel. Josephine.

H. Wil. Hurra ! that's my girl then !—shake hands again—the first was a sentimental shake, and this is a merry one. We shall not be rivals.

Adel. Again I do not comprehend you.

H. Wil. Why, the truth is, I am very properly served—I came into this house under a false name, and the girls have outwitted me—Josephine suspected my design, and pass'd herself on me for Louisa Rose. I'll be reveng'd ; tho' egad, I like her better than ever.

Adel. Then you know nothing of Louisa ?

H. Wil. I never imagined, till this moment, that there was such a person in existence. I'll go down and look for that merry girl again, and if I find her—(*going.*) One word before I go, my dear new friend—You perceive I am likely to have some interest in this house, and if it can avail you with Louisa, you shall find that the mark a rascal has left on your wrist, will be much sooner worn away than the impression you have made on an honest man's heart. Come along.

[*Exeunt HANS WILLIAM and ADELBERT.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

INDIGENCE, AND

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Hall in Van Snarl's House.

Enter Mrs. ROSE, with keys in her hand, JOSEPHINE following.

Josephine.

MRS. Rose!

Mrs. R. Aye, to be sure! Mrs. Rose must be every where at once! Well, child, what do you want with Mrs. Rose?

Jos. I thought I saw Mr. Adelbert return.

Mrs. R. Yes, yes, he has come home sure enough.

Jos. And a young gentleman with him——

Mrs. R. A young gentleman!—I was on the stair-case, with a sugar-loaf under my arm—so I stopp'd and made a curtsy. Mr. Adelbert bow'd very politely, I must say that for him—but the other *young gentleman* brush'd by me, as if he would have knock'd me down.

Jos. He was attentive only to his friend, who was wounded.

Mrs. R. Manners are good at all times, say I.

Enter LOUISA.

Well, Louisa——

Jos. Have you heard what occasioned the duel?

Loui. Oh! it was such a generous action of Mr. Adelbert, to——

Mrs. R. A generous action! to thrust a sword through a man's body! You have forgot, I fancy, what excellent things my husband said in his sermon against duels——
Poor dear Mr. Olearius!

Loui. Dear mother, if you would now but step up to poor Mr. Adelbert—perhaps he wants help—you have several fine receipts for wounds, you know.

Mrs. R. Child, I have a great many excellent wound balsams—but I step up into the young man's room!——
You know before one has come to a certain age——

Loui. A certain age!—and what does that signify? I think at any time of life we should give our help to a fellow creature, when it is wanted.

Mrs. R. You are right, my dear—When we can be useful, we must sometimes disregard slanderous tongues;—so I'll carry Mr. Adelbert the black ointment, which stands on the chimney in my room—but don't let any body know it.

Jos. There's only that young man there—he won't tell.

Mrs. R. Oh, mercy! if it should be known that I visited a young man in his bed-room!—however, I'll carry him the black ointment. [*Exit Mrs. Rose.*]

Loui. Now, my dear Josephine, let me tell you what has pass'd—but I am so confused, I can hardly speak.

Jos. For joy or grief?

Loui. Oh! for both. In the first place,—my father—

Jos. Whose whims begin to tire me—

Loui. I summoned up all my courage, and spoke to him—and am so happy—

Jos. Well—what has pass'd?

Loui. He promis'd to tell me all his sorrows,

Jos. Then I don't wonder at your being so happy.—Upon my word you are much obliged to him—

Loui. And he desired me to meet him in his room—

Jos. And are you prepared in what you will say to him?

Loui. No, not I—but my heart will be full—and then I warrant I shan't want words to tell it's meaning.

H. Wil. (without) Josephine! Josephine;

Jos. Who calls me?

[*Louisa goes to the side of the stage, Hans William enters and seizes her hand.*]

H. Wil. Oh! are you found by your true name? eh! who is this? I beg a thousand pardons, ma'm—

Jos. Ha! ha! fairly caught! Give me leave sir, to introduce you to this young lady. This is miss Josephine—My dear Josephine, this is Mr. Timothy Trille.

Loui. Sir, my name is Louisa Rose—

H. Wil. Another Louisa Rose? and yet I heard a person in this house, say just now, that there is but one Louisa Rose in the world—(*Josephine smiles, Louisa blushes*) Well, my dear Louisa Roses, inform me where I may find the real genuine Josephine?

Jos. What is your pleasure, sir, with her ?

H. Wil. Exactly this—if you are both *Louisa Rose*, I have no business with either of you—but if you are both *Josephine*, I'm resolved I'll marry you both.

Loui. Is not this the gentleman you expected to-day ?

Jos. What, my lover, *Hans William* ? Oh, no, he wears a full bottom'd wig, has a shrill voice, and is bandy-legg'd.

H. Wil. He is very like me, for all that.

Jos. No. I have been expecting him this whole morning, and in the mean time comes this saucy——

H. Wil. Take care what you are going to call me——

(*Louisa is going*)

Jos. Stay, *Louisa*, don't go—not that I'm afraid of being left alone with Mr. Trifle, but that——

Loui. I must go now, to the person I told you of—when I come back, I'll meet you in your room (*exit Loui.*)

Jos. And now, sir, I desire to know whether you are *Hans William* or *Trifle* ?

H. Wil. Which do you wish ?

Jos. Neither—Can you speak the truth ?

H. Wil. Certainly.

Jos. Do it then this moment.

H. Wil. I am in love with you.

Jos. Who ask'd you that ?

H. Wil. Have you settled, what day will be convenient for our wedding ?

Jos. What, then, you are determined to marry me ?

H. Wil. Positively.

Jos. And have you spoken to my father ?

H. Wil. Yes.

Jos. And what said he ?

H. W. He requested me never to put my foot over his threshold again.

Jos. Indeed ! and what induces you to refuse him such a trifling request ?

H. Wil. I do not—I mean to take him at his word, only I design to take you with me.

Jos. Are you quite sure of that ?

H. Wil. Quite——

Jos. Without letting me know who you are ! When

a man intends to rob an honest girl of her name, he should at least provide her with another.

H. Wil. Why, I gave you your choice of two.

Jos. Well, then, your name is not Trifle.

H. Wil. No more than yours is Louisa Rose.

Jos. Why did you wish to impose on me?

H. Wil. I'll tell you. Your father and mine, have treated our love a little too much in a mercantile manner.

Jos. Our love!

H. Wil. I did not wish to contradict my father, and as my heart was free, I neither promised or refused, but I was determined first to take a look at you. If I had not liked you, I should have been off again in a moment: but—here I am still—and, to own the truth at once—I do like you.

Jos. You're very flattering.

H. Wil. And therefore meaning to be a dutiful son—
(*advances towards Jos.*)

Jos. Hold, hold, not in such haste—perhaps I may have a mind first to look at you too.

H. Wil. With all my heart—(*turns round*)

Jos. The outside is well enough—but who will answer for the inside?

H. Wil. That you'll find out after the wedding.

Jos. A clear bargain, my father says, prevents quarrels—suppose we agree to tell our own faults to one another, and then try if we can be friends.

H. Wil. With all my heart.

Jos. Well, do you begin.

H. Wil. First, I am hotheaded and passionate.

Jos. That may be cured by good temper on my part.

H. Wil. I'm careless——

Jos. That will be cured when you have a wife to look after.

H. Wil. I am vain.

Jos. That you must only be of me.

H. Wil. I shall be vainer than ever, if I win you for my wife.

Jos. Well, that I'll forgive——proceed.

H. Wil. That is all.

Jos. Oh, then you may be endur'd.

H. Wil. I hope so—and now it's your turn to tell your faults.

Jos. I have none.

H. Wil. None at all.

Jos. Girls have no faults before marriage.

H. Wil. And after marriage?

Jos. Have none but in the eyes of their husbands.

H. Wil. So we have settled our accounts already?

Jos. Hold! hold! there are a few other things to be discussed. Have you no bad habits?

H. Wil. None that I know of.

Jos. How do you pass the day when you are at home?

H. Wil. I have a foolish custom of my country—I like a pipe for an hour or two—

Jos. I cannot endure it—you must give up the pipe,

H. Wil. I shall find that difficult, perhaps.

Jos. As you please—I can play with my lap-dog while you are smoking.

H. Wil. Your lap-dog!

Jos. I can leave him when you leave your pipe.

H. Wil. I give up the pipe—

Jos. I give up the lap-dog; well, proceed with the day.

H. Wil. I love to dine at two.

Jos. I hate to dine 'till four.

H. Wil. For your sake I can dine an hour later.

Jos. To oblige you, I would dine an hour earlier.

H. Wil. Then at three—

Jos. Agreed.

H. Wil. After dinner I take a nap.

Jos. And I take an airing.

H. Wil. Without me?

Jos. I cannot take your bed in my carriage.

H. Wil. But suppose I don't sleep—

Jos. Then I don't go out.

H. Wil. In the evening I go to the club.

Jos. And I invite company.

H. Wil. Whom I don't know!

Jos. I cannot ask your club into my apartment.

H. Wil. Then I shall stay at home—

Jos. And I shall have no company but those whom you invite.

H. Wil. Well—so far we proceed cordially—but I have one bad habit, I own, not so easy to be got rid of—you will overlook it, I dare say—I cannot help falling in love with every pretty woman I see.

Jos. Oh, that's of no importance at all.

H. W. Indeed!—well, that's very good natured. (*nettled*)

Jos. I cannot be otherwise than good-natured on that head, because I have exactly the same fault.

H. Wil. Eh!

Jos. I cannot help liking every handsome man that comes in my way.

H. Wil. What!

Jos. I like to hear men pay me compliments

H. Wil. Do you?

Jos. Swear solemn vows to me.—

H. Wil. Do you?

Jos. To be sure—what is the matter with you?—You dislike it, do you?

H. Wil. Suppose we both leave off this last trick?

Jos. How is that to be managed?

H. Wil. Suppose I have no eyes but for you?

Jos. To that I consent.

H. Wil. Suppose you have none but for me?

Jos. That will be the consequence of the other.

H. Wil. Say you so? then give me your hand in earnest.

Jos. Yes—but you must first obtain my father's leave to step over the threshold.

H. Wil. (*snatches her hand and kisses it*) Come along my charming girl, I'll obtain your father's leave, to do every thing that you bid me, as long as we live.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

[*LEOPOLD's Apartment, hung round with black; at the back of the stage the door of a Cabinet, or small inner room, closed, and silk curtains drawn before it. Furniture suited to the melancholy of the apartment.*]

Enter LEOPOLD, musing.

An hour has nearly passed, and Louisa will presently be here. For the first time, since fifteen years have elap-

H

sed, the foot of a stranger will tread this sanctuary of my sorrows—for the first time my heart will open itself to sympathy, and the tears of another being will be mixed with mine. I feel myself unaccountably attracted towards that good girl. Hark! she is come.

LOUISA opens the door, and enters timorously.

Leop. You are true to your appointment, Louisa.

Loui. I have counted the minutes ever since I left you. What a dark and dismal room this is!

Leop. It wears the colour of mourning——In the first hours of grief, the eye feeds with pleasure on these congenial hues—but a real and lasting grief outlives the very sense of these vain distinctions——In my sight these walls are now a mere blank——So also to me is life—mournful and void.

Loui. You said your life was not always so sad.

Leop. I enjoyed its morning—but its noon was stormy—and now, its closing eve, shade deepening over shade, wraps me bewildered and perplexed, in cheerless darkness.

Loui. But indeed, indeed, I am sure your evening may be brighter if you choose.

Leop. If I choose ;—Can I command the clouds that lower round my setting sun?

Loui. Yes, I do think you may. Now, pray, listen to me ;—You have been very good to me—you have given me your confidence—you have made me feel as if I belonged to you—and now you have done all this—don't be angry with me, if I speak what I think.

Leop. Be angry with you, my good girl!

Loui. Yes—don't be angry with me, if I tell you, that I think you have been unkind to yourself.

Leop. How so, Louisa?

Loui. By casting *one* from you, whose love and duty teach her, that her chief happiness would be to give you comfort.

Leop. I understand you, Louisa. But tell me—tell me, girl, wherefore you are so warmly interested in my daughter's fate—You spoke to me of her before.

Loui. She———she is my friend.

Leop. Why did you not inform me of this sooner?

Loui. Because I know how earnestly your poor child sighs for her father's love—because I could find no reason why you should be so severe towards her—and because I wanted to observe you first, and learn on what account it was you hated her.

Leop. Hated her ! tell me something of my daughter.

Loui. I can tell you nothing, but of her unhappiness—
—of her tears.

Leop. (affected) Does she feel such love for me ?

Loui. Does she *love* you !—Oh !—Since she has been old enough to learn what happiness means, the wish to be known to you, has been the dearest of her heart. Her tears have often fallen upon my bosom. She has, many and many a time, felt bitter anguish, while she sat alone sighing out—“ My father does not love me ! ”

Leop. She shall return to me——

Loui. Shall she ?——shall she indeed !

Leop. Yes ! Let her come ! And when clasping her in my arms, joy, shall overpower my senses, and tears shall be my only utterance, then—then she shall be assured that I love her.

Loui. (trembling, and grasping Leopold's hand) I—I hope I may believe you.

Leop. You have a right to doubt ; but do not condemn me, girl, if I have appeared cold and unconcerned for one, whose welfare is so dear to me—such, as, for these few months past, *you* have seen me—such have I been for seventeen years ; during that period, I have sometimes lived for men, but no one has lived for me. You, my good girl, are the first who have rekindled in my heart the desire to see my daughter.

Loui. Then blessed be the moment in which I entered this house !

Leop. I bless it.—Hear me, Louisa, censure me, but pity and excuse me. I was once rich, for I possessed in a virtuous wife, the only true riches in this world, Content and Cheerfulness. When the Creator finished his glorious work of nature, he added its last bright ornament, Woman ! I loved one alone, among all beings :—I had chosen her from a world, and from a world I would still choose her. The years of our first love tell swiftly into that eternity where she now resides. The birth of a

daughter was the dearest and last moment of my happiness. Scarcely had she beheld the light, when her mother died—(*Louisa appears affected*) her infant cries were the dirge of all my joys on earth.

Loui. Poor innocent!

Leop. While yet Emilia's grave was fresh, I clasp'd her infant to my bosom, and flying from the world, resolved to live for my child alone——She was the only treasure left to me on earth.

Loui. And why did you forsake that child?

Leop. Mark me——As I convey'd my little one to the fostering refuge I had provided for her, methought her mother's spirit beamed in her features——Oh! what did that look effect! The keen remembrance of my loss, pierced anew into my soul—I dreaded to turn again towards my child—her existence had destroyed what was dearer to me than my own—I entrusted her with those, of whose kind hearts I was well assured——Business called me away—concerns of my wife's fortune—(*after a pause, he shudders*) I have never returned to my child.

Loui. Had she deserved this?

Leop. Day after day, year after year, have I ardently sighed to meet my child again. But she is well and happy—and what could my presence bestow? The sight of my affliction—of my misery—I strove to rouse me from despair—I turned from the grave, which had devoured my hopes, and sought for consolation among men—I told them my sorrows, and met derision—until at last I shut my bosom against the world, and fled, where only I could escape torment——to solitude.

Loui. Ah! I'm afraid you found little comfort there.

Leop. Such as you see me now possess. But here has fancy furnished me with ample food for sadness—here have I framed a sacred record of my beloved Emilia—here I gathered every remember'd object, that had been dear to her—yes—here her spirit dwells; here often in my thoughts has communed with me——Else, how could I have endured so much?

[*During these last lines, LEOPOLD takes LOUISA's hand with great emotion, and leads her towards the door of the cabinet—stops suddenly.*]

Wilt thou not tremble, girl? Yet, 'tis imagination fills

the scene—all is but shew—the mockery of my heart's pangs.—

(Opens the folding doors of the cabinet, and discovers, within, an emblematic transparency, in which is the name of EMILIA, written in large characters.)

Loui. *(nearly fainting, falls on the ground)* My mother!

Leop. What do you mean?—who art thou Louisa?

Loui. Your daughter. *(Leopold, trembling, raises her)*
 Forgive me, my dear father, but—

Leop. Art thou indeed my daughter?

Loui. Oh! does not your heart tell you so?

(throws herself into his arms.)

Leop. Oh, yes—thou art—thou art my child.

Loui. My letters could not move you—I wish'd still to try if I could gain your love—Josephine assist me—I pass'd here for the daughter of—

Leop. I comprehend it all—How could I so long deny myself this comfort! *(embraces her)* Support me, my child—lead me nearer—that, in the presence of my mother's spirit, I may bless thee—

(A noise heard without. Leopold starts, and shuts the cabinet. Adelbert enters hastily.)

Adel. Pardon, generous man—pardon this intrusion—I must have leave to speak—you have given me so singular a proof of your benevolence.

Leop. You surprize me—I, Sir?

Adel. Was it not by your order that this note was conveyed into my room?

Leop. No, not by mine,—*(looks at LOUISA, who casts down her eyes)* but I guess by whom it was bestow'd. That glowing cheek, that down-cast look disclose the truth—the person, to whom you are indebted, stands before you—

Adel. Louisa!—

Leop. Give me the note—Come, my children, let us hasten to meet my brother—he has long borne with my discontent—he shall be the first witness of my returning joy.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

*The Hall.**Enter TOTUM, in a great bustle, and NICOLAS.**Tot.* Well, Nicolas—are the constables posted?*Nic.* They are ready, down at the door—*Tot.* Down at the door—right. Let no one take his head out of the house; if I call, be ready, at a moment's notice—away—no blunders—good Nicolas.*[Exit TOTUM and NICOLAS on opposite sides.]**Enter VON SNARL, JOSEPHINE, and HANS WILLIAM.**V. Sn.* Fine doings, indeed! Did not I tell you never to come into my house again?*H. Wil.* And did not I tell you that I would come in to it again? This is the letter from my father—*V. Sn.* Psha! I suppose it's all about the red nose and the peaches.*H. Wil.* Read it.*V. Sn.* What should I read it for? I have told you already to get out of my house.*H. Wil.* I'll, go, as soon as you have read the letter.*V. Sn.* Well, you shall not spoil the sweetness of my temper. I have read many useless letters in my life before this: (*opens the letter and reads*) "The bearer of this, my lawful son and heir, Hans William, (*surprised*) whom I send in good condition"—*H. Wil.* Yes, I'm in pretty good case—*V. Sn.* "By this day's mail"—hem—"Vander Housen & Co."—the devil! you have taken me in, (*forces a laugh*) ha—ha—I thought you had too honest a face for a cheat. Did not I tell you, Josephine, he was of prime quality—but *Hans* must not come near you—(*to H. W.*) give me your hand—you are a rogue and a wit; but if you had not been a rich rogue, like myself—*Jos. (to H. WIL.)* You would be a rogue and a thief—*H. Wil.* And must never more have put my foot over the threshold—

V. Sn. Well, well, why d'ye put me in mind of that ?
If I had not the sweetest temper—

Enter LEOPOLD.

Leop. Brother, give me joy—Louisa Rose shall be married to-day, as you said.

V. Sn. Oh, she consents at last to take eighty thousand marks, does she ?

Leop. She shall give her hand, as it should always be given, where the heart guides it.

V. Sn. And why did she plague me this morning with all that nonsense ?—Only to put me in a passion !

Enter TOTUM and Mrs. ROSE.

Tot. Now, Sir, the constables are at the door—he cannot have negotiated the bill already—Oh, yonder he comes—now, Sir—

Leop. (*looks towards the side scene*) Adelbert ! a bill ! what is all this ?

V. Sn. Why, what should it be ? Totum has a charge against my lodger for a note, purporting to be drawn by you, for three hundred crowns.

H. Wil. Against my friend !

V. Sn. Your friend ! Do you know any thing more of him ?

H. Wil. Yes, I know him for one who thinks every stranger entitled to his regard, and who will rather risk his life, than suffer an honest man to become the dupe of a knave. Perhaps I may find (*looks at TOTUM with scorn*) an opportunity of doing as much for him.

Leop. Here is the note, written by myself—you found it in the hands of a man of integrity, and, as a proof of my esteem for him, I mean to make him heir to my whole fortune.

V. Sn. You do !—and pray what becomes of your daughter ?

Enter ADELBERT and LOUISA.

Leop. Behold her. (*VON SNARL and TOTUM express surprise.*) In the fond and artless affections of her

mind, while I recognized the image of her whom I adored, I read likewise, in forcible characters, my own duty—yes—this is my daughter, and, if I guess the heart aright—this is my son.

Adel. An outcast !

Leop. You have found an asylum here. Accept her, Adelbert : with my whole heart I give her to you.

Mrs. R. Oh, what a fine sermon my poor dear Dr. Olearius would have made on this occasion !

V. Sn. So ! I shall give Louisa a wedding-dinner, as I said—I'm right this time, in spite of you all.

Tot. And if this be the case, I may as well make the constables void.—Hymen has protested my draught ; and, for fear the Pole should make a scratch in my ledger, I won't leave him a *single side* for a memorandum sheet.—Hang Hymen !—Plague light on the Pole !

[Exit TOTUM.]

Leop. The indulgence of a gloomy temper has stolen from my life its sweetest hours, and drawn sighs from the bosom of innocence—my child, forgive me !—Amid tears of anguish and despair you were baptised.—Amid those of repentance and joy, receive a father's blessing !—"Convinced of my error, I will now return with cheerfulness to the world, and bear, without repining, the lot which heaven has assigned me.—The present emotions of my heart instruct me, that there is no cordial for a parent's sorrows beyond the virtuous affection of A DAUGHTER."

FINIS.

SELF IMMOLATION:
OR, THE
SACRIFICE OF LOVE.
A
PLAY
IN
THREE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF
KOTZEBUE.

NEW - YORK;

Printed for CHARLES SMITH and S. STEPHENS.

1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROBERT MAXWELL, *a decayed Merchant.*

ARABELLA, *his wife.*

HARRY, *a boy, his son.*

An old blind Lady, *his mother.*

JANE, *maid-servant in the house.*

Landlord of the House, *in which Maxwell lives.*

HARRINGTON, *a rich wine-merchant.*

WALWYN.

DEMPSTER, *a gambler.*

A JEW.

FLOOD.

DUMFRIES.

JOHN HARTOPP, *a porter.*

A Servant and other Persons.

SELF IMMOLATION;
OR, THE
SACRIFICE OF LOVE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A spacious and elegant Room, poorly furnished.

ARABELLA is employed in Needlework. Her MOTHER-IN-LAW, old and blind, is seated in an Arm-Chair, with her hands crossed on her Lap.

Mother.

TOM!

Arab. What is your pleasure, dear mother?

Moth. Nothing particular, daughter; I want Tom,

Arab. (*Perplexed*) Tom—is ill.

Moth. Is he? Poor fellow!—Well, then, another may come.

Arab. Cannot I serve you?

Moth. If you please. I wish to have my breakfast, I have already asked three times for it.

Arab. Your breakfast—Yes, dear Mother. (*She lays down her work, and folds her hands with a deep sigh.*)

Moth. Unless I have my tea and toast as soon as I rise in the morning—I am ill for the day. I have been accustomed, these fifty years, to breakfast the moment I rise; and it does not look well, daughter, when an old blind woman is obliged to wait hours for a little hot water.

Arab. Excuse us, dear mother; Jane is gone for some bread; and you know, she is rather slow.

Moth. But why send Jane? Have we not other servants in the house?

Arab. (*Aside, with a sigh*) Yes, we had. (*Aloud*) We have lately endeavoured to do with fewer servants.

A

Moth. Very well; it is prudently done! When I was married, my late husband and I were very poor, indeed; and when my Robert, your husband, was born I put myself to many, many, little inconveniencies, that my child might want nothing. Now, it is your turn to make these sacrifices. When children are small, the mother should forego many of her wishes, to provide for their wants.

Arab. We do, with the utmost pleasure.

Moth. Do not take this amiss, daughter; but, I must say, that, for some time past, great disorder has prevailed in this house. Something or other is always wanting. I am blind; I cannot see—'tis true. Yet I can discern more than gives me pleasure.

Arab. My Robert, you know, has met with misfortunes in trade.

Moth. He has, child; but no merchant is always fortunate.

Arab. His loss from Belton's failure, was very great.

Moth. But Robert is not a Bankrupt.

Arab. (*Aside with a sigh*) Ah, that you had spoken the truth!

Moth. His property was great: and though a part be lost, his mother's breakfast should not be wanting. I know my son: he will never forget, that, at the risk of my health, I supplied him myself with his first food. I was then sickly; yet I had no wet nurse for him. And I am confident, he would rather deprive himself of something, than suffer his old blind mother to want.

Arab. He does deny himself, to supply you, mother.

Moth. And let me tell you daughter, what you do for me now, your little Harry shall do for you when you are old.

Arab. Dear mother—You do not suppose, I hope, that I—that through any neglect of mine——

Moth. Well! well! I would not judge unkindly.

Arab. (*aside*) Good God! The whole night through have I been at work!

SCENE II.

Enter HARRY.

Har. Pray mother, is it time now ?

Arab. Presently, my dear.

Har. (confidentially, and in a half whisper. I'll tell you what, Mama—I am hungry.

Arab. (suppressing her tears) Presently, child ; only wait till Jane comes back.

Moth. Poor boy ! he has had no breakfast then !—
Good God one should think there was not a morsel of bread in the house !

Arab. Alas !

Moth. Come this way, Harry : are you hungry ?

Har. I am, grandmother.

Moth. Have you had nothing to eat, this morning ?

Har. No, grandmother.

Moth. Poor thing ! You should have saved some of your bread-and-butter, last night.

Har. I had not a bit, last night.

Moth. Is it possible ? Did your unkind parents give you nothing ?

Har. Father and mother had nothing to eat themselves ?

Moth. Why did you not come to me ?

Har. I did, and saw you eat your soup : I thought you would have left me some ; but you eat all.

Arab. Harry eat so heartily of currants, yesterday in the afternoon, that I was afraid another meal before he went to bed, might make him ill.

Moth. Nonsense ! children should be fed well ; their growth requires a good deal of nourishment.

Arab. (aside) How readily would I foster him with my blood !

Moth. Go, child, and ask your Mama to give you a roll.

Har. (goes to Arabella) Pray, dear Mama, do give me a roll.

Arab. But one moment's patience, my dear ; Jane will soon be here.

Moth. But, for goodness' sake, why is he to wait till Jane returns ? When my Robert was of his age, he would often tease me, and draw me away from my work ; yet I did not care for that ; I always got him what he wanted—But now, ladies are grown so fashionable and so indolent—

Arab. You wrong me, dear mother you do, indeed !—it happens at present, that there are no rolls in the house.

Moth. So much the worse : in a well regulated family, such things should never be wanting.

Arab. Don't be angry, grandmama. I'll go and look for Jane.
(*Runs off.*)

SCENE III.

Moth. Yes, daughter, I should deserve censure myself, were I to be silent. I am old and blind : work I cannot, but I must speak my mind ; do not take it amiss.

Arab. Your parental admonitions shall be ever dear to me : even when they wound my heart.

Moth. You know, when my son married you, I did not greatly approve of your union.

Arab. I was poor.

Moth. Has, during eight years, a word dropped from my lips, like a reproach on that head ?

Arab. No, dear good mother, never !

Moth. Certainly, I had been better satisfied, had you possessed some fortune ; but then I always said to myself, love goes a great way. My late husband, poor man, at first, had no property, nor had I ; but we were very happy. My son is a rich man, through our industry : for God's sake ! let him chuse as his heart directs ! if the young woman is poor, she will be grateful, and the more readily nurse me when I am old. I want but little ; but that little I ought not to be at the trouble of asking for. She will always have it ready, before I open my lips.

Arab. Surely, it has always been my most earnest wish.—

Moth. Aye, daughter, it has been—it *has been*—but it is no more. Every thing has of late taken a most singular turn, and grows worse daily. Old people are a little difficult, and are fond of order. What to young people seems the effect of caprice, often is indispensably necessary to the old. The variety of youthful enjoyments is so great, that some may well be spared : but old age is confined to so few enjoyments, that it can ill afford to lose any. And yet, daughter, (*with a tone of increasing animation*) I will rather suffer want myself, than that my poor little grandson be neglected : this goes to my very soul ! You are his mother : You may love him dearly, very dearly indeed ! but I am his grandmother, and love him still more. (*Arabella silently wipes away her tears.*)

SCENE IV.

Enter HARRY and JANE.

Har. (*skipping up to Arabella*) Mama, Mama, here is Jane. Now I am to have a roll !

Arab. (*rises hastily, and draws Jane aside*) Well ! have you brought me any money ?

Jane. No, madam, I have not indeed. Five 'places I have been at ; and—it is a shame—they offer me no more than half a crown for such a pair of ruffles as these are !

Arab. Half a crown ! the materials cost me as much.

Jane. Certainly they did, and so I told them ; but these unfeeling wretches take advantage of the distress of their fellow christians to enrich themselves.

Arab. Distress !—Distress indeed !—Run back, Jane ; take the half crown ; bring tea for the old lady ; and rolls for the boy. At dinner-time, God may befriend us. I can no more—my fingers are sore with working.

Jane. (*wiping her eyes*) Poor, dear Lady !

Har. Jane, won't you give me my rolls ?

Jane. Come along, my little man, you shall choose them at the baker's yourself.

Moth. Jane, bring me my tea.

Jane. Immediately, madam. (*goes out with Harry.*)

Moth. Immediately !—For this hour past have I received the same answer ! I perceive I grow burthensome in this house. Myself and my chair are both out of fashion ; we are always in the way.

Arab. (aside) Oh, God ! thou alone know'st I do what I can ! Assist me to bear more than poverty ; assist me to bear unjust reproach, and to remain silent !

SCENE V.

(*MAXWELL enters with a dejected countenance ; on seeing him, ARABELLA endeavors to appear more composed.*)

Max. Good morning, mother. Good morning, dear wife.

Arab. How are you, my love ? You went abroad very early this morning.

Max. (in a half whisper to Arabella) Yet came too late every where ! (*Arabella casts down her eyes, and heaves a sigh*)

Mgtb. Let me tell you, Robert, your people are not worth a rush. I mean the servants.

Max. (With a tone of sarcasm and anguish) The servants !

Moth. One may call them twenty times, and not one comes.

Max. I suppose so.

Moth. They preserve no respect for me.

Max. Nor for me, mother.

Moth. Well, then, turn the unmannerly fellows out of the house.

Max. I have done so already.

Moth. Have you indeed ? Are they all discharged ?

Max. All.

Moth. H'm ! h'm !—John, however, you might have kept ; he used to play so obligingly with Harry.

Max. Perhaps it was for that reason he made free with the child's little box, which he took with him.

Moth. Was he so dishonest ? it had a gold coin of

Charles the first in it, a present of my godmother to me. But, William—is he gone, too? He was a pious young man, and often in the evening read me a chapter in the bible.

Max I imagine he fell in love with your bible.

Moth. Which bible are you speaking of?

Max. The large one, ornamented with silver. He packed it up with his things.

Moth. The villain! Your poor father set down your birth-day in it with his own hand.

Max. My birth-day is not lost for that.

Moth. No! no! I have it by heart; the 14th of February, 1772.

Max. (*aside, wringing his hands*) Who will tell me the day of my death?

Moth. Old James was then a brisk lad; he was sent on the full gallop, to my mother at Greenwich. You have not discharged old James, I hope?

Max. No; he discharged himself.

Moth. Indeed! But why so?

Max. I cannot tell. About three weeks since, I enquired after him one morning, but he was not at home.

Moth. And is not returned?

Max. Not yet.

Moth. I dare say, child, some misfortune has befallen him. Poor old man!

Max. Yes, mother: The greatest misfortune that can befall a man—he has become a rogue.

Moth. Impossible!

Max. He took up several hundreds of pounds in my name.

Moth. The hoary villain!

Max. A mere trifle, dear mother! This world of ours you know, is composed of the miserable leavings of all the rest. To be old, is to have been more frequently cheated than others; and an old man is a man who knows a great many rogues.

Moth. Robert, Robert, that is a wicked speech. A great deal depends on our manner of treating people.—When there is proper management in a house, and the ser-

vants are duly paid their wages, they never think of robbing their masters in this manner.

Max. But now, mother, I defy any one to rob me.

Moth. When, indeed, confusion reigns throughout the house, and the mistress takes care of nothing—

Max. (impatiently) How, mother ! Hold, mother !

Moth. When parents and children are alike neglected—

Max. Mother, for God's sake !

Moth. When the mistress is too indolent to go herself, and make a cup of tea for an old blind mother, or cut a bit of bread for an only child—

Max. (throwing himself into the arms of his wife)—
Arabella, forgive me !

Arab. (with a kind smile) I have nothing to forgive.

Max. (in a low voice) Reproaches so unmerited !

Arab. They would wound to the heart, if they were merited.

Max. To calumniate an angel !

Arab. She means no ill.

Max. A wife, who, these five weeks past, has supported mother and child with the work of her hands !

Arab. There are few wives that can reckon up five weeks equally happy.

SCENE VI.

Enter JANE with tea, and HARRY with rolls.

Jane. Here is tea, madam.

Moth. At last ! (*Jane places the tea before the old lady, and pours out a cup.*)

Har. Good morning, pappa. Look here, what fine rolls I have got !

Max. But have you thanked your mother for them ?

Har. No, pappa, I have not.

Max. (in a voice struggling for utterance, after taking Harry up and holding him to Arabella) Oh ! thank her ! thank her !

Har. Thank you, dear mama.

Arab. (kissing the child) But why this, Robert ! Can

there be any thing more pleasing to a mother, than to see in the hands of her child, a morsel of bread which she herself has earned ?

Moth. What is this ? This is not my cup ! (*Jane looks in a perplexed manner at Arabella.*) You know, Robert, that for these ten years past, I have constantly used the cup, which John Pringle brought me from China ; and now they have given me another, not half so smooth and handsome !

Max. Where is the cup ?

Arab. (*In a low voice to Maxwell*) I have sold it, dear husband. Harry had no shoes ; and I hoped she would not perceive the difference. (*Maxwell casts down his eyes sorrowfully*) Will you forgive me, dear mother ; I always made it my business, you know, to wash your cup myself : and I always did it, with the utmost care ; but yesterday—somehow—I know not how—I broke your cup.

Moth. Broke it !—Well, well, daughter, my old heart will also break at last !—I say it, once more : things grow worse every day. The bible is gone ; the child's plaything is carried off ; and now my cup is broken !—Son, son, if thy poor father could know it—Remember his last words—“ May my blessing be converted into a curse, should your mother ever complain of you ! ”—Now, I do not complain ; I will not convert thy father's blessing into a curse ; I will suffer, and not complain ! Come, Harry, lead me into my room ; ride about on thy hobby-horse, and be as noisy as thou wilt, that my heart, and the conscience of thy parents may be stunned to rest. (*Exit, conducted by Harry and Jane.*)

SCENE VII.

Max. (*with a laugh of agony*) Ha, ha, ha !

Arab. (*taking his hand in hers*) Dear good Robert—Put confidence in the God of mercy !

Max. (*withdrawing his hand and looking earnestly at hers*) What is this ? Blood !

Arab. I pricked myself with a needle ; that's all.

Max. Let me see—Good God ! Your fingers are all torn and bleeding !

Arab. (*with assumed carelessness*) 'Tis owing entirely to the childish vanity of having delicate hands. The skin at last grows so tender, that it can bear no work.

Max. (*deeply affected*) Good God !

Arab. Now, how you take that again ! Often, very often have I seen you in the sun at mid-day, till the sweat has poured down from your brow. Is a drop of sweat of less value than a drop of blood ?

Max. Have mercy upon me, thou author of my involuntary existence ! Point out to me some honest livelihood, however mean it may be ! Oh, Arabella, nothing have I left untried ! The whole of this morning have I run from house to house, to get a clerk's place on the lowest terms, in vain ; nobody wants me. Oh God ! thou knowest, that while I was prosperous, I would have given any person in distress, that applied to me, a news-paper to copy, rather than not give him the means of earning a few shillings,

Arab. What has not succeeded to day, may succeed to-morrow.

Max. To write, to keep accounts, and to be an honest man, is all I can boast of.—When a boy I learned to work at a turning-loom ; and yesterday I made a trial of that. I intended to make toys for children, and carry them to market ; but you know I sprained my ankle two months since, and it is too weak to turn the wheel.

Arab. The wheel of our fortune will turn at last.

Max. I tell you, my ankle is too weak.

Arab. Our sufferings are unmerited !

Max. Is that a consolation ?

Arab. Assuredly, Robert, it is a powerful consolation. Hunger scarcely gnaws, where conscience does not gnaw ; despair overwhelms only the guilty ; hope is sweet only to the honest mind ; and confidence is the attendant of innocence.

Max. Hope ! in what ?—Confidence ? in whom ?

Arab. In God, and men.

Max. Men ? Ha ! Ha !—Had you been a witness this morning—

Arab. Did you make your distress known?

Max. (*Haughtily*) Heaven forbid!

Arab. But, how should any one know?—

Max. Aye! that is the point! such is man. He that does not appear before him, with wooden legs, or covered with rags, that cannot cry aloud—I am wretched—I ask charity—is passed by. Nobody will take the trouble to trace sorrow in pale cheeks, and aid the timid, whose lips are closed with shame.

Arab. Have not you often done this? and would you be so vain as to suppose there are not others good like yourself?

Max. No! No: by no means!—Yet where?—But, stay—I am wrong—one I found this morning—

Arab. Well?

Max. The only one of whom I would not accept a drop of water in the burning thirst of a fever.

Arab. I don't understand you—

Max. (*After a pause*) Walwyn.

Arab. Walwyn! You did well. No from him you must not accept any thing; though he deserves, more than any other person, the confidence of a generous mind.

Max. We met near St. Paul's—"Good morning, Maxwell; how fare you?"—"Very well."—"You look poorly."—"Some time since, I hurt my leg, which obliged me to keep my bed, and has made me rather thin."—He looked stedfastly in my face. I dare say I looked confused. He seized my hand: and I gaped with astonishment.—"Should you need a friend?" said he, in a tone which from any other lips, would have subdued my heart. I answered carelessly, and with a forced smile—"Friends we want daily."—"You will not understand me," he replied; "and perhaps I suspect the reason. But a true friend you should never reject, in whatever form he may appear. Can I be of service to you? Try me; and call me monster, if I fail you!" Here he pressed my hand, and hastened away from me.

Arab. (*Greatly Affected*) Walwyn is a worthy man.

Max. (*After a pause during which he observes Arabella with some degree of uneasiness*) Ah! I should not have told you this!

Arab. (*Gently chiding him*) Why not ?

Max. A man whom once you loved !

Arab. I am your wife.

Max. A man who undoubtedly loves you still !

Arab. Men like him may love me.

Max. To whom you would have given your hand, but for my unhappy intervention.

Arab. Pray, my love, no more of this.

Max. Poor Walwyn was compelled to give way to the wealthy Maxwell.—Now Walwyn is rich and Maxwell a beggar.

Arab. Does that increase *his* worth, or lessen *yours* ?

Max. But for me, you were now a happy wife.

Arab. Am I unhappy ? (*Maxwell takes her hand and points to her fingers*) That is no reply. Such sores heal easily. Have I nothing that may be envied in my fortune ?—I am the mother of a lovely boy : I am the wife of an honest man : he is poor, but not poor in his love for me : he has been defrauded of his property, but no one shall beguile him of his domestic happiness ! He who can still give and receive joy, has no right to complain of wretchedness.

Max. 'Tis in vain dear wife ; you cannot efface from my mind, the agonizing thought, that I have entangled you in my misery. When I first addressed you, and the gentle Walwyn withdrew his pretensions ; your heart belonged to him.

Arab. Yes, I loved him. I confessed it to you, and my frankness gained *your* confidence. Shall I forfeit that confidence by the same confession, now that it would be without foundation ?

Max. You became mine, because your father interposed his authority ; because you were poor, and he longed to see you decently provided for.

Arab. And now I am yours, by my own choice. Nature has united us with her strongest tie ; you are the father of my child.

Max. Which your feeble hands must support.

Arab. The clergyman, who married us, spoke to us of both good and ill.

Max. Woe be to me, wretched being ! This noble, this adorable woman might have been happy by

the side of a worthy man! But forth came the wealthy Maxwell, possessed of thousands, not earned by him, but inherited from his father, improved this miserable advantage, and purchased a heart whose value far exceeds all the riches of Peru. He stole the best of wives—to—to let her perish with hunger. Woe, woe to me, wretched man! (*He grows faint and endeavours to conceal it, and takes hold of the back of a chair.*)

Arab. How ingenious you are to torture yourself! What do we want? We are poor; that's all. May not one single moment change our fate? On seeing, yesterday, the burial of our neighbour's child—his only child—on seeing the sorrow-stricken father tottering behind the coffin—on hearing the mother's cries through the window—you said yourself—These people are still more unfortunate than we!

Max. But the child did not perish for hunger!—

Arab. No: Nor shall our child perish for hunger.—He has a mother, who, when she can work no longer, will not be ashamed to beg for her child. (*Maxwell staggers, and is obliged to sit down*) Dear Robert, what's the matter? You are ill?

Max. No, no—I am very well——only a little faint——

Arab. No wonder; you have been running about since the dawn—perhaps you have not even broken your fast!

Max. Yes; I have.

Arab. Where, pray?

Max. At the coffee-house.

Arab. Robert! I know you had no money!

Max. I had a few shillings left.

Arab. For some days past, it seems, you purposely absent yourself, when our scanty dinners and suppers are served up——

Max. (*With some bitterness*) If you have plenty invite guests!

Arab. Robert, you do not deprive yourself, I hope, of food?—Do you? (*With great anxiety*) Look at me!—Where have you dined of late?

Max. (*With a forced smile*) You think, I suppose, that I have fasted.—Be comforted, my Arabella; I have a

believe. "Begone—leave the room," indeed!—let me tell you, my fine gentleman, such language won't do for people of empty purses and empty pockets. The rich have the privilege of being rude, that one puts up with—that's the custom; money makes amends for every thing—but without money the finest gentleman in the land must stoop, and be humble, or he marches to Newgate—Do you understand me? *(Exit.)*

SCENE X.

Max. Full well do I understand you! Wife and child reduced to beggary!—My old blind mother in the streets—and I in gaol!—Belton! Belton! thou who did'st rob thy creditors, and by a fraudulent bankruptcy, did'st plunge me into this misery—could'st thou behold this extreme distress of an innocent family?—Oh! never have I yet cursed any human being! Belton, I curse thee!

SCENE XI.

Enter a Jew.

Jew. Good day to you, sir.

Max. That grant me, gracious God!

Jew. You owe me fifty pounds.

Max. I know I do.

Jew. Can you pay me?

Max. No.

Jew. That's very bad indeed. (*Maxwell shrugs his shoulders*) I have got your note for the sum.

Max. I know you have.

Jew. And know also what I can do?

Max. Yes, throw me into gaol.

Jew. Yet, I should not like to do that.

Max. I am obliged to you for your compassion.

Jew. You were formerly a regular honest man.

Max. Honest I am still.

Jew. You used to pay me very punctually indeed.

Max. But now I am undone.

Jew. H'm—What shall I do ?

Max. What you please. But before you make your resolution, pray step into this room ; you will there find a wife, pale with grief, a helpless babe, and an old blind matron.

Jew. But you—do not take it amiss—you are a man of information—and accustomed to industrious pursuits——

Max. Sir, for the last three days have I run about with the perseverance of the ant, in quest of some person who would give me bread for work. Sir, you are a Jew ; to you I will confess it—to a Christian I would not. For these two days not a morsel have I tasted—*(the Jew puts his hand hastily into his pocket, and seizing Maxwell's hand, endeavors to slip a linen purse into it)* No, no !—that must not be.

Jew. Why not ? Because I am a Jew ?

Max. Fie, fie, if such were my sentiments, I should deserve my sufferings.

Jew. Well, then, take it.

Max. I am unable to repay you.

Jew. The God of my forefathers will repay me.

Max. God ! If it was thy will that I should be poor—why didst thou plant this pride in my bosom ?—No, sir, charity I cannot accept : but procure me work, and I will thank you. Grant me some respite with regard to my debt ;—and I, with my wife and child, will thank you.

Jew. Sir, I was a stranger to your misfortunes—otherwise I should not come to ask my money. No, by the God of my forefathers, I would not have come for it—Farewell, sir. *(he tears the note and throws it away)*—There lies the paltry scrap ! *(goes out hastily.)*

Max. Sir, sir !—*(is going after him, but seeing the Jew gone, he stops)* Yes, yes, there yet are men—but not among Christians. Blockhead that I was, to pass by an Israelite at the Exchange, as if the humanity of that peo-

ple had been drowned in the Red Sea—Blockhead that I was, not to recollect the important truth, that in ninety-nine cases of an hundred, the *despised* is more worthy than the *man who despises him*. Yes, I will once more crawl about ; in every public place exhibit the image of my distress ; this Jew has rekindled the smothered spark of my confidence in human kindness. Among a million of inhabitants, surely I may find *one*, who has a letter to write, or an account to sum up.

SCENE XII.

Enter HARRY.

Har. I have eaten enough, papa—Will you save me this roll ?

Max. I save bread for you, child !—ten diamonds rather than one roll !

Har. Diamonds !——I have none.

Max. Let me see that roll. (*the boy gives it him*)—You have eaten enough, did you say ?

Har. Yes, papa, quite enough. (*he amuses himself with play-things ; Maxwell is silent for some time, eyeing the roll with desire, and an evident struggle between his hunger, and his regard for the boy's wants.*)

Max. When do you think you shall be hungry again ?

Har. Oh, very soon.

Max. Soon !—(*he puts the roll on the table, and turns away with evident uneasiness*) How long is it till dinner-time ?

Har. About an hour, papa.

Max. (*looking eagerly at the roll*) Before dinner, you will not eat any thing, shall you ?

Har. No, papa. (*Maxwell reaches out his hand for the roll*) But at present I always get so little.

Max. Little ! (*withdrawing his hand.*)

Har. Mama, to be sure helps me often from her own

plate—But, then, she has not got much herself.

Max. (hastily) There, there—take care of your roll yourself.

Har. And Phylax,—papa—poor old Phylax——You may count every rib he has !——Yesterday, he stole a bore in the landlord's kitchen, and got such a beating—Poor creature !

Max. My Phylax !——Child, you mistake—The poor old dog can hardly crawl.

Har. But he crawled down the stair-case !——He must have been very hungry indeed !

Max. Poor old Phylax !——Thou once didst rescue me from a robber—and I then promised to feed thee carefully till death——Do, Harry, give Phylax your roll. (*he hastens away.*)

Har. (Running out with the roll)—Phylax !—Phylax !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public Garden. In the Back-ground, a Pharo-Table ; DEMPSTER and several other Gamblers sitting around it. Apart from the rest, and nearer to the front of the Stage, sits HARRINGTON, with a Bottle of Wine before him : He rests his chin on the head of his Cane ; and seems to take little notice of what is going on around him. On the opposite side sits DUMFRIES, smoking a Pipe. MAXWELL walks about with an air of deep affliction : casts a scrutinizing look, now on HARRINGTON, now on DUMFRIES ; then turns for some moments to the Pharo-Table. Despair, Scorn, and a misanthropical aversion for all around him ; writhes his Countenance with convulsive movements of the Features.

For some time, only single words relative to the Game, such as Cinq et Roi—Paroli—Dame et Dame—Soli, &c.—are heard from the Pharo-Table)

(DEMPSTER, at last rising, advances ; views MAXWELL with keen eye, measuring him, as it were, from head to foot : then beckons to him.)

MAXWELL (approaching with an air of hesitation)

DO you wish to speak with me, sir ?

Demp. Yes, sir, I wish to have the honour of your acquaintance.

Max. A very obliging wish ! Can I in any manner serve you ?

Demp. I believe that you can.

Max. I shall do it with pleasure.

Demp. But I, perhaps, mistake, in regard to you ?—

Max. Not—if you suppose me an honest man.

Demp. Honest ?—yes—certainly——*we are*, among ourselves, the most honest people living.

Max. I do not understand you, Sir.

Demp. Why ; we account to each other, with the strictest honour, for whatever we earn ; one, for instance, plays at Brookes's—another at White's :—and they share the winnings equally between them, without the concealment of a single shilling.

Max. Very well, Sir ! But what is this to me ?—

Demp. You are a deep one : but I have found you out—I know my men !—Place any stranger you please, at the pharo-table : and within a quarter of an hour, I will tell you, exactly, how far he understands the game.

Max. You think that I understand it ?

Demp. (Smiling) Do not dissemble,—Pray, don't :—I have long observed you.—There is, among us, a novice whom we dislike :—he who now holds the cards.—Your looks,—the air of bitter scorn, with which you more than once, viewed his blunders,—have convinced me, that I address myself to one who is master in our profession. Only confirm me in this opinion, by a trial ;—and your fortune is made !—

Max. How, Sir ?

Demp. I do assure you, Sir, that you will find yourself in a company of honest good-humoured fellows ; who look upon the whole world, as a large gambling house ; in which every one banks his talents, and where no one loses but he who punts the cried-down coin of *virtue*.

Max. (Struggling to restrain his indignation) Sir ! your principles are as new to me, as your game, to which I am an utter stranger.

Demp. Sure, Sir, you jest ?—You are, perhaps, already connected with a different company. If so, then *(Putting his fingers to his lips)* you can be silent ! Brothers of a trade must not betray one another. But if you hesitate on another score ; if you mistrust my character ;—I would have you to know, Sir, that I am a man of known and undoubted honour. I am well received in all the first houses. My name is Baron Dempster. To-night I shall be at the Duchess's rout in Pall-mall. *(He turns from Maxwell, and sits again down at the Pharo-table.)*

Max. (Continues standing, with his arms folded) So, then! If I chuse to become a rascal, I shall not want for bread,—I may riot in plenty.—A rascal!—No.—Baron Dempster is well received in the first houses.—(With a laugh of mingled scorn and anguish) Oh! for your first houses! Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE II.

Enter FLOOD, who walks about, looking among the company, with an air of keen observation and enquiry.

Max. (Perceiving him) Ha! this man seems in eager search for something. O that he may want work!—work that I can perform!

Flood. (Coming up to him, and looking earnestly on him.)

Max. Sir, if you want a man who will be happy to earn a shilling; he is before you.

Flood. It is exactly such a man I want.

Max. Pray, then, take me; if the task be not above my strength?

Flood. The task is the easiest in the world. I am engaged in a law-suit: my opponent has produced three witnesses, who have sworn in his favour: I must bring six to outswear them. Five I have procured. If you will be the sixth, you may earn a guinea in an instant?

Max. I—a witness—in a cause entirely unknown to me?—

Flood. What of that?—Sure, you know the practice of the courts!—A bell rings. You step forward,—kiss the bible, are examined.—answer agreeably to instructions with which I shall have furnished you,—after a few minutes, walk off, with a guinea in your pocket,—and spend it as you please.

Max. And, pray, what shall I do with my conscience?

Flood. Poh! poh! Such things are done, in London, every day. Besides, a juster cause than mine was never

brought before a court. My opponent is a swindler, a fraudulent banker, one Belton.

Max. (With anxious surprise) Belton!—

Flood. Ay! Belton,—Do you know the man?

Max. Know him!—I *do* know him.

Flood. You cannot know any thing good of him.

Max. I cannot say that I do. But if I were even thoroughly acquainted with the particulars of your cause; against this man, I cannot come forward as a witness.

Flood. Why not?

Max. He is my enemy.

Flood. So much the better!

Max. He has reduced me to misery.

Flood. Has he? Better still!—You shall have your revenge; and bear witness, for me against him.

Max. No, Sir! I am in want, in extreme want. A guinea would be to me a treasure. Yet not for worlds, would I earn it at your price!

Flood. As you please. Two of my witnesses cost me but half what I offered you: and I should easily find a dozen before night, ready to serve me for the same money. (*Flood retires.*)

Max. (*Looking earnestly after him*) O God! O God! How capricious and false are the moral judgments of men!—I may send the fellow who picks my pocket, to the gaol, and to the gallows: yet such wretches as those walk proudly about, and are respected as gentlemen!

SCENE III.

JOHN HARTOPP bears across the stage, a burthen, which he puts down, for a moment, while he removes his hair from his face, and wipes the sweat from his brow.

Max. This is a heavy burthen, friend.

Hart. Very heavy!

Max. To what place do you bear it?

D

Hart. To Golden Square.

Max. You have still a good way to go.

Hart. A great way.

Max. How much are you paid for the carriage ?

Hart. A shilling.

Max. It is little enough.

Hart. But, I can earn my three and four shillings a day.

Max. And does that support you ?

Hart. Be sure it does.

Max. Have you a wife and children ?

Hart. Ay ; a very good creature for a wife, and three fine boys.

Max. And, what little you earn supports them all ?

Hart. Little ! it is enough : we never yet went to bed hungry. On Sundays, we have our hot dinner, and our pint of ale, as well as other folks.

Max. And you are happy ?

Hart. Happy ! Aye, master, that we are, in our very hearts. When I come home at night, my three boys run so joyfully about me, and their mother brings the dish for supper, full of hot potatoes ;—there is a relish for you, master !—there is a relish !

Max. (*Aside*) Good ! very good ! since so little suffices to man, for happiness, and for the support of life ; why may not I procure that little ? (*Aloud*) Let me try my friend whether I cannot lift your load ?

Hart. With all my heart.

Max. Put it on my shoulders. I wish to try how far I can carry it.

Hart. (*laughing*) Ha, ha, ha, ! You will find it too heavy for you, master, (*he puts it on Maxwell's shoulders, who sinks under it to the ground.*)

Hart. It won't do.

Max. (*rising up—in a tone of anguish*) No, no, it will not !

Hart. (*taking up his burthen*) A good day to you, master. Poor folks must not lose their time in chatting idly. (*Exit.*)

Max. (*alone*) Fool !—Unlucky wretch ! thou hast

not for these two days tasted even a cup of tea—and thou would'st carry a porter's load ! (*he wrings his hands in despair*) Poor Robert ! Is it then come to this, a man must be either a villain or a beggar. Oh ! to die for Arabella, were easier far than to beg for her ! Yet, by dying, I cannot better any thing here—Away ! away ! vain pride ! down, thou haughty swelling heart ! a wife ! a child ! a mother, old and blind !——

SCENE IV.

Max. (*coming up to Harrington*)—Sir——

Har. (*starting in surprise*) What is the matter ?

Max. I am unfortunate ;——and a man of honour is doubly so, when his distress forces him to be troublesome.

Har. (*looks on him with a vacant stare*)

Max. I solicit not alms, but the means of earning wages.

Har. (*sarcastically*) Unfortunate ?—Hear me, Sir ! Are you married ?

Max. I am ; I have the best of wives.

Har. Any children ?

Max. A fine boy.

Har. So ! this is ever the answer. Wife and child—child and wife ; yet unfortunate ! Your complaint is very unreasonable, sir !

Max. Much as I love them, I should be less miserable without my wife and my child. I should then starve and die alone !

Har. Want, then, constitutes the only misery you know. And whenever you meet with a person sufficiently humane to share with you his superfluity ; your distress will be removed. But what remains for me, who possess, perhaps, a million of money, and am yet miserable, beyond the power of man to relieve ?

Max. Why should you deem your condition so hopeless ? (*with looks of surprise and perplexity*).

Har. You, sir, can walk about, and make your complaint : and though you should meet with nothing but unfeeling insolence from ninety-nine out of an hundred of those you apply to ; perhaps the hundredth may take you kindly by the hand, and say, " Come, I will assist you." The bank of England is rich ; yet cannot pay me for my son !—The king is great, yet cannot restore to me my son !

Max. Sir, I pity you.

Har. I want not your pity. A rich man finds every where enow to pity him. But, la tear ! a tear—I cannot weep. And no eye sheds a tear for my sorrows !

Max. That a man of such feelings should ask in vain, for compassion and sympathy !—

Har. No, no—cousins of every degree, are flocking about me ; rubbing their eyes with onions, and laughing behind their handkerchiefs ; " So ! old Harrington !"—say they, " is now childless ! A rich interitance ! turned of seventy ! he cannot weather it long !"

Max. Poor man !

Har. Poor, indeed ! yes sir, tho' master of more than half a million of money ; I may envy you who crave my charity. People have too long misnamed me, the rich Harrington. But nobody knew what was the only riches I valued : nobody knew, that my George, my only child, was, to me, all my wealth !

Max. And this son died ?

Har. Ah ! had he but died ;—had but a fever cut him off ;—I might then have passed some weeks in nursing him, by his bed-side : hope might have contented for a while, with fear, in my bosom : and if his illness had been increased, in spite of all our cares, to the last agony ; paternal affection might have wrung from my heart, this last prayer ; Oh God ! end his sufferings !"—But, thus ! thus in the bloom of youth——in all the flush and vigour of health——he was drowned, Sir, was drowned yesterday while bathing !—

Max. Unhappy father !—

Har. No more a father—Yesterday, when the sun rose, my son lived—To-day, no one bade me—Good-morrow !

I stand alone, on the brink of the cold yawning grave—
There is none to take me by that hand, and bid me—good-
night, while I descend into the dark and silent abode!—

Max. And, was there no means to save him?—

Har. None.

Max. The Humane Society—— ?

Har. Could——

Max. Have not hundreds been recovered by the means
of this benevolent institution ?

Har. True—I am myself a member of the Society—I
have known the joy of restoring a husband to his wife, a
son to his mother. I may say, in truth, that I was ever
one of the most active members. My associates eagerly
flew to attempt the recovery of my son. No means was
left untried. For hours I hung over his breathless body,
pressed his paid lips with mine, and employed every con-
ceivable art to rekindle the flame of life—in vain.—I
kneaded till my knees were stiffened : till my voice was
hoarse—I called on the God of mercy. God heard me
not---No, he heard me not. I have lost my all. Nothing
remains to me, but money, money, which I would give
all away ten thousand times---to hear but once more the
voice of my son, even as he called to me for the last time,
“ Father ! ”---from the stream---Go, sir, leave me, leave
me alone ! You have made me to open my lips to com-
plain !—And I had resolved not to complain !——

—You have brought burning tears into my eyes !—
and I had determined not to weep. No, my grief shall
suffocate me in silence. And should you still talk of mis-
fortunes, after having thus seen the lacerated bleeding
heart of a father, then, sir---then you are a common beg-
gar ! (*Arises and withdraws*)

Max. He wrongs me, cruelly wrongs me. But his
heart is full. All his sensibilities are absorbed in the con-
templation of his own griefs. But, it is surely less miser-
able to see one's darling child lie dead before you---than
to behold that child pine away by inches, and perish
for hunger.——Time passes.——Once I could
feel for the sufferings of others. The tale now whis-
tles by my ears, but cannot touch my writhing heart.

SCENE V.

MAXWELL accosts DUMFRIES.

Max. Sir, you are, I believe, a man of business.

Dum. I am a man of business, sir.

Max. You may, perhaps, want a person who can write, and calculate accmpts, understands book-keeping by double and single entry, and is master of the French and English languages.

Dum. (*after viewing him*) Upon what terms, pray would you expect to be employed?

Max. I ask but a bare maintenance.

Dum. That is to be obtained.

Max. My benefactor !—my deliverer !

Dum. Are you willing to go out to India?

Max. (*alarmed*) To India !—

Dum. If you can give me a respectable reference for your character ; I am willing to procure you a writer's place in the service of the East-India company.

Max. I am married.

Dum. That is against you.

Max. I have a child and a mother who is old and blind.

Dum. Then you will not do for me. But if you can leave your wife, and your child, and your mother, you may go on board within a few days.

Max. Leave my wife and child ?——my life sooner !——

Dum. Who talks of your leaving life, Sir?

Max. Sir I cannot leave them.

Dum. As you please. (*He knocks out his pipe*) Think over the matter by yourself. You are not the first man that has left a wife and a child. You will not be the last. Beware of losing an opportunity, such as may not, every day, recur to you. You will find me, every morning, at the Golden Anchor, near Grovenors-Square. (*Exit.*)

(*The GAMBLERS rise from the table in the back ground, and withdraw.*)

SCENE VI.

MAXWELL *Alone.*

Max. O God! thou openest to me, a path of escape out of this maze of suffering—but, a path I cannot tread!—Leave Arabella!—Leave my mother, aged and blind!—No :—Never! (*He walks about wildly*) Are there no other means? Cannot I take a brush, and present myself to clean people's shoes, as they pass? No honest shift that will supply bread to my family, can be disgraceful. (*Pauses*) Or, shall I follow the gambler, and make myself his accomplice in robbery? Would it be an unpardonable crime, to commit an act of robbery—but *for once* in my life?—And this, to prevent all that is dear to me, from perishing for hunger?—No, Maxwell! think of the noble soul of thy wife! Do not wound her heart with worse than the pangs of death. (*Pauses again*) That gentleman was in the right: better, better far, to leave wife and child, than by my presence, to enhance their sufferings. Must *they* not live without *me*, because *I* cannot live without *them*? I will be gone: I will go to India. Fool! Will that give *them* bread? Oh! could I, but by any honest means, secure to them subsistence; I would set off for India, this moment. They might weep for my absence. But, if they had only bread to eat; what, though they should moisten it with their tears? (*Again a pause*) O God! thou who feedest the fowls of the air, who clothest the callow young in the nest!—pour but one ray of cheering light into my soul! Shew me only a protector for my wife! (*He gazes wildly around him*) Faces, every where,—human faces but, no men—no humanity! (*Shudders*) Ah! there! Walwyn comes. (*With a faint hollow voice*) Walwyn! (*Stops as if suddenly rooted to the ground, and pores with downcast eyes*) What was this? What darted through my brain? Oh—h—h! I shudder at the thought! Let me grasp thee, thou terrible stranger!—Thou wearest a hideous mask! Yet art, perhaps, destined

ness) Walwyn, I have an important question to put to you—a most interesting question!

Wal. (with anxious expectation) Well?

Max. Do you still love Arabella?

Wal. (evasively) Why?

Max. By your belief in that Infinite and Supreme Being, who is in us and about us—by your benevolence and my despair—I conjure you, answer me sincerely!—Do you still love Arabella?

Wal. Good God! Maxwell, what means this?—Your lips tremble—Your eyes roll——

Max. You would force upon me a present of a thousand pounds—Will you not, in mercy, utter a few syllables to relieve my despair? Pity these agonies, this almost alienation of mind, under which you behold me!——

Wal. Though I am at a loss to conceive, how my answer can give you relief; yet your demand is so earnest and so singular, and my feelings are so pure and sanctified that I do not hesitate a moment to confess—I still love Arabella.

Max. Is your love but a pensive remembrance?—Or is it lively as the cherished dream of yesterday? have the colours of the picture faded?—or are they still bright and vivid?

Wal. A man, who has for these eight years, studiously avoided all intercourse with you—a man who has religiously respected the rights of the husband, and the virtue of the wife—may answer without hesitation;—I still love her, as on the first day I wished her mine! She was my all; she is so still; till death, she shall continue so!—I have now answered you, Maxwell. But, why would you urge the enquiry? Why strive to make old wounds bleed afresh, or inflict new ones?

Max. I have gained what I wished. The decisive moment is come. (*after a pause, he proceeds*) Walwyn, will you be a son to my mother—a father to my son—a husband to my Arabella?

Wal. What is your meaning?

Max. Yes: these are the conditions. Give me, with the faith of a brother, your hand; and promise, that you will support my old blind mother, and will bear with the frailties of her humour; promise that you will form my

Harry's mind—will bring him up to be an honest man, and will provide for him, if I shall be myself unable to do it!

Wal. Maxwell, whither does your imagination wander?

Max. And lastly, you must pledge to me your solemn oath, that you will make Arabella happy! Vain fool! He has loved her these eight years, even while she was mine; as his own, he will adore her!—No, this oath is unnecessary.

Wal. Recollect your bewildered senses,—Thou art beside thyself. Dost thou meditate suicide?

Max. I do not; why should I anticipate the work of hunger or despair?—I am in my right senses, good Walwyn! I know what I am doing. For these three days I have in vain sought to find the means of earning subsistence for my family. I must either see them starve—or must beg or steal for them. At last, however, I have found a man who will supply sustenance to myself, if I chuse to go to India.

Wal. And you are willing——

Max. Yes—to go—if Walwyn promise to be to my wife, and child, and mother, the guardian and protector. I can prove no longer!—Go!—if in thee, Walwyn, I may leave behind me a brother!

Wal. Nay, remain here; and you shall experience me a brother!

Max. Never more shall my eyes view my native shore—Never shall my woe-worn aspect disturb your tranquillity. Should my unwearying industry be one day rewarded with the acquisition of some small property—I will write to you; and you shall send my Harry to me,—but not, till you are yourself a father,—till he is no more the only filial object of my mother's love—Walwyn! I have yet one hope left, I am not utterly bereft of every good. An hour may yet come, when happiness shall be mine. Figure to yourself the grey-haired father, awaiting as he stands on the banks of the Ganges, the arrival of his son. (*With enthusiasm*) A youth spring upon the shore—I advance with feeble steps to meet him I behold my Arabella's features.—I sink into his arms—Oh, moments of rapture, sufficient to repair long years of misery!

Wal. Dear Maxwell, your distresses have disordered your mind. A mist swims before your fancy ;—and through it, you see none but forms of horror. These are unreal visions. All will yet be cleared up. Confide in me. Call not that a favour, which I feel myself irresistibly urged to give. If you are still obstinate in the refusal of gratuitous assistance ; let me call upon my friends ; you shall not want for opportunities of earning bread for your family by your own exertion—the harder the exertion the better—if so, you will have it.

Max. Well, then, do what you can. Procure me but the lowest meanest place. Let this triumph be yours ! I will endure it. But, if this way you cannot save me ;—then abandon me to the storm of fate, and be Arabella's husband ! Do you promise me ?

Wal. Ah ! unhappy, disordered mind !

Max. Promise me, good Walwyn !—Plight your faith to this unhappy being, before you ! (*holds out his arms in a suppliant attitude*)

Wal. Is your intention known to Arabella ?

Max. Not yet.

Wal. You expect her to consent ?

Max. If duty no longer attach her to me ; her love for you will revive.

Wal. Go ! tell her what you intend.

Max. I have then your promise.

Wal. (*giving his hand*) You have ?

Max. With this pressure of my hand, I betroth her to thee. (*he becomes faint, and clings to Walwyn's arm*) Ha ! I am now strong again ; my family are saved. Walwyn I thank thee ! (*he sinks down almost upon his knees*)—Why dost thou stagger, wretched body ? The spirit thou shalt not prostrate. (*sinks down*)

Wal. For God's sake, Maxwell, how is it with you ?

Max. I scorn the pangs of hunger—Victory !—my family are saved !

Wal. Why, man ! you are faint with hunger !—with hunger !

Max. (*Very faint*) For these two days—(*exerting all his strength*) Victory ! my family are saved !

Wal. (*snatches from the table a full glass of wine, which Harrington had left upon it*) Cruel man!—drink! drink!—

Max. May I drink? my family still thirst!

Wal. Drink—and rely on my word!

Max. I do rely on thy word. (*drinks.*)

Wal. Shall I send for a sedan-chair?

Max. No, good Walwyn, I am not ill. Let me but rest a moment longer on this ground. It is my native earth! These flowers are the same as those which I delighted, when a child, to see in their full bloom.

Wal. You torture me, Maxwell! Let me call a physician!

Max. Thou, thou art my physician! (*Stretches out his hand*) Assist me to rise: see! I stand! Nay, legs do not totter!—Think not that the wine refreshed me—brother: it was your promise—the saving of my family—this was the reviving potion.—Yet it shook me and cast me down.

Wal. Your want of food——

Max. Pray speak not of my want of food—What I have suffered, is so trifling, that it deserves not to be mentioned. Hear me, Walwyn, stoop down and hear me—For these five weeks, Arabella has worked day and night. Her eyes are red and heavy. Her fingers are pierced to the bone. She this morning laid her hand on mine—(*in a whisper*)—Look here, this is her blood!—Can you now conceive, what burns within me?—Arabella's blood is on my hand!—with her blood, she has supported my mother and my child. To her, I in return, sacrifice more than my life!—my love! What a wife I resign to you! I will go to her—see her for the last time—prepare her for your visit. Within an hour, I shall expect you. Farewell! my benefactor! an hour hence, you shall reverence me—as *your* benefactor! (*walks feebly off*)

SCENE VIII.

WALWYN *alone.*

(Looks long after him) God forbid, I should : Yes, I will see her once more—but, without making myself unworthy of that happiness. Be still my heart—dost thou want fortitude ? fear not ; I shall see her bleeding fingers ; and every motion, but those of exalted virtue will die away within me. Walwyn, save the beloved of thy soul—restore to her arms the husband and the father !—Then may thine own heart whisper to thee—thou wast worthy of her love. *(Exit hastily.)*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MAXWELL'S Apartments. ARABELLA alone. *She is at Work. Pope's Essay on Man, lies open before her. After reading a Passage, she pauses, and seems to reflect upon it.*

POETRY! how exalted are they ends, if thou canst give comfort to the wretched! excellent Pope! why do not all the unfortunate get by heart thy verses?
(*Reads.*)

"Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
"Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
"Call imperfection, what thou fancy'st such;
"Say,—here he gives too little,—there too much!"

Shame on thee, Arabella! thou, also, hast murmured!
(*Turns the leaf and reads.*)

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
"Is virtue's prize"——

Yes I know this calm. It refuses not to reside in the house of want. It even now cheers my bosom!

SCENE II.

Enter JANE.

Jane. O dear madam! in the street, just now, I was accosted by a gentleman, who asked me whether I was not the servant of Mrs. Maxwell. Oh! he said a great deal about you,—a great deal indeed!

Arab. Do you know who he is?

Jane. I cannot say I do,—but he must needs know you; for he asked me to tell him all about you; and while I spoke, he listened with an air of deep devotion,

as one might do at prayers. His face glowed whenever he pronounced your name. Yet he was sad, and his cheeks were wet with tears.

Arab. Say no more, Jane! (*Aside*) Ah! it was Walwyn!

Jane. He asked me, too, if you were in want of money?

Arab. I hope you did not——

Jane. Heaven forbid!—No, says I, my mistress works night and day! and, says I, if you should want any ruffles or handkerchiefs, my mistress embroiders wonderfully neat and cheap. He now seemed quite beside himself for joy; and told me to go, fetch my goods, quick, quick, and ask for him at the next coffee-house.

Arab. (*In confusion*) You know, Jane, I sold the last this morning;—I must now spare my fingers for a few days. Go! do not let the good gentleman wait in vain.

Jane. With what an air of disappointment will he look, when he sees that I bring him nothing!

SCENE III.

ARABELLA *Alone.*

Is this my boasted peace? this the virtue on which I valued myself? At the name of a stranger my heart throbs, and the blood rushes into my cheeks. A stranger! Is Walwyn to me a stranger? Can he *ever* be as a stranger to me? Oh, God! thou knowest whether he deserved it. (*weeps gently*) Oh, I still love him; he was my first, my only love. Reason, and a daughter's duty might deny him my hand, but could not banish him from my heart. Can it be a crime that I, in vain strive to forget him!—No, Walwyn, no, thou excellent and generous man, to whom I once plighted my faith, and who didst so nobly release it; thy resignation—thy silent suffering—the magnanimity thou hast this day displayed—where is the way of captivating a woman's heart—if it be not this?

SCENE IV.*Enter MAXWELL.*

Arab. (endeavours to assume an air of serenity) Welcome, dear Robert!

Maxwell. (Walks backward and forward in violent emotion, then stops before her, and attempts several times to speak, but is still unable.)

Arab. What is the matter? something oppresses your mind!

Max. (with a faint and hollow voice, repeats the words) Welcome! dear Robert! *(after a long pause)* Tell me, Arabella, would you feel it hard, to say, "farewell, dear Robert!"

Arab. What a question!—Death alone can command husband and wife to bid each other farewell!

Max. It is not always so—There are cases, in which reason and their mutual love may command a wedded pair to part.

Arab. Reason!—That you men know—Love is better understood by us. And it is the command of love to husband and wife—"Journey on, hand in hand, together to the grave."

Max. Can you suppose, Arabella, that aught but love for you, can thus oppress my heart, thus convulsively strain my whole frame?

Arab. To what does all this lead?

Max. We—must part.

Arab. We?

Max. I have found a place—I go to India.

Arab. (in terrified alarm) To India? *(collecting herself)* Well, I go with you.

Max. No, Arabella; that cannot, must not be.

Arab. Where then, must I remain?

Max. Here, with my mother, with Harry.

Arab. I cheerfully submit to any trial which fate imposes: but that you, also, should try me!—

Max. Hear me, dearest, best of wives! I have summoned up all my remaining strength of mind. Interrupt

me not ; for it is extremely difficult for me to pursue any connected chain of ideas. Hear the unalterable resolution which the iron hand of necessity has compelled me to take—Might I even take you with me : Were I capable of dragging you, in return for all that you have sacrificed for me, into a foreign land—Yet, my mother, my poor old mother, must not be left blind, forlorn, and helpless. Can I, at once, deprive her of daughter, son, and grandson ?—Can I abandon her to public charity ? Must her eyes flow with anguish, when they can no longer light her steps ? You and her little darling may assist her to endure the loss of me ! *You* will not forsake her—no, not even then, when you no longer bear her name !

Arab. No longer bear her name !

Max. Arabella, this is an awful hour ;—To me, who have in your arms, enjoyed the divinest bliss of love—to me, who, to preserve you mine, would gladly shed my life's blood to its last drop—to me your welfare is ten thousand times more precious than my own—Oh ! Oh !—I bid farewell to far more than life—when I thus *solemnly renounce you* !

Arab. *You* !—renounce me !

Max. Cursed be the wretch, who, when his own hopes, his own joys are in the scale—and in the other the happiness of her he loves—can a moment hesitate to make himself the sacrifice !—You gave me your hand, because your father declared, that he should not, otherwise have peace in his mind. And should not I resign that hand, when your welfare, your preservation, demand this of me ? Did you love your father with affection more sincere than mine for you ?—Away ! ye boasted heroes of antiquity ! who knew not to die for those who were dear to you !—I shall do what requires a far harder effort—resign my wife into the arms of another husband—hide my face—and hie me hence !

Arab. God of mercy ! has suffering distracted him to madness ?

Max. Hear me ! Oh, hear me to a close ! I release thee from the vows of connubial faith !—erase from thy youth, these last eight years !—Forget what thou wast to me—but, ah ! forget not my love !—You are again free : free to dispose of your hand and your heart !—Walwyn

still loves you :—Reward his unshaken constancy.—Be his wife—his happy wife !—But, ah ! forget not my love ! He will be a father to Harry !—to my mother, a son !—These duties he has sworn to perform !—His tenderness will revive the fading roses on Arabella's cheeks—She shall, yet, remember, with delight, the sweets of her early love. And, while hand in hand, you move onward together, in a path strewn with flowers,—Oh, do not, do not then forget my love !

Arab. (throws herself into his arms) Most generous, most heroic of men ! how little have I known thy worth ! to what a giddy height dost thou call me to look up to the elevation of thy sentiments !—I supposed that I had thoroughly known all the worth and magnanimity of your mind ; it is a temple awful and sublime, above human imagination, which you open to my view !—Forsake you ! *I forsake you* !—No !—Had I even never loved you before ; this day, this day alone, would knit my heart to yours, with indissoluble ties !—I can also distinguish what is noble and good. I can feel all the value of what you would do for me. To feel it is my pride—my shame. *I forsake you* !—Do but try to tear yourself from me !—I will still cling to you. Under every zone, will I attend and serve you ! Under the south pole, I will defy the arrows of the inhospitable savage ; amid the cold horrors of the farthest north, I will dig for you a cave in the snows !—

Max. (deeply affected) Arabella !

Arab. You would go to India !—Would see Indian wives throw themselves, with triumph, to perish on the funeral pile of a husband !—How must you then, scorn the faithless English wife, who could throw her husband from her arms, to wander alone, through the world ; because he was—not harsh—not unfaithful—but poor !

Max. Arabella !

Arab. You are the father of my child ! You have taught me to know the enjoyment of maternal love—the dearest upon earth ! Do you fancy that I would purchase wealth at the price of ingratitude ? It may be, that the world would not reproach me. To gold, the world will pardon any crime.—A dinner, a ball, will purchase friends, and panegyrists, in any number—But—here—

here (*laying her hand on her breast*)—is there a more wretched—a more despicable being, than she who dares not look within—who cannot look upon the horrors of her own heart, without starting back aghast? Want and hunger may unnerve my strength; my conscience defies their power—No!—father of my child, I quit thee not! (*clasps him in her arms.*)

Max. (*pressing her to his bosom*) O God! what a moment of felicity hast thou vouchsafed to me!—Ye great ones, ye deities of the earth, behold and envy!—Angel-woman!—I had thought that I knew and prized the full measure of thy worth!—How much dost thou exceed my boldest expectations! Enough, Arabella; it is enough! (*withdrawing from her arms*) We cannot arrest the movements of the wheel of fate. I have no choice between parting and starving—Lament me as a husband, whom death has ravished from you. The worthy Walwyn will not chide your tears.

Arab. How! Still this sad purpose?

Max. It is fixed,

Arab. But, if you have solemnly renounced me—I as solemnly declare, that I cannot renounce you. Go!—embark!—Shall I think you, find no ship to convey a disconsolate wife, after her husband, to India? With my Harry by my side, will I ask alms at the harbour—With my Harry in my hand, I will present myself before the first captain who is about to sail—I solemnly vow, Robert, I *will* follow thee. So may God, hear my dearest prayers!

Max. Wife of my heart, drive me not to despair—Force me not to seek refuge in a country to which thou canst not follow me.

Arab. There is no such country.

Max. (*muttering*) Beyond the grave.

Arab. Even there will I follow thee.

Max. Mother of my Henry, thou hast a son!

Arab. And thou hast a mother!

Max. Arabella, I understand your meaning—You would make the sacrifice easier to me. I would renounce—even your love—You ask—but my life!—

Arab. You are ill, Robert—very ill!—I will go for Harry. He shall effect that which I have attempted in

vain, drive away the fiend of melancholy, and smile hope into your heart !
(*Exi: hastily.*)

SCENE V.

MAXWELL *alone.*

Die ?—Yes ; it is easier far to die. Thanks, thou best of women ? Thou hast pronounced the sentence of my death !—No : into that unknown country, thou wilt not follow me. Thy helpless child is the pledge that thou wilt live :—Ha ! thou hast lightened my breast of a mountain's weight, How the pleasure of this new idea glows through my whole frame !—A freezing coldness chilled my blood. But Arabella has breathed a divine spark that electrizes my whole body and soul.—Yes ! my death will put all again into its due order.—She will weep—oh, she *will* weep ! But time will combine her in happy union, with the object of her first love—an union that will dry up all her tears. And, when returning spring shall dress with flow'rs the turf that covers my poor remains, she will give her hand, over my grave, to the worthy Walwyn !—and now, Robert, thou hast well nigh drained the cup of sorrows—Wilt thou now shrink with loathing from the last dregs ? Am I as one of those fools whom a satiety of sensual enjoyment drives, to rid themselves of an existence of which they are unworthy ? as those ideots of superstition who cast themselves, to be crushed under the chariot wheels of their idol !—No ! I die for my wife, for the beloved of my soul ! I die for my mother ! for my child ! Let the marble statue, the brazen bust, be consecrated to him who dies for his country !—My grave will not be always unhonoured, should it even be dug in a cross-way !—

SCENE VI.

Enter ARABELLA, leading HARRY by the hand.

Arab. (in a tone of soothing gentleness) Here is Harry. He entreats you to remember, that you are his father !

Har. (carressing his father) I have not seen you for a long while.

Max. (absorbed in gloomy enthusiasm, without looking at the child) Boy, what callest thou a long while ?——
——Break the frame through which the soul at so dear a rate acquires its perceptions—and time and space are vanished !

Arab. Harry, your father intends to go on a journey.

Har. Won't you take me along with you, father ?

Max. No, Harry.

Har. Are you going far ?

Max. The swallow journeys after the spring.

Har. Will you soon return ?

Max. Every thing returns. The crumbling dust revives in flowers.

Har. Won't you bring me something ?

Max. What I yet have I leave to you—my blessing !

Arab. Robert, cease from torturing me thus—For these some weeks past, I thought I suffered much—to day, however, I feel that to have been little !

Max. Have patience with me—it shall soon be otherwise—soon. (*Muttering* ! Man ! why delay ? (*He looks sorrowfully upon Harry, lifts him up and kisses his forehead*) God bless thee my son ! (*Approaches Arabella, takes her hands and eagerly kisses her fingers*) Accept my thanks my dearest wife ! (*He turns away from her, puts his hands, with trembling emotion, on Harry's head, and utters in agony*) God bless thee, my son ! (*Then, throwing himself into Arabella's arms*) Thanks to you, dearest wife ! (*Now raises his weeping eyes to heaven*) Oh, God ! these last tears are yet bitterer than I imagined !

Arab. Robert ! what is it you mean to do ? Robert, pity my distress !

Max. Be comforted, Arabella, I go not to India.

Arab. May I trust that you do not?—

Max. I do not!—I have yet a friend whom I had shamefully forgotten. To him will I go—from him will I entreat assistance, Pray for me, that he may receive me kindly!

Arab. A friend?—You deceive me?

Max. Ah, Arabella! this hour allows not deception!

Arab. Who is he? where is he? why have you never named him to me?

Max. Because in our prosperity, our best friends are often slighted. Yet, fear not; he will receive me kindly; his arms are ever open to the wretched!

Arab. Then, go; and your good angel attend you!

Max. I go, guided by the angel of love!—Farewel, Arabella!—When next we meet, we shall be happy!

Arab. God grant we may!

Max. (*Takes both her hands, and shakes them, in great anguish*) Till we meet again—

Arab. It will be soon.

Max. At break of day. (*He retires into a corner, wrings his hands unconsciously, makes a severe effort to restrain his tears, undergoes with deep agony the struggle of parting, at last summons up his fortitude, and says*) The hardest task is over!—Now to my mother! (*Rushes into his mother's room.*)

Arab. (*Kneeling, raises her eyes and hands to heaven.*)

Har. What are you doing, Mother?

Arab. I pray for your father.

Har. I will also pray for him. (*Kneels down by his mother. After some moments, Maxwell rushes out of his mother's room. He is going; but at sight of his wife and child, stops in great agitation. He stands as if rooted to the ground: the muscles of his face are convulsed; his wild, maddened agony dissolves at last into tears. He slowly, and with trembling emotion, lifts up his hands, presses them to his eyes, and reels off.*)

SCENE VII.

Enter the MOTHER of MAXWELL, grouping her way.

Moth. Robert! what means this?—Is no one here?

Arab. (*Arising from the posture of prayer*) Dear mother, we are here.

Moth. You and my son?

Arab. I and Harry.

Moth. Where is my son?

Arab. Gone to a friend.

Moth. But why was he so deeply affected when he took leave of me?

Arab. He is uneasy in mind, to-day.

Moth. Comes bursting into my room—kisses my hand—wets it with his tears—bids me farewell—thanks me for my love—says I shall not want—then runs off before I can even ask him—“Robert, what means this?”—And after all, he goes to a friend!—One should have thought he was going to die!

Arab. (*Starts with violent emotion*) God forbid!

Moth. Is it right thus to alarm an old, feeble mother? Every limb of me yet shakes with the fright. Come, Harry, lead me back to my chair, that I may recover myself. (*Exeunt.*)

Arab. (*Stands for some time in amazed and speechless anguish, occasioned by the idea which the old woman's words would have awakened in her mind*) No, no—he will not—three other lives, he knows, depend upon his. (*Steps to the table, and turns several leaves in the book upon it, while her looks are fixed on the ground*) No—that he never will do. (*She strives to compose her mind, sits down at the tambour-frame, and begins to work: but her agitation is renewed; her tears fall; she rises*) My tears will spoil my work. (*Takes up her knitting-needles; but her arms sink down*) Robert! Robert! thou hast unnerved my last strength; I can work no more; I can only pray!

SCENE VIII.

Enter WALWYN.

Arab. (*Perceiving him, starts convulsively*) Ha, Walwyn!

Wal. (*Approaching with a modest and timed air*) After eight years of separation, I again see Arabella.

Arab. (*Endeavouring to compose herself*) Arabella Maxwell is happy to receive an old friend in her house.

Wal. The title of your *friend* invests me with precious rights.

Arab. Your own magnanimity has this day invested you with rights still superior. Accept the thanks which, as a mother and a wife, I owe you.

Wal. Arabella's thanks were to me an invaluable prize—had not the offer for which they were made, been disdained!

Arab. That offer was not less a favour. It flowed I know, from the purest motives.

Wal. This testimony gives me pride. But I am conscious, that I have deserved it. (*With animation*) Yes, Arabella, I am yet entirely such as I was eight years since. Fortune has, indeed, made me rich; but my heart, my soul, are still the same. (*He perceives Arabella to be under embarrassment, and moderates his ardour*) Pardon, me for having hinted at what is no more to be mentioned. At sight of you, I felt as an old man might do, who meeting with an ancient friend, remembers his spring of life.—And I seemed to myself, for the moment, to grow young again. Ah, no wonder, that your dear image should to me dissolve into a dream, the realities of eight long years: and should, with the efficacy of enchantment bring back the moment, when you last gave me your hand. Your cheeks were then, as now, pale; tears then flowed from your eyes as now.

Arab. And I then intreated of you, as I now do to spare me.

Wal. For eight long years have I avoided your presence. The desire of your husband, brings me, this

day, hither, Arabella! Oh knew you but the hopes he would teach me to conceive! No, never did the tempter wear a more seductive guise!—

Arab. You allude to a wild idea, which my husband has recently hinted to me.

Wal. I guess that he kept his word!

Arab. You——

Wal. Heard him with amazement.

Arab. And let me hope—corrected him—gently——

Wal. Oh! Arabella!

Arab. That sigh—this familiar address!—Should I be mistaken in regard to Walwyn? Should he be capable of trampling on the unfortunate wretch whom he sees writhing at his feet, in the dust! then, oh, then would I be compelled to let him look into my heart,—then would I repeat to him those last words which he heard, eight years since, from my lips.—Do you still remember them!

Wal. They are imprinted on my heart.

Arab. Walwyn, I said,—I love you. Fate unites me to another. Were you capable of asking me to tear this bond asunder;—did but one look of your's, invite me to it:—I should lose my last consolation—the consolation of loving and respecting you—On my hand you pronounced the vow of virtue.—

Wal. Which I have ever kept sacred.

Arab. Holding your hand, I swore eternal fidelity to my husband. I, too, have kept my oath. I do not say I have found the task a hard one; No: I have found it easy; for, I possess a worthy man. For the first year, I might devote many a secret tear to the remembrance of the sweet dreams of younger years; yet these have been long assuaged by the new feelings of a mother's fondness.—Maxwell's wild fancy of this day, might perhaps have been to me less extravagant, *before I was a mother.* A childless pair might dare to part! But, now, Walwyn, now, no power on earth can break asunder the bonds of my duty,—No, not the power of love itself.

Wal. I have not interrupted you: for, where I love, I delight to admire. The word escaped; but it came from the heart of a man who knows no wish of which

he can need to be ashamed. Arabella misunderstood me. I listened to your husband, merely to gain time, to sooth the fever of his soul, to save him from the wild phrenzy of despair. His sufferings have awakened within him, powers hitherto unknown to himself, of which the new-born consciousness is pleasing. *To sacrifice himself for his wife*—is the splendid idea, on which he, at present, delights to gaze till his mind's eye becomes blind to every ray of other hope.—It is for this, that his pride devises so many refined pretensions for refusing the assistance of a friend. These would he scarce resign for the sake of the salvation of his family and himself; for resigning these,—he would lose the idol of his fancy, created by love, nurtured by want and despair, raised by disordered nerves to be the tyrant of his soul.—He must be gently and softly led back from the precipice to which he is hurried. As to the night-walker,—we must not call him by his name, but, in silence stretch out our arms, that if he fall, he may sink on the bosom of a friend!

Arab. (Deeply affected, gives him her hand) Excellent Walwyn!—Friend in distress!—How could I for a moment, mistake you!—

Wal. It is only misfortune that excites distrust against the man who once possessed the heart of Arabella!—

Arab. And was worthy of possessing it!—

Wal. Wealth could not corrupt a heart sacred to you, I came to concert with you, the means of saving Maxwell. without suffering it to appear the work of my hand. Might we not devise some harmless artifice,—the bequest of some Nabob's fortune,—or the fortunate gaining of some capital prize in the lottery. Pray, assist me to find out something?

Arab. Generous man! this tear——

SCENE IX.*Enter JANE hastily.**Jane, (out of breath)* Oh madam !—how I am frightened !*Arab.* What is the matter ?*Jane.* There is a mob gathering in the streets.*Arab.* Well ?*Jane.* They talk such dreadful things !—~~They say—~~
they say—that my master—SCENE X.*Enter LANDLORD, in a bustling manner.**Landl.* There now,—a fine sight,—a fine credit to my house.*Arab. (anxiously).* What is it you want, friend ?*Landl.* Want ? Why, I want that the corpse be not dragged hither.*Arab.* The corpse ? Gracious God !*Wal. (at the same time)* Whose corpse ?*Landl.* Don't you know, then ? Mr. Maxwell has thrown himself into the Thames.*Wal.* Oh ! too late !*Arab. (drops upon the ground.)**Jane. (kneeling by Arabella, supports her head.)**Landl.* The rent gone to the devil !—*Wal.* Perhaps, there may be yet means of recovery.
*(Going.)*SCENE XI.*Enter JOHN HARTOPP.**Hart.* Of recovery ?—to be sure, there are. He is already restored to life !*Wal. and Jane (at the same time)* Does he live ?

Hart. As sure as my name is John Hartopp,—he lives—

Jane. Did you hear, dear madam ?

Arab. (Nods.)

Wal. Who saved him ?

Hart. Why,—I drew him out of the Thames—

Wal. You, friend ?—Pray take this. (*Offers his purse*)

Hart. Pshaw, pshaw !—such things one don't like to be paid for. Besides, I can't say, after all, that it was I who saved him. For when I had laid him on the bank, he was as dead as a herring. But, there is a society in London, do you see, who will not let a brave fellow drown himself, without a struggle to save him. Some of them were quite at hand. Great gentlemen ! God knows who ! They instantly seized the body, and continued rubbing warming and blowing, till he opened his eyes.

Wal. Whither did they carry him ?

Hart. To the house of a rich wine-merchant, three doors from this.—He was the busiest of them all.—He belongs also to the society. (*Walwyn exit in haste*) God's blessing on the worthy gentleman ! When I perceived that life was again stirring in him, I had his house shewn me ; for I am vastly fond of bringing good news.—That poor lady on the ground is his wife I dare say ?

Arab. Yes ; his wife.

Hart. Well ! mistress, do not weep now. There is no more danger. His recovery is sure.

Arab. (gives her hand)

Hart. (takes and shakes it heartily) An empty hand, and such a look with it, pleases me better than the gentleman's full purse. I think my girl we should help the good lady on her legs again. (*They lift Arabella up, and seat her on a chair.*)

SCENE XII.

Enter MAXWELL, WALWYN, and HARRINGTON.

Max. (Still of a death-like paleness in his countenance—his hair hanging down in disorder,—his looks down-cast,—is led by Walwyn to Arabella.)

Arab. (Attempting to rise, is unable, but sinks back, and holds out her arms)

Max. (Kneel before her, and with involuntary feebleness, lays his head in her lap)

Arab. (Bends sobbing over him.)

Hart. (Wipes his eyes with his fingers awkwardly.)

Harrington. (Stands lost in deep thought ; and now and then casts a look on the re-united pair.)

Max. (Lifts up his head, and looks on Arabella with an expression of anguish.)

Arab. (Clasps his neck, and joins her cheek to his.)

Wal. (Beholds them with strong emotion.)

Hart. By my soul, it is the man, who this morning tried my load. He perhaps carried heavier than I. —

Harring. Are you not the same person, who this morning asked my assistance in the tea-garden ?

Max. I am.

Harring. I am, then, perhaps, in part, the author of your despair. I have much to atone for. (*Taking Walwyn aside*) Sir, I know you to be an honest man. May I entirely confide in the truth of what you just now mentioned ?

Wal. You may, upon my honour !—

Harring. (*To Maxwell, after a short pause*) Sir, my son was yesterday drowned in bathing. I have, this day saved your life. To-day then, has God restored to me a son. You, Sir, must supply the place of my lost child. I adopt you as mine.

Max. (*Turns to him, kneels, and with ardent emotions of gratitude, stretches out his hands.*)

Harring. I understand—no words—there is no need—your excellent wife will not she be my daughter ?

Arab. (*Folds her hands and smiles.*)

Harring. I understand—it is settled—I am not childless.—God forgive my murmurs.

Arab. (*Sinks on her knees beside her husband, clasps him in her arms, and presses him to her heart.*)

Hart. Ha ! the next load I shall have to carry will be as light as a feather !

(*The curtain falls.*)

THE END.





LA PEYROUSE:

A COMEDY,

IN TWO ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

KOTZEBUE,

BY

CHARLES SMITH.

NEW-YORK:

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1800.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LA PEYROUSE.

ADELAIDE, *his wife.*

HENRY, *her son, a boy of between eight and nine years.*

CLAIRVILLE, *Adelaide's brother, captain of a vessel.*

MALVINA, *a young Indian woman.*

CHARLES, *her son, a boy of between seven and eight years.*

IT will be acceptable to the reader to know something of the history of the circumnavigator LA PEYROUSE, which has given rise to this dramatic piece.

Count DE LA PEYROUSE sailed from Brest harbour on the 26th of June 1785, with the frigates *Astrolable* and *Bousole* ; touched at the Island of St. Catharine, on the coast of Brazil, and sailed round Cape Horn, and along the coasts of Chili and California. Afterwards he touched at Easter Island, Nootka-sound, Cooks River, Kamschatka, Manilla, the Isles des Navigateurs, the Sandwich, the friendly Islands, and Norfolk Island, and arrived in Botany Bay on the 26th of January 1788 ; from whence he transmitted home by Governor Phillips at Port Jackson, all his papers, journals, maps, plans, views, &c. and sailed from thence on the 10th

of March following.—Since which time he has not been heard of, but is supposed to have lost both his ships among the Ice Islands, in his run towards the South Pole, on discovery. His journal from 1785 to 1788, has since been published at Paris by order of the Directory, and lately translated in London. The Corvettes La Recherche, and L'Esperance, sailed from France in 1790, under the command of Captain Entrecasteur, and returned in 1793, without having gained their object ; which was, to search for the unfortunate Count DE LA PEYROUSE.

- The Amer. Translator.

LA PEYROUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

[The Scene is on an uninhabited island in the South Sea. In the back ground the sea coast, side-wards a high rock.]

LA PEYROUSE *standing on the top of the rock, looking at a distance.*

THE fog clears away—still combating with the sun—still darkening the surface of the sea—thus calumny covers virtue, creates romantic appearances, and is finally swallowed up by the force of truth.—Ah! what a spectacle! already the peak of a mountain on the nearest island raises itself out of the vapours—thin clouds only are seen to hover yet around it.—Now the fog forms itself into balls on the deep, the beautiful surface of the sea becomes visible—the circle expands every moment—my breast becomes fuller—the view brighter—and the Creator forces from me a tear of high affliction as my morning prayers!—Do I not see at a distance some white point?—A small cloud—no—a sea bird—a swan—no—God!—What deception!—A sail!—A ship!—Poor forsaken! do not rejoice too soon!—An image of your dream juggles hope before your eyes.—And yet—it moves—it proceeds—not so the course of clouds—the flight of birds—away from my eyes you clouds of fog!

down to the sea shore!—Here I stand strengthless—
 can tremble only—and wish every vital in my eyes—
 yes! yes!—the mast becomes unveiled—*(with the strongest emotions of joy)* it is a ship!—*(he kneels down and folds his hands)* After eight years the first time! God! you send me a vessel!—*(rises hastily, takes a white handkerchief from his pocket, and swings it in the air)* Ah! they do not perceive me!—they will pass by—not hear my anxious cries—Oh! now my fate perhaps depends on the eye of a single man—God! throw but one glance this way! May but one glance of the sailor on the top be fastened to this rock, that he may call to the helmsman: halt! there lives an unfortunate man!—In vain!—I will light a fire—a thick smoke shall rise to the clouds—*(a cannon shot is heard far in the sea)* Ah! What can that mean? Was it an answer to my signal? Was it a promise to save me?—Yes! yes! triumph! the ship alters its course—it steers towards me!—Away! away! down to the bay!

(With joyful emotion he leaps down the rock and will run off.)

SCENE II.

MALVINA *(meeting him.)*

Whither, dear friend?

Peyr. A ship! A ship!

Malv. Where?

Peyr. There! There! *(he hastens away)*

Malv. (alone) A ship? What have I to care for that? What can a ship bring to me? I have every thing, and I love my friend—Where is my boy? my lively Charles, as his father calls him. I would rather call him *Tomai*, for that's his grandfather's name. Oh! if the old man would but come from his island! if he could but see this boy, how

LA PEYROUSE.

he climbs up the highest trees, and lets the dart fly from his little bow ; I am sure he would not be angry any more. If he could hear how much I have learned of my friend, if he could know the goodness of the God he has given me ; if he could see how we love each other, how we continue in love, and always are contented in storm and sun shine—I don't know what this ship can have to do here ? we don't want it. —But my friend seemed to rejoice so much, then I must rejoice too ; neither of us has ever rejoiced *alone*.

SCENE III.

CHARLES (*comes in leaping.*)

Mother, I have seen something !

Malv. Where have you been ?

Charles. At the sea shore, I looked for shells.

Malv. Well, and what have you seen then ?

Charles. A great mountain in the sea, but far, far off, but it comes nearer and nearer ; but it can't be a mountain.

Malv. I know it already, it is a ship.

Charles. No, it an't a ship either, but a ship has entered the bay, just like our ships, only much larger.

Malv. That is called a boat—have people been in it ?

Charles. Yes, many people, such as my father ; they came on shore and called out, then I ran off. There was a woman among them, who wanted to catch me, but I ran faster than she. It was not a woman like you, mother, it was a woman like my father.

Malv. Have you then not met your father ?

Charles. No, I crept into the thicket, and the strange woman always after me. Sometimes I turned ; and then she winked, and showed me pretty things, but I laughed and ran away.

Malv. Naughty woman, you make me weep.

Adel. Humanity at last succeeded, they granted my request to embark. My youngest son threw himself into my arms, I took him with me. During thirteen months we have been swimming from one sea to another, landed on habited and uninhabited coasts, searched and enquired every where—Ah! none has any knowledge of him! You, my good child, are the first that rekindles in me the extinguishing spark of hope.

Malv. How it grieves me to rob you of this weak consolation. He is *my friend*, he cannot be your's.

Adel. Where is he?

Malv. He hastened down to the bay.

Adel. Is this island well inhabited?

Malv. O yes, Alexis and I, and love.

Adel. None else?

Malv. I swear to you, there is not an uninhabited corner on the whole island. (*looking about*) I am sorry my boy is run off too; he should have called his father.—You seem to be fatigued good woman?

Adel. Fatigued and sick.

Malv. Sit down upon this soft seat of moss, my friend has made it for me. He certainly will soon be here, he never leaves me long alone. Rest and comfort yourself, I'll run to the bushes and fetch you some ripe fruit, juicy roots, they will soon revive you. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

ADELAIDE (*alone.*)

The sweet moment has perhaps arrived, which my love has snatched as a prize from the elements—and I tremble?—She would send the boy to look for his father?—Who

is this boy? Who is his father?—Ah! have I purchased his life for such a price?—The father of my children I would find, but not the husband?—Should I have *risqued* all for that?—The beloved in the arms of a savage!—I defied death in every shape, in this only I did not expect it!—Alexis!—Is it you?—Are these footsteps your's?—Has *your* hand entwined these branches into an arbor?—And if it is not him?—A stranger—one of his companions—the only one saved—Did not the girl say so?—The *only one*?—May he be La Peyrouse!—The mother shall forget what grieves the lover!—My Henry—my Babet—my Charles!—For you I have been beating against wind and waves! For you I have quitted my native country! Your supporter, your protector I will bring back to you, and then your poor mother will seek in a better world the consolation which she could not find in all the quarters of this!—I am to rest myself here?—On this bench of moss? Made by my husband's hands for another wife?—No, here I cannot rest.

 SCENE VI.

LA PEYROUSE (*in violent emotion—his repeated cries are heard behind the scene.*)

Where is she! Where is she!

Adel. Ah! what voice is this! (*runs towards him.*)

Peyr. Adelaide!

Adel. My husband! (*sinks into his arms—a pause—silent extacy.*)

Adel. Are you indeed alive yet?

Peyr. Is it possible! so much love!

Adel. Could you expect less of me?

Peyr. With your tender constitution —

Adel. Love gives strength.

Peyr. With your timidity —

Adel. Love gives courage.

Peyr. Left your old mother —

Adel. Her blessing followed me.

Peyr. Left our children —

Adel. My blessing remained with them.

Peyr. All for me ?

Adel. All for you.

Peyr. What God can reward you for that ?

Adel. I am rewarded since I found you !

Peyr. How much you must have suffered !

Adel. It is forgot !

Peyr. Death before your eyes —

Adel. And the hope to find you.

Peyr. Ah ! a wife only could do that !

Adel. For such an husband !

Peyr. Are our children alive ?

Adel. They live.

Peyr. But have I not left you with new hopes ?

Adel. Which God has accomplished ! A lively boy—my Henry—you shall see him —

Peyr. See him ?

Adel. He is with me.

Peyr. Where ?

Adel. On board the ship.

Peyr. Right, I recollect, the men in the boat spoke of him, but when they mentioned your name—I ran off.

Adel. Impatience drove me on shore. My brother is with me too. A great fog some days ago separated his vessel from our's, yet we look every moment for his arrival.

Peyr. God ! If this is a dream, let me never wake !

Adel. It is not a dream ! I possess you again ! Love chains all the quarters of the globe together, and converts the ocean into a drop of water. There is no desert, no uncultivated shore, from which one time or other, the thanks of love do

not raise to the heavens ! silent or loud, in words or in tears
—Good God ! to Thee it is all the same !

Peyr. Ah ! how this soft well-known voice leads me, as by an enchantment, back to my domestic bliss. I hear you, I throw a glance upon those inhospitable rocks, and ask myself in surprise : Where are we ?

Adel. Is it then so extraordinary, that a loving wife should defy the elements ?—The national assembly ordered two vessels to be fitted out, to restore the circumnavigator La Peyrouse again to his country. Love commanded me to go, in search of the lost husband, the bemoaned father. Without me, in what language could those people enquire for you among the savage nations ? Love created for me a language. Who could better than me discover the slightest traces of you ? A lost piece of cloth, a name written by you upon a tree, who could have sooner discovered it than me ? And if you, perhaps, were roving about in deserts and wildernesses, whose ears would your voice have sooner reached than mine ?

Peyr. Noble wife ! Do I deserve this exalted heavenly love ?

Adel. Would you have done less for me ?

Peyr. Will you never repent of those sacrifices ?

Adel. Do we repent of what love gives and takes ?

Peyr. But if I have been obliged to obey the whim of fate—if duty and my helpless situation forced me to appear faithless to you.

Adel. (trembling) Faithless ?

Peyr. Appear, I said, for the heart only can judge.

Adel. Before you proceed, tell me : Are you the *only one* saved of all your companions ?

Peyr. The only one.

Adel. Ah ! Then I know all !

Peyr. Impossible ! I found you alone.

Adel. The only one saved—yet not the only one that inhabits this island—a girl—

Peyr. Have you seen her ?

Adel. She calls you her friend.

Peyr. She was my benefactress.

Adel. And what are you to her ?

Peyr. All !

Adel. More than you ought to be ?

Peyr. Hear me and judge. On yonder rock the waves drove us, with all the furies of the elements. The ship went to pieces. Through every crevice entered death. The corps soon were swimming about the miserable wreck. I combated swimming against the fury of the waves, and thought to reach the shore, but the stream baffled my endeavours. My strength died away—I thought once more of you—of my children—of God ! and, exhausted with fatigue, my arms dropped. When I recovered I lay stretched upon the moss, a savage girl kneeled at my side, and at the first sign of life, she made a cry of joy.

Adel. Had she saved you ?

Peyr. Three times she threw herself into the foaming waves, and three times she was thrown back on the rocky shore. Death roared in vain ; in vain the abyss menaced to swallow her up, or to dash her to pieces on the rocky cliffs. With the courage of a hero, and the strength of a savage, she threw herself the fourth time into the waves, caught her prize by the hair, and snatched it from the combating elements.

Adel. Ah ! and for what reward ?

Peyr. Listen farther. This small island is uninhabited. But rarely the savages come here from yonder group of islands, to fish. Malvina was here with her father and brothers, who threatened to kill the stranger ; the tears of Malvina only saved him. Under cocoa trees she prepared for me a place of rest, and linked the twigs over me for a roof. I slumbered sweetly. Before midnight she waked me trembling. Be quick and follow me ! she said, and drew

me away. She led me through the thicket to the sea side. There she crept with me into a cavern, embraced me tenderly, and rejoiced at my second preservation. Her brothers had concluded to kill me during the night. They thought Malvina to be asleep, but Malvina listened, and perceived their intentions. Favored by the darkness she stole away, and saved me from the assassins.

Adel. I owe her gratitude and admiration, but can I love her ?

Peyr. Still more ! The next morning they sought Malvina. The woods re-echoed their menaces and their prayers. We heard her old father above us on the cliff, he called mournfully : Malvina ! my daughter ! will you leave me ?—The girl wept, and remained.

Adel. Enough ! I forgive you !

Peyr. When, after a long fruitless search, the boat went off with her father and brothers, she listened between the bushes, and her tears dropped from leaf to leaf, but not a sound betrayed her grief. And when the boat appeared on the distant sea like a white point only, she pressed me weeping to her heart, and exclaimed : Now I have neither father nor brother ! You are my all ! Leave me not !

Adel. And she has not beg'd in vain.

Peyr. From that moment I have to thank her for my life a thousand times ! Without her I would have died of hunger. She taught me to catch birds and fish in nets ; she taught me the knowledge of the eatable roots and herbs, and warned me of the poisonous ; she made for me these clothes of feathers and skins ; she ornamented my habitation with shells. —Speak—What could I do ?—Separated from the inhabited world, exiled forever to this place of solitude, without hope ever to see you or my native country again, what reward could I offer to my benefactress ?——to her, who voluntarily exiled herself with me ; alleviated my misery, and, when

she could not alleviate, voluntarily shared it with me?—
She desired my heart—and I gave her a *grateful heart*.

Adel. You are justified. My love mourns, but cannot condemn you. But Alexis, what will now become of us?

Peyr. Ask me not. The event is yet too new for me, I have no sense yet for what may be done in future.

Adel. Is it true, what the girl said? she is become a mother?

Peyr. It is true.

Adel. Oh Alexis! which mother will you leave?

Peyr. None.

Adel. God assist us!

Peyr. I see Malvina approaching. Compose yourself. Let us conceal from her a moment what you are to me. The first impressions of a savage are violent. Let me prepare the poor girl.

Adel. I will be silent.

SCENE VII.

Enter MALVINA.

Malvina (with fruits in her apron) Here are fruits, there take, eat. *(to Peyrouse)* Ah! are you here? be welcome! See, this good woman has lost her friend. She is come from far, far off, to seek him; but he is not here; it grieves me.

Peyr. She is my sister.

Malv. (smiling) Your sister? you lye.

Adel. No, my child, he is my brother.

Malv. Indeed? but you did not seek your brother?

Adel. I sought the man, I loved best.

Malv. You are in the right, I have brothers too, but I remained with the man, I loved best. Your friend is lost.

Stay with us. I am rejoiced you are his sister ; I love you for that.

Adel. I thank you, my good girl.

Malv. Wherefore ? Love comes, we don't know how.

Adel. You have saved my brother's life.

Malv. Ah ! that's long since. I would do that every day, for I love him much. Oh ! you don't know how much we love each other. That must give you pleasure, because you are his sister.

Adel. (*with a forced smile*) Indeed.

Malv. Sometimes his countenance is sorrowful, just as it is now ; then he thinks of his native land. But then I leap about him, and caress him, and stroke his face with my hand till his countenance becomes serene again (*she does all that whilst she is speaking*) but to-day it won't avail.

Peyr. (*who forces himself to return her caresses*) Have you taken care to provide our dinner ?

Malv. Do you wish to be rid of me ? (*flattering*) Give me a kiss, that your sister may witness how much you love me.

Adel. (*with suppressed pain*) Leave him, he has whims.

Malv. Whims ? what for ? he should rejoice at your arrival.

Adel. So he does. But I had to bring him displeasing news. During his absence some of his old friends died.

Malv. Heh ! and what of that ? a new friend has been borne for him since. We have a boy, you shall see him, just like his father. He knows how to play away his father's whims. Is it not true, my good friend, you love the boy ? almost as much as me ?

Adel. I can't bear it any longer. (*A musket shot is heard at a distance—La Peyrouse rouses himself.*)

Malv. What was that ?

Adel. A signal. The boat returns to the vessel. They are yet ignorant of what has happened. (*she puts her hand upon La Peyrouse's shoulder*) Brother ! I am going.

Peyr. I go with you.

Malv. No, no : Will you then leave me alone ?

Peyr. For a few hours only. The ship will sail into the bay.

Malv. Let it sail, what's that to you ?

Peyr. Shall I not accompany my sister ?

Malv. And then perhaps a sudden storm——Off would be the vessel !——No, no, your sister may come again.

Peyr. I have not seen her these nine years.

Malv. Have you seen me then enough already ?

Adel. Stay and perform your promise. Let me not suffer this pain a second time. I'll go and fetch my Henry.

(Exit.)

SCENE VIII.

MALVINA and LA PEYROUSE.

Malv. Who is her Henry ?

Peyr. Her son.

Malv. Has she a son too ? And seeks the father ? Poor woman !

Peyr. Do you pity her ?

Malv. Indeed I do. But the father must be a bad man, why has he left the mother ?

Peyr. His duty ——

Malv. It is a detestable duty, that forces a man to leave wife and child.

Peyr. At the call of our country the heart must be silent.

Malv. Will you then return to your country now ?

Peyr. Perhaps.

Malv. Shall we there be happier than here ?

Peyr. God grant it !

Malv. With regret I shall leave our hut.

Peyr. Will you then accompany me ?

Malv. I don't understand you.

Peyr. It is far, very far.

Malv. What do I care for that ?

Peyr. A dangerous voyage ———

Malv. You jest. Shall I not be with you ?

Peyr. All hopes will be lost then ever to see your father or brothers again.

Malv. Have I then not given up that hope long ago ?

Peyr. Yes you often stood on yonder cliff, stretching out your arms towards your home.

Malv. Indeed I have. I recollect you often told me, how you could draw a picture upon paper, with colours just like nature. Now take from that ship what is requisite, and paint for me such a picture, with the cliff upon it, then I can even in your country stretch out my arms towards my dear home.

Peyr. But if the ship pass yonder island, and you desery your old father on the shore ?

Malv. (crying) Oh !—fy ! how you have frightened me.

Peyr. Would you not throw yourself into the water and swim to him ?

Malv. (with emotion) Yes, I would.

Peyr. And if he should joyfully hasten towards you, and beckon friendly ———

Malv. (throws herself into his arms) Here I am, my father !

Peyr. And if he should say : your brothers are dead, stay with me !

Malv. I cannot, father ———

Peyr. I am old and sick ———

Malv. Be silent, wicked man ! It is false ! he is not sick ! and my brothers are alive. They are strong and healthy men.—But ! A precious thought ! Let us take my father with us.

Peyr. Will he quit his home ?

Malv. (full of innocent confidence) If he should see our boy
——what do you think ? *

Peyr. Will a foreign climate agree with the old man ?
——and even you——I tremble for your life !

Malv. Be unconcerned. Love and serenity of mind promote good health.

Peyr. But should grief await you there ?

Malv. Grief ?

Peyr. You would daily witness that others too love me ?

Malv. Well, so much the better. I wish all good men would love you.

Peyr. But if you had to share my heart ?

Malv. To share ? No, I won't do that. Do they then share their hearts in Europe ?

Peyr. There are persons who have great and much older pretensions on my love.

Malv. Great ?—Let them come. Older ?—What matters that ?

Peyr. Good girl, will you forgive me, that I kept secret from you what in this place of solitude I thought useless to reveal ?

Malv. I have never forgiven you any thing, but it must be a pleasure to forgive you. Speak.

Peyr. I have already a wife in my native country.

Malv. A wife ? You jest. I am your wife.

Peyr. Earlier ties link me to the former.

Malv. Earlier ?——But are they stronger ?——Do you love her like me ?

Peyr. She is as much deserving of my love as you.

Malv. And does she love you as much as I ?

Peyr. I am sure of it.

Malv. (anxiously) Woe on me !——Wicked man !——No more my friend !——Woe !——Poor Malvina.

Peyr. Will you still follow me to my country ?

Malv. I thought it was so easy to pardon you, but I cannot!—No! No! Her love is not as ardent as mine, or she would not have suffered you to leave her.

Peyr. My duty —

Malv. Go, go, you have taught me many words which I do not understand. No! No! You do not love her as much as me, or you would not have left her—and I think your wife is dead.

Peyr. What makes you think so —

Malv. I am sure, quite sure that she is dead long since. Consider only, nine years you have been separated from her—she has not survived that, could not survive it. Be contented and cheerful, I love you more than she ever did, and I shall not die, for you will never leave me. (*presses herself to him*) Alexis! my friend! you will never leave me.

Peyr. (*presses her with emotion to his heart*) No! never!

Malv. I knew that very well. Now I forgive you. You only wished to frighten me.—I'll go to our hut. Our boy has found a turtle, and I will prepare it for your sister. And then I'll pack up our things, not to forget my new feather apron (*in going away*) it will please the people of your country, it is so variegated.

SCENE IX.

LA PEYROUSE (*alone.*)

Why had I not courage enough to tell her all?—She must know it!—I must strike the wound into her harmless heart!—and then—what will be the end?—Love, nature, and gratitude attach me to both alike—Virtue! where is thy leading-string to extricate me from this labyrinth?

(*He climbs to the top of the rock and throws himself upon the ground.*)

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

LA PEYROUSE (*still at the top of the rock—his head leaning on his hand—his face turned.*

Malvina (enters) The turtle is prepared. The hungry will relish it. My boy is longing for it already.—Why am I then so quite alone?—Where is his sister?—Ah! she has lost her friend, and won't have much appetite. It is the same with me when my friend stays out hunting above his time.—Yes love! love!—Where is the man who converted me to a new life?—(*goes about sighing*) Who drew my heart with impetuosity, and my soul gradually from its slumber! Who taught me to feel and to think!—Alexis! Where are you?

Peyr. (jumping up) Here!

Malv. Up there? What are you doing there?

Peyr. (coming down) I looked for the ship.

Malv. Are they coming?

Peyr. They are just entering the bay.

Malv. It is high time.

Peyr. (with a sigh) Yes Malvina! It is high time.

Malv. Dinner is ready, the boy is hungry.

Peyr. God! give me courage!

Malv. We are waiting for your sister.

Peyr. (half to himself) Sister?—I have no sister.

Malv. What are you muttering?

Peyr. (sorrowfully) Malvina!

Malv. You look distracted, have you been asleep?

Peyr. I have dream't eight years agreeably away! A sweet well-known voice wakes me to-day.—Woe on me! My duty is sacred to both—yet one I must trample under my feet!—Love draws me here and there equally powerful—it will tear my heart!

Malv. I don't understand you. You appear strange, and that grieves me.

Peyr. Good creature ! I cannot deceive you.

Malv. Have I ever been afraid of that ?

Peyr. This sister ——

Malv. I love her for your sake.

Peyr. You will hate her.

Malv. Why ?

Peyr. And hate me too ——

Malv. You are not well.

Peyr. She seeks her husband ——

Malv. The poor woman !

Peyr. She has found him.

Malv. Where ?

Peyr. She is my wife !

Malv. (*throws herself crying into his arms*) Hide me !

Peyr. Do you love her still ?

Malv. Silent ! silent ! hide me, my good Alexis ! protect me ! (*She presses her head to his breast.*)

Peyr. Will you still follow me to Europe ?

Malv. I understand you not——I am an indocile scholar——I have acquired but a slender knowledge of your language——all what you have been saying——No, it can't be so ! If I could but understand it right——I am sure it is not so.

Peyr. Dear Malvina.

Malv. Yes, I understand that. Oh ! it was the first word I learnt of you. Say it once more : *Dear Malvina !*

Peyr. Dear Malvina !

Malv. Dear, dear friend ! thank God ! now we understand each other again. I am Malvina ! your wife, is it not so ?

Peyr. You are my wife.

Malv. And that sister, with whose name you frightened me——Oh ! recall the cruel jest !

Peyr. I cannot.

Malv. How ? You could deceive me ? My friend could be capable of deception ?—Oh ! it grieves me !—I must withdraw my confidence—to whom shall I give it then ?—I have but you !—Speak, what will you do with me ?
(*anxiously*) My God ! What will become of us ?

Peyr. I shall not leave you.

Malv. But she will come—will bring with her many men from the ship—carry you off—(*screaming*) Ah ! there she is ! (*She throws herself upon the beach of moss and hides her face.*)

SCENE II.

Enter ADELAIDE and HENRY.

Adel. (*to the boy*) Embrace your father.

Henry. Is this savage man my father ?

Peyr. My son ! (*takes him in his arms*) Where, and in what moment do you receive your father's first blessing ?

Henry. I am afraid of you.

Adel. (*pointing to Malvina*) She knows all ?

Peyr. All.

Adel. (*going to her*) Good girl, do not hate me.

Malv. (*rises slowly, her eyes full of tears, looking sorrowfully at Adelaide*) What have I done to you, that you give me so much pain ?

Adel. Let us not quarrel with fate.

Malv. We were so happy here before you came !

Adel. Ah ! I never thought that my arrival would cause any other but tears of joy !

Malv. Speak ! Will you take him from me ?

Adel. He is my husband.

Malv. (*jumping up*) And mine ! Speak it loud, Alexis ! that she may hear it ! Those trees, those rocks have heard it a thousand times ! Your God was witness !

Peyr. He was.

Adel. Also our union he has sanctioned ! Also our hearts were linked by love, and nature tied the knot still faster. Henry ! embrace your father's knees, beg him not to thrust away your mother.

Henry. (*caressing his father*) Pray, do not offend my mother, I'll no more be afraid of you.

Malv. Is this boy her son ? Oh ! I have a son too ! Charles ! Charles ! Where are you. (*She runs off.*)

Peyr. Break, my poor heart !

Adel. I feel your grief. God ! What will be the end of this ?

Malv. (*returns with her boy*) Here boy, kneel down, beg ! beg !

Charles. What shall I beg of him ?

Malv. Not to leave your mother.

Charles. He won't do that. (*caressing him*) Dear father, no you won't.

Henry. My mother has sought you so long.

Charles. My mother loves you so much.

Henry. My mother has wept so much for you.

Charles. Do but see, my mother weeps.

Peyr. (*with folded hands, his limbs shaking, his eyes raised*) Great God !

Henry. My brothers and sisters send you their love, and beg that you soon may come home.

Charles. (*crying*) Do not leave us ! Where is your home ?

Malv. Far over the sea. We never shall see him again !

Charles. Why not ? he'll take us with him.

Peyr. A good spirit speaks out of this child. Accompany us dear Malvina !

Malv. As your wife wherever you please.

Adel. How am I ?

Malv. Oh it is hard to share the friend of our heart with a stranger—it was easier to jump into the waves—but

—for the sake of my friend's ease of mind—*(she offers Adelaide her hand)* let us remain together.

Peyr. It would be baseness to deceive you, in Europe you cannot be my wife.

Malv. Not? why not?

Peyr. Our laws —

Malv. Who gave them to your heart and mine, but the God of love?—I *dare* not be your wife in Europe? What then should I be? your servant? your wife's servant?

Adel. My friend —

Malv. Do you wish to have a friend about you, whose happiness you destroyed? You would during day behold my tears, and at night hear my sobs!—Better you stay with us; nature is here the lawgiver; here we may both call him our friend; here I will cheerfully work for you, and not look jealous when you repose yourself in his arms.

Peyr. Yes, she spoke a word of comfort. It is on this solitary place only that we can enjoy content; without giving offence to any weak mind. Ambition's flame has long since been extinguished in my breast. The sighs, which I often sent from this rock to my native country, betrayed only my heart's desire, not the love of glory. You have arrived—love has led you here to my arms—what more can I wish?—My heart is silent. Blessing to him who can contract all that he loves into a small circle! Blessing to him who from his small piece of land, looks contented at the world, which became to him as strange as the firmament that moves above his head. Here I have but to stretch out my hand, to touch a being by whom I am beloved. Then let us remain, Adelaide! Let us take possession of the property which God has created for us in the midst of the sea. Love will cultivate yonder naked rocks, will ornament yonder grot, and convert yonder gloomy woods into smiling groves.

Malv. Yes, let us stay!

Adel. And my children whom I left behind, and my poor old mother !

Peyr. (*sighs, and is lost in melancholy thought.*)

Adel. No Alexis, do not deceive yourself. Your situation is dreadful. My heart feels, what you suffer—but be a man ! You must choose between us.

Peyr. I cannot.

Malv. Could my friend leave me ? How mean would be my thoughts if I could believe it. I was a raw savage being, had no idea of pain, or pleasure, but those susceptible to the senses. Have you given me reason, to make me frantic ? Have you given me a heart, to pierce it ?

Adel. And me also you have led from a convent's solitude to the altar of love. Also *my heart* you have inspired with new feelings—also *my mind* you have cultivated. What I am I am through *you*, and have been all for *you*. Will you cruelly destroy your work ?

Malv. Have we not passed so many years in quietness and concord ? Have you ever seen in me a discontented countenance ? Has my conduct ever caused you pain ? Aurora waked me to my cares for you : the setting sun led me to your arms. Consider that, and choose.

Adel. Remember the blissful times of our union. Have I ever tormented you with whims ? Has love not eased every duty ? Have you, when fatigued by business, ever looked in vain for the smile on my countenance, which then seemed to be your recreation ?—Remember not your vow, remember only our love—and choose.

Peyr. I cannot.

Adel. I have left my old feeble mother for your sake. Ah ! if you had seen the tears she shed at my departure.

Malv. Have you forgot already how we stood in the cavern, and my old father called out above us : Malvina !—He called so tender, so anxious, but I closed my ears against a father's voice.

Peyr. God! I am but a man!

Adel. To find you, I have defied death a thousand times. Neither the danger among savage nations, nor the foaming waves, nor the diseases of foreign regions, could disarm the courage of a faithful wife.

Malv. Into the furious waves I have thrown myself to save you! I have crashed my limbs on the cliffs! I have torn from my brother's hands the dagger, which was already drawn for your destruction!

Peyr. No, I cannot support it any longer.

Adel. Give me now the reward for my fidelity! Fulfil what you promised me in the face of God!

Malv. No! No! Where is your God? To me you have vowed love, where is your God? You have called him just—may he descend and protect me, if I am to believe in his justice.

Henry. Mother, what ails you?

Charles. Mother, I never saw you so.

Adel. There, whine at the feet of this obdurate man.

Malv. Boy, caress your father.

Adel. Choose, man! for whom I suffered all.

Malv. Choose, you! for whom I ventured all.

Peyr. (in the greatest confusion) Leave me!—Despair knows nothing of choice!—Merciful God! if you lay a heavier burden upon a man than his strength can bear, Oh! it is a hint to throw off the yoke of humanity—to destroy the weak existence!—Even a tyger could not cast away either of these women!—No tyrant could spurn from his feet either of these boys!—(senseless, looking wildly to the right and left) I shall choose!—Yes, I choose—(rash) I choose death!—(He draws a dagger and is going to push it into his breast—the women and children are crying—Adelaide and Malvina throw themselves into his arms—Charles and Henry at his feet.

Malv. (tearing the dagger from his hand and throwing it away) Wicked man! Will you murder us all with one stroke?

Adel. (*anxiously trembling*) Recover yourself!—My love shall save you—I renounce you voluntarily.

Malv. Go with her. I'll bring the boy to his grand-father—I know that you live—and think of me.

Adel. Stay with her. Let me enjoy but the consolation, when your children come leaping towards me on our country's shore, to call out to them: Your father lives and sends you his blessing!

Malv. Accompany her. No sigh shall render your departure painful.

Adel. Stay with her. No tear of mine shall oppress you.

Peyr. You are inventive in new manners of inflicting death—you make me bleed drop by drop—Oh! do not tear my heart any longer! Your tenderness is more murderous than a dagger! Allow me to recover myself!—God! preserve me from madness! (*He runs off.*)

Adel. Hasten after him Henry.

Malv. Follow him Charles.

Adel. Caress him.

Malv. Leap about him. (*The boys go off.*)

SCENE III.

ADELAIDE and MALVINA.

Malv. My poor friend!

Adel. I can no more—I am exhausted—he may be at his ease—death will soon unloosen the knot.

Malv. No, let me die! Ah! I never knew that love and death could become friends!

Adel. All this misery is your work.

Malv. It is your's. Why came you to this solitary place, to fright the silent joy from our nest? We were so happy before you came, and would have remained so without you.

Adel. Why have you robbed a loving wife of her husband? Young children of their father?

Malv. Do you love him as much as I love him? Why did you suffer him to leave your arms? Had your heart been attached to him like mine, you never would have let him out of sight.

Adel. Your union commenced with a crime against nature. Your father you let depart comfortless, and he is perhaps now pining away with grief. Curse, therefore, is with your love, ah! a curse, which even falls upon me though innocent!

Malv. (weeping) What have I done to you, that you speak thus hard to me?

Adel. What you have done to me? Had you torn a child from my breast, I would hate you less. Yes, I hate you! Whoever loves like me, soon learns to hate.—A moment of joy——deluded hope——disease and grief have overstrained my nerves, my sensibility——welcome thou strange feeling! Deformed or beautiful, 'tis all the same! Where love gives way, a dreadful vacuum takes place——welcome then deadly hatred, if you can fill it up.

Malv. I do not hate you; but how can I love you? I was so happy! You robbed me of my all!

Adel. Return to me my property. I will be generous, I will purchase the prey from the robber. There——see——a diamond, brilliant stones——

Malv. Do you think me still to be a savage?

Adel. Have compassion! Tremble at my despair! One of us must give him up.

Malv. Is that not saying: One of us must die?

Adel. Then die! yes, your death only can restore my rest.

Malv. And so I could wish, that the waves had swallowed you up——no! no! I cannot wish that.

Adel. Chillness pervades my limbs!—Ah! I shiver!——What is it that presses with such fury to my heart, and de-

prives me of respiration?—Ah! am I overcome at last by unused sorrows? Is the power of love fled from me? Was it love only that protected me against the vapours of the sea, and the scorching sun under the line?—Yes, my spirits are gone—my nerves relaxed—every limb becomes heavy, and seems to belong to me no more—(*pointing to her breast*) Here only moves a turbulent anxiety!

Malv. (*with compassion.*) Can I assist you?

Adel. Leave me, your sight augments my pain. Go, let me die without cursing you. (*shivering.*) Again?—I have a fever—it is fled—the last strength of my body, with the last hope of my heart—I can no more!—(*she throws herself upon the bench of moss.*) Here you may prepare my grave—far from my children—ah!—my tongue is panting—my palate is dry—a burning fever thirst—

SCENE IV.

Enter HENRY.

Henry. Mother, look at this beautiful fruit. I found it in yonder bush. (*He shows her a fruit resembling an apple.*)

Adel. Are you coming my Henry to refresh me? Give it! give it! (*she grasps at the fruit.*)

Malv. (*snatching it hastily away.*) In the name of God! this fruit is poisonous.

Adel. Poisonous?

Malv. Whoever tastes it, is in a few minutes dead.

Adel. And you tell me that? (*her frenzy changes into inexpressible softness.*) and you tell me that?—(*she stretches out her arms, tries to get up, and sinks back.*) Come to my heart.

Malv. (*throwing herself into her arms.*) You do not hate me any more?

Adel. I hate myself—my life was in your power—you need not commit a *murder*—you had only to be *silent*—O girl! girl! you are more just than I!

Malv. What ails you, good woman? I understand you not.

Adel. I am an European, subject to detestable, artful passions—therefore you understand me not—have no idea of what you *might* have done—Oh, pardon! be reconciled! Favor me with your pity.

Malv. Thank God! you are good again. Yes, I will love you, and nurse you, because you belong to my good friend.

Adel. Keep your friend, I renounce him. One only of us can make him happy, one only can through him become happy. Has the fever given new spring to my faculties? or has your noble mind irresistibly inspired me? Three sacrifices are bleeding. Fate desires but one.—I will depart—voluntarily—your blessing—his tears—your happiness—what can I wish more?

Malv. How? Would you then return without him to your country?

Adel. To the bosom of our common country—there to enjoy the reward of a pure conscience.—My frame is undermined—I stood on the brink of death—faithful love has led me—I follow blindly—an hour sooner or later, God will not call me to account for it! He that promotes dying, the happiness of human beings, never leaves this world too soon.

Malv. You speak so strange, it frightens me.

Adel. One of us must give him up—that is, one of us must *die*—have you not said so?

Malv. Good woman—your wild looks—your strange words—what anguish seizes me? Why this trembling of your lips? Why this convulsion of your muscles?—Ah! you are sick.

Adel. Very sick—leave me my good child—tell your friend that I have blessed him—I bless you too.

Henry. Dear mother ——

Adel. (*hastily raising herself with a shriek*) Ah! what was that? Yes, I bless you also my Henry! (*presses him with emotion to her heart*) Beg this good girl henceforth to be your mother.

Henry. I want no other mother.

Adel. Promise it to me, Malvina; this boy is your friend's son, take care of him as of your own.

Malv. My God! what are you making of me! never have I felt such anguish, such affliction—have I then indeed been guilty of a crime, that I am thus tortured in my heart.—There my friend ran off in despair, here a poor woman grieves herself to death—is all this the work of my love? perhaps of a blameable love?—It is true that a curse rests upon our union, the curse of my old father!—I tremble—a cold sweat covers my forehead. Are these the feelings of a sinner?—Forgive me, God! I had no conception of sin.—Who will console me? who will tell poor me what I have to do?—I will pray—God sends assistance when we are in need; so taught me my friend. I will go and pray.

(*Goes off melancholy.*)

Adel. Go Henry, seek your father.

Henry. Mother, I will stay with you.

Adel. Go, leave me alone. (*Henry obeys.*)

Adel. Henry, are you going?

Henry. You commanded me.

Adel. (*struggling with herself.*) Yes, I command you. Away! hasten!

(*Henry going.*)

Adel. (*with maternal anxiety.*) Henry! Henry!

Henry. (*returning.*) You call me?

Adel. (*takes him weeping into her arms.*) Love your father—remember your mother—away! away.

(*She shoves him from her.*)

Henry. (*going off.*) I'll bring my father to you.

SCENE V.

ADELAIDE *alone.*

Better *one* voluntary sacrifice, than grief's slow death of all. If I saw him surrounded by enemies, I would throw myself between their swords to save him. Despair is the most formidable enemy ! It gnaws the body, and deadens the soul — *(a pause.)* — This good girl was happy without me ; and so was La Peyrouse. He thought of me but with sorrow, as if we had been separated by death. My arrival was to him the appearance of a spirit ; though the form of a once beloved person, yet still a spirit. — *(a pause.)* This girl is young and handsome — my blooming time is past — I am no more beautified by my tears — gratitude will attach him to me — every tie is oppressive to love which is not effected by its own power. — I shall not make him any reproaches ; but he will expect them, and avoid me. My too feeling mother will torment him with complaints ; and me, the innocent cause, he will hate. — He hate me ? No, no ! but can we love the person whose presence oppresses us ? Courage, Adelaide ! as far as your eye-sight reaches, the horizon is obscure. Drop the curtain — but do it soon — do it now — in this moment whilst this attraction strains your nerves — whilst this fire expands your veins — who can assure me, that in a few hours the love of life will not reason away every future grief ? I then would have to empty the cup drop by drop — better pour it down at one draught. — Well then ! *(she rises hastily, and picks up the fruit which she had thrown away.)* How soon is such a fruit eat up. It will quench my feverish thirst — forget, what more it will effect. *(looking at the fruit.)* How beautiful, how alluring — poor human beings ! in how many delightful forms death lurks for you. — Thanks to you, chance, for this last favor ! No dagger makes me shrink ; no nauseous poison excites disgust. — Who could be afraid of this apple ?

SCENE VI.

LA PEYROUSE (*appears, in the moment of Adelaide's putting the apple to her mouth.*)

Peyr. (*anxious.*) Our Henry told me you are ill.—(*he spies the fruit.*) What have you there? For God's sake! throw this fruit from you, it is poisonous.

Adel. I know it.

Peyr. You know it? and yet ——

Adel. I wish you to be at rest.

Peyr. (*takes her hand.*) My wife, you are sick. A disordered fancy only could make you familiar with so horrible an intention. Give it to me! (*he gently forces the fruit out of her hand, and throws it away.*)

Adel. I cannot struggle with you. It is easy for you to take this apple from me; but can you also root the bud of death out of my heart?

Peyr. If you love me no more, remember at least your children—your poor old mother.

Adel. To you I intended to give the last token of my love. Have I not already devoted myself to death, when I went on board, to share all dangers of the circumnavigator? I was ready to die for the *distant* hope, to find you. I have found you, have pressed you to my heart, have brought to you the pledge of our love. I begged *much* of God—God has granted me *much*—and now I should shrink from death, which would be a benefit to you! I ran the risk of death for a mere hope, and should not die for your ease of mind?

Peyr. Your inclination to noble enthusiasm leads you astray; your burning imagination throws a wrong light on the surrounding objects. You think this terrible sacrifice necessary, because you have the courage to make it. He that feels within him strength for heroic action creates dangers himself. Must you throw yourself into the abyss as long as there is a bush remaining by which you can support yourself?

Adel. Where grows that bush? Where?

Peyr. Patience, hope, fortitude!—Woe on the man whose fancy converts these oak trees into brush-wood!—A few hours scarcely have elapsed; we are yet driven about by the first storm of our passions; how can a drunken man pass a rapid stream on a small piece of board? Let him become sober, the soul like the body, finds at last its equipoise again. And if patience, courage, and hope leave us, then still remains a hold—Religion! Confidence in God!

Adel. (raising her eyes) Confidence in God!

Peyr. I do not request a miracle. I do not desire of God to send an angel; but one man, cool and unconcerned, who can think for three patients.—Oh! I know what in our passion's storm, one reflecting man can do.

SCENE VII.

Enter CHARLES and HENRY.

Charles. Father, another strange man —

Henry. Mother, uncle has arrived.

Adel. My brother.

Peyr. God! you have sent an angel!—Where? Where is he?

SCENE VIII.

Enter CLAIRVILLE and MALVINA.

Peyr. (throwing himself into his arms) My brother!

Clair. Hail you, from the empire of the dead!! Have we at last found the enthusiast? *(he shakes hands with him)* Well sister, you are on good terms with heaven, for it has done a wonder for you.

Adel. Ah!

Clair. Still an ah? Is this a proper signal for people who sail into port? You all look dejected. You are unfit to set

for a painter, who wants to draw a picture of a joyous meeting.—You want to explain?—But hark! I know all! (to Peyrouse) Here I bring you a girl, who out of love for you had a great mind to be guilty of a stupid trick. I overheard her prayers. She addressed the Deity in my mother tongue. My surprise prompted me to listen—she prayed for courage to die.

Peyr. (terrified) Malvina!

Malv. Pardon me, my friend, I prayed—and suddenly a ray touched my heart—die Malvina! then all become relieved!—Methought it was the voice of God.

Clair. Women! Women! Why do you always take the voice of your passions for that of God, and are ever ready to cut down the stem, when only a caterpillar creeps upon a leaf. In short, this brown lock'd damsel has discovered to me the whole island, and, with your leave, I am charmed to find it as it is, for it fits my plan.

Adel. It charms you?

Peyr. What plan?

Clair. Pardon the vain expression. If the swallow could speak, it would assert too, that it builds its nest according to a deep meditated plan. Necessity teaches the heaver to build huts, and man to meditate. Bitter necessity has created my plan.—Yet, before I proceed, brother, answer me one question: Have these women equal pretensions on you?

Peyr. Equal.

Clair. You love them both?

Peyr. Both.

Clair. Will you cast my sister from you?

Peyr. No.

Clair. Will you leave Malvina?

Peyr. No.

Clair. Well then, sister, let me tell you what happened to me during the few days of our separation. An English cap-

tain, who was conveying petty thieves to Botany Bay and left the great ones in Europe, has communicated to us strange things. We no more have a country. Anarchy has swallowed it up. The rich are become beggars, and we—we have been rich too.

Peyr. And therefore are also become beggars.

Clair. Health, strength, industry, and a piece of land, warmed by the sun, and wetted by the rain—I think we are still rich.

Peyr. Do I understand you?—Where are my children?

Adel. And our mother?

Clair. Your children are alive, and our mother——(*sighs*) is very well.

Adel. You make a stop! Your countenance grows gloomy! You frighten me!—Where, where is our mother?

Clair. —— She is here.

Adel. and Peyr. Here?

Clair. (*raising his eyes with emotion*) Yes, she is here!—— A mother's love does not go into the grave.

Adel. (*weeping*) Ah! she is dead!

Clair. She has departed, like us, to another part of the world. She has left us nothing but her compass, virtue. Sister, let us take possession of the valuable inheritance. Confidence in God rewards the honest, even in a dungeon. Look around you! Is this island a dungeon?—A blossom invites you here, a fine fruit there. Here grows the bread-tree for our hunger, there spouts a spring for our thirst. Here is a verdant grove for pure love.

Adel. (*with grief*) My good mother!

Clair. In coming up I made some fugitive remarks; the ground is good; the fruits prosper; wood in abundance; a little industry, and nature will distribute her treasures.

Peyr. I do not understand you quite.

Clair. How? you understand me not? Are you still longing for your degenerated country? Will you swim there

with the stream of blood, or fruitless work against it ? You have seen so much of the world, and know not yet the value of repose ?—I know it. They may promise me golden mountains, and I will rather flee to the naked summit of Caucasus, than take part in a revolution ; which, though it may be just, spreads death and discord, that posterity may earn a liberty, which is covered with the corps of their parents. Yes, I am an Egotist. I live, and will enjoy my life ; without rest there is no enjoyment.—My flag is already hoisted ; to-morrow I'll set sail for England, whither my wife with your and my children have fled. I'll take them all on board ; will freight my ship with all what here is necessary : masons, carpenters, utensils and farming tools—surely, I shall find honest people enough, who will accompany me to the small country of quietude. There are poor exiles without number, who wander about without a roof to shelter them. Till my return, I will leave you all I can spare for your accommodation. If the winds and weather permit, I shall soon return ; we then lay the foundation of a colony, as the Greeks did after their flight from Egypt ; and who knows, whether our names are not as renowned after a few thousand years, as those of Inachus and Cecrops.

Malv. (caressing him.) Good man ! I do not understand all you say ; but this I understand, that we shall stay here together, is it not so ?

Peyr. Brother you possess an excellent gift, to unite cool reasoning with warm imagination. I agree to your plan with extacy, and if Adelaide ——

Adel. Ah brother !

Clair. Well sister ? do you wish to become a widow, and lead in Europe your orphans from door to door oppressed by poverty ? Shall Peyrouse accompany you, to meet death in his native land, or to expose himself to want and misery in a foreign country ?—Here dwells security ; here reigns abundance ; here love and quietude await us.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sir HUGO of Wulgingen, a knight of the holy cross
against the Saracens.

Sir THEOBALD of Wulgingen, a knight of the holy cross
against the Pomorians, and Vandals :—son of Sir HUGO.

ADELAIDE, wife of Sir THEOBALD.

WILIBALD, } sons of Sir THEOBALD, 6 & 7 years old.
OTTOMAR, }

BERTRAM, an old boor.

CYRILLUS, an abbot of the Premonstrantes.

MISTIVOI, chief of the Heathen tribe.

A MONK.

A CHILD.

Squires, Followers, &c. &c.

ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN.

ACT I.

The stage represents an open place in a Heathen Village. In the back ground is an Idol overturned, and near it on an eminence, a cross erected. The Idol is naked, and has a lion's face. On its breast it bears a bull's head, in its right hand a club or battle-axe, and on its head a bird like a goose. On both sides are the remains of dwellings—some plundered and burning, others still smoking, and half demolished.

Sir THEOBALD of Wulfingen and his SQUIRE, making their way over the ruins.

Theobald

(Returns his sword into the scabbard, and throws himself breathless upon a hillock.)

ENOUGH! Enough of toils and carnage! Sound my herald! Sound a retreat to yon merciless mob! I commanded you to fight, and ye have murdered. I pointed your swords against the breasts of men in arms, and ye have plunged them into the hearts of sucking babes.—Oh God, whose all-seeing eye has brooded with an awful gloom over the horrors of last night, here do I stand before the rising sun, the image of thy Majesty:—Here do I stand, and with self-acquitting conscience swear, that sacred to me have ever been the duties of my order.—Blood has stained this sword, yet may every drop which has issued from the breast of a woman or a child, fall on my soul in liquid fire! Ah! what distant cries of anguish strike my ear! the shrieks of women! the screams of infants!—Away, Bevys! I too have a wife, I too have children. Away, Bevys! thunder to the cowards, to cease the carnage of defenceless people, and let thy mace fell to the earth him who dares to disobey. *(the Squire*

goes) Oh! suffering Redeemer! There, amidst the carcases of the vanquished, have they fixed thy cross. The blood of the slain still trickles down the hill. True, 'tis but the blood of the heathens, yet surely the blood of men. And can these smoking ruins be an acceptable sacrifice in thy sight? My heart expands. An irresistible voice calls loudly to me: "They were all thy brethren."

A CHILD with tattered cloaths and dishevelled hair, is running affrighted past.

Chi. My mother! where's my mother?

The. (*Starts*) Boy! who is't thou seek'st?

Chi. (*Crying*) My mother! my mother!

The. Heavens!

Chi. Oh! they've killed my father and my little sister. My youngest brother lies yonder bleeding to death.—Where's my mother! Where's my mother!

The. Come to my arms, poor wretch!

Chi. There stood our hut; all is gone. Oh! how it burns! Our little garden is covered with ashes. Where can I go?—Mother! Mother! (*Runs away, and is still heard at a distance, calling in a tone of distress for its mother.*)

The. Hoo! How I shudder through my whole frame! How my bristling hair raises the helmet from my head!—Boy! Boy! cease thy cries. Thou criest the courage from my heart.—What is this courage? Boldness to encounter, or patience to endure? Perhaps both, and here both forsake me! Oh! what then is courage, if a whining child can thus unnerve a hero's arm? My knees totter when I catch a fading eye, and the groans of the dying make a very woman of me. 'Tis well the battle is over. I could not fight now.

The SQUIRE returns.

Squ. All is silence. The streets are covered with carcases of men, women and children. The honor of the Almighty is avenged.—The sanctuaries of the idols are demolished. The holy cross is seen on every side. But few heathens have escaped, some hundreds, with the chief

of their tribe, are our prisoners. Our band returns triumphant and laden with rich booty.

The. Booty didst thou call it? Call it pillage—pillage which I do not wish to share.

Squ. Not far from the village too, I found the monk, who accompanied us upon our expedition. I could not but laugh at the good man. In the heat of the battle he had climbed the highest oak, and was slyly peeping through the branches. I told him that the danger was all over. Instantly he descended from his covert, and is following close at my heels.

The. Fierce as a boy to blow the blaze, and fearful as a boy to skulk into a corner when it spreads around, has ever been their way. How strange are my sensations! An invisible hand tears away the cloud of artifice, and truth already dawns in the horizon. Would I were at home with the partner of my soul!

The MONK enters.,

Monk. Praise be unto God! hail noble knight! the Lord was with your sword. Fallen are the proud heathens, and demolished their abominable idols. My eye is moistened with a pious tear—a tear of heavenly joy, when I behold the emblem of the holy cross, erected by your valiant arm.

The. Give me then your testimony, that I have honorably fulfilled my vow—You well know how your Abbot, by the pious zeal, which flowed from his lips, by papal bulls, by absolution, and promises of blessing, persuaded me to this excursion. Give me your testimony in his presence, that I have fulfilled the word of a knight.

Monk. That will I—I will relate to him what miracles of valor you performed in our holy cause before my eyes.

The. (in a tone of derision) Pardon me, good father, 'Twas beneath your eyes.

Monk. And he shall double your absolution, shall extend it to your children, and bless you through a thousand generations.

The. 'Tis well. Then I shall be blest enough. Now with the hand of a knight, take the irrevocable oath, that as long as this arm can wield a sword or lance, it never

shall again contend for the church, or for God, as you call it.

Monk. Sir knight, sir knight, you forget yourself.

The. I do not—little as I ever shall be able to forget the scenes of horror, which last night I witnessed. I hold you at your word. Did you not give your testimony that I had fulfilled my vow? Have not I, have not my ancestors yet done enough? Have you forgotten, that for three and twenty years, I have been fatherless?—that Hugo of Wulfingen went to the holy land against the Saracens, and there probably found his grave?

Monk. A blessed martyr, if his blood flowed for the glory of God.

The. And yet my tears, and the tears of my mother, flowed for him.

Monk. Pearls in the crown of the just.

The. Fine words you have at command, good father.

Monk. The words of the church's servant: his testimony and his blessing, bear the soul aloft, as upon the beams of light, to heavenly bliss. Shielded by them, no angel will obstruct your way. But if your cholic valor cannot brook empty words—'tis well, sir knight, to you belong deeds. Arise! Fight for the honor of your God! Is your army already weary? Is your sword already gorged? Behold, all the tribes which dwell upon the coast, are lost in careless indolence, and where perchance one fugitive escaped your arm, he has poured dismay and terror into every trembling heart. Arise! rally your followers! away to fresh victories!

The. Spare your lungs, good father, I abide by my oath. Of what avail can these base conquests be to God, to you, my country, or myself? God needs no champion—I could once have reckoned among my followers many a valiant warrior, to wield the sword or battle axe. What are they now? Robbers, who spare neither age nor sex, and then cast lots for plunder.

A Follower of Sir THEOBALD enters.

Fol. Sir Knight, we are conducting to your presence the chief of the tribe which we have conquered—Here is his banner. (*presents a long staff, on the point of which*

is fixed the image of a bear, or any other wild beast.) A proud and stubborn man.

Monk. Has he blasphemed ?

Fol. Not so, he speaks but little, yet each word is a command. His impressive tone, his hoary locks, and his dignified mien, constrain the most stubborn to submission. He comes.

MISTIVOI enters, guarded and in chains.

Mis. Whither will you lead me ? Why do you drag me over the bodies of my brethren, and the smoking ruins of my former dwellings ? Is it not alike to you where I die ? Slay me, I'll go no further.

Gua. Bend thy knee before that cross.

Mis. Never !

Monk. How ! Darest thou insult our God ?

Mis. Never did I insult your God, nor should I, had I been your conqueror. Never did I bend my knee before your God, nor will I, though I am your slave.

Monk. Hear, sir knight, he attacks the honor of God. At the foot of the holy cross, let his blood, drop by drop—

The. Reverend father, I heard no attack. (*half aside*) Old man, I venerate thy pride.

Monk. Sir knight, I command you, in the name of God—

Mis. Is this your knight ? Is this he, who like a dastard, falls when it is dark, on a defenceless tribe ? Is this your knight ? Is this he, who only draws his sword to plunge it in the hearts of infants ?

The. (*grasping his sword*) Man ! But thy chains protect thee.

Mis. Why hesitate ? 'tis but one murder more. Or dost thou think it a less honorable deed to butcher an infirm old man, than a poor helpless babe ?

The. Rude man, thou dost mistake me.

Mis. Oh ! I know thee well. The groans of the dying too plainly tell me who thou art. How they all stand staring at me ! Some with scorn, others with compassion. Scorn I can return : Compassion hurts me.

The. Take off his chains and leave us. (*guards obey.*)

Mis. I know not, knight, is this benevolence? Have you thus rid me of my fetters that I may die at liberty?—Thence take my thanks. Or is it mockery? Wilt thou make me feel, that, even when free from chains, my arm can do no more. Then woe be on thy head! The first fire-brand which I seize, shall hurl thee to destruction.

The. I meant to dive into thy soul. I longed to converse coolly with thee. I wanted to find means to calm thy boiling blood. For this I took away thy chains.

Mis. Coolly!—Art thou mad? I had seven sons—they are all fallen. I had three daughters—thy villains have defiled and murdered them. I had a wife—a wife, who for forty years had shared my joys and sorrows—there she lies, weltering in her blood—Coolly! Coolly! I was chief of this tribe, revered and loved. Young and old assembled round me on festivals, and called me father. Even last night, I stood in the circle of my friends, and hailed the setting sun. To-day I stand alone—bereft of children—bereft of wife—Coolly! Coolly! I had a peaceful dwelling, fertile fields, and thriving flocks. My house is now a heap of ruins, my fields are all laid waste, my flocks are beating for their shepherd.

The. (*extremely agitated*) Hold!

Mis. (*observes him closely, and after a pause*) Young man! thy outward fashion seems assumed, perhaps imposed. What had I done to thee? We had never seen each other. I had never injured thee. Why didst thou fall on me and mine, when we had lost all our cares in sleep? Hast thou too children? Hast thou too a heart?

THEOBOLD is abashed and silent.

Monk. We took arms by command of our God, to erect his holy cross among the heathen, to conduct the blind into the path of light, to convert wolves into lambs, and unite them to the flock of the Lord.

Mis. Then should you have approached our lonely huts, with the palm of peace in your hands, and the honey of persuasion on your lips. Then should ye have preached the word of truth, and sent conviction to our hearts. Had ye done this, perhaps we had willingly followed your instructions.

Monk. Dost thou not acknowledge, then, our God's omnipotence, and your idol's nothingness? Behold!—

There in the dust it lies ; the holy cross is reared on high.

Mis. Shallow boaster ! Mortal hands have formed yon image ; Mortal hands have formed this cross.—Mortal arms have levelled that with the earth, and planted this upon the hill. Why talk of *thy* God and of *our* God ? We have but one God. And must the blood of hundreds then be shed, because one chuses a cross, another a lion's face, as the symbol of the Invisible ?

Monk. Hear, sir knight, he blasphemers.

The. Peace, Monk, revere his age.

Monk. If thy heart pay less regard to God's honor than to his, 'tis well. Think then, at least of all the dreadful ravages, which for a long train of years, have been committed on our lands by these rude barbarians, ever since Henry the Lion, and Bernard of Ascania, were no more. Think of the poor christians, who have been forced by them to bear the galling yoke of slavery. Think of the wives and children whom they have made widows and orphans.

Mis. Thou liest. Never has my little tribe, since I have governed it, advanced beyond its peaceful limits—Thou liest.—Never have my subjects gained subsistence by plundering their fellow creatures. Thou liest. Never have christians languished in our dungeons. I myself possessed but one. He was old, and more my friend than slave. Nor did I either force or betray him hither. I bought him of my neighbors.

Monk. A christian ! Merciful God ! Where is he ? Whither has this sheep strayed ? Has it not heard the voice of the shepherd ?

The. (*Who, throughout this scene, has appeared to have been deeply immersed in thought, now approaches the old man with exalted, yet timorous, mien, and offers his hand*) Can'st thou forgive me ?

Mis. (*Throwing back his hand*) Never ! Thou hast robbed me of all, and were I now to forgive thee, thou would'st fill up the measure of thy cruelty—thou would'st grant me life.

The. But if I repair all that I am able to repair ; if I replace thee in thy rights, collect thy scattered subjects

Monk. An agreement with a heathen ! A band between Christ and Belial ! You promised to save all that could be saved. You promised to return the costly booty, which was destined for our pious abbot and the church. — Where then, are all your mighty plans ? — You would clothe our altar. You would melt the impious ornaments of all their idols into golden chalices, silver censers, images of saints —

The. I understand you, reverend father. The booty shall be valued, and the loss made good from my own property.

Monk. Sir knight, I thank you in the church's name, but —

The. Not another But, lest I repent, that the cross upon my mantle, was received from the hands of your abbot. But yesterday my zeal began to cool, my resolution wavered.

Monk. To cool — and wavered ! You see, sir knight, how busy Satan —

The. Satan had nothing to do with it, good father.

Monk. How so, sir knight, how so ? By what means ?

The. By what means ! Why should I be ashamed of the confession ? By the tears of my wife. My Adelaide gazed at me with such anxiety, followed me so mournfully through every passage, heaved such deep sighs from her bosom — and when the servant entered with my armour, she burst into a flood of tears — but when I braced on my corselet, sorrow quite overwhelmed her — she threw her arms around my neck —

Monk. Sir knight, can you be turned (*aside*) by the toy-ing of a woman ?

The. No, good father. I know my Adelaide. 'Tis true I raised her from the humble cottage, to make her the companion of my life ; but in her veins flows a noble blood, as if her ancestors had been a race of heroes. — Never has one thought, unworthy of her present rank, reminded me of what she was. How often, when I have been summoned to the field, has she, with her own hands buckled on my harness, and with a cheerful mien gone with me to the castle gate ! But yesterday, unaccountable presages seemed to labour in her breast. Her parting kiss was bathed in tears, and with a voice of heart-felt

sorrow, she bade me to spare the unfortunate, but most to regard myself.

Monk. To spare! Truly she was mighty generous. Are not these the very heathens, who, some eight years ago, in one of their excursions, dragged her father into bondage?

The. True, and Adelaide has mourned his loss, but not by renouncing her humanity. The mean sensation of revenge is foreign to her.

*A FOLLOWER of Sir THEOBALD enters with
BERTRAM.*

Fol. Sir knight, this is the christian slave sent by Mustivoi.

The. Come nearer. How long hast thou been a prisoner?

Ber. Eight years. No—but five years. The three last, spent in Mustivoi's hut, have not been years of slavery.

The. From what part of our country can'st thou, that I may return thee to thy master?

Ber. I am a boor in the demesnes of Wulfingen. My master is Sir Hugo of Wulfingen.—

The. Whose son now stands before thee.

Ber. Then you must be Sir Theobald. Heaven bless you, noble sir!

The. Thy name?

Ber. Bertram.

The. (*Starts*) Bertram! Heavens! Had'st thou a daughter?

Ber. (*Alarmed*) A daughter!—No—Yes—

The. Is Adelaide thy child?

Ber. (*Extremely agitated*) Adelaide!—Yes—That is my daughter's name. Is she alive?

The. (*Clasps him in his arms*) Adelaide is my wife!

Ber. (*Cries aloud*) Your wife!

The. My good, my much loved wife!

Ber. God of heaven! How is that possible?

The. To virtue, and to beauty all is possible. I one day found her at a well. 'Twas not long after the heathens had carried thee off. She was weeping. I asked

her the reason of her grief. "I am an orphan," answered she, "ere I could lisp, I lost my mother; and but a few days since, the Vandals robbed me of my father." Her words, her tears, sunk deep into my heart. I went—and I returned. I saw her oft, yet never saw her enough.—My uncle had fixed upon a lady of high birth to be my wife—but all in vain! Already was I bound in the soft chains of love. I laughed at ancestry and riches. I led my Adelaide to the altar.—Thanks be to heaven, I never, for a moment, have repented such a choice! Come, old man, thou shalt be a witness of our happiness. Thou shalt see grandchildren.—

Ber. (*Always alarmed*) Grandchildren!

The. Two sweet lads, if I be not blinded by a father's fondness. But why dost thou thus tremble? Why dost thou thus wildly roll thy eyes around? Has the yoke of bondage made thy heart insensible of joy? Or how? Dost thou think thou shalt be less my father, because blind fate has made thy son-in-law a knight, and thee a boor?—Fear it not. Thou art the father of my wife. I will revere thee. My children will revere thee. Thou shalt pass the remainder of thy days in undisturbed tranquillity.

Ber. I thank you, sir knight. Allow me another question.

The. Call me son.

Ber. Is your father yet returned from Palestine?

The. Alas! No. Why dost thou dash this wormwood in my cup of joy? For twenty years I have had no account of him. Doubtless he fell a sacrifice to the fury of the infidels, with many another knight, who went into the holy land.—Thousands of tears have I shed for him, as a child, on the lap of my mother; as a youth, on the grave of my mother; and as a man, on the bosom of thy daughter.—Let us quit the subject. Be the rest of this day dedicated to joy! Heavens! What a full measure of delight awaits my Adelaide! How much was she deceived by all her frightful omens! I go to sound an immediate retreat. Hold thyself in readiness. In a few minutes we bend homeward.—

[*Goes with the Monk.*]

Ber. What have I heard?—Wretch that I am! Shall I then be reconducted to my brethern, only to plunge an affectionate couple into irrevocable misery? Has God prolonged my days, only to involve me in a contest the most horrible, between religion and humanity? With a single word, I crush four innocent fellow-creatures, drive them into wretchedness, and bring down the ban upon their heads.—No.—I *will* be silent. I'll tear my tongue from my mouth.—Adelaide! My dear good Adelaide!—Oh! Why was I not allowed to die here in peace? (*The sound of a trumpet is heard at a distance*) The signal of retreat! But 'ere I go, another tear upon the neck of generous Mistřvoi. Would it were the last that I am doomed to shed on earth!

[*Stagger[s] over the ruins, leaning on his stick.*]

SCENE.

A Room in the Castle of Wulfingen.

The fat Abbot CYRILLUS enters and looks round.

Cyr. Not a mortal to be seen. For ever locked in her chamber, for ever kneeling to her crucifix, or among her maids with loom and spindle, or instructing her two boys!—Is this virtue, or is it her humour? Perhaps both. Perhaps too, neither. The title of noble lady has inflamed the daughter of a boor. She has somewhere heard of such a word as honor, a glittering toy, of which she shortly will be tired. Could I but arrive so far as to discover that the language of my eyes was no longer unintelligible, that when I gazed at her with melting tenderness, she no longer looked at me with such—how shall I express it—such stupidity, such apathy—could I arrive so far as to see her eyes cast upon the earth, when in my presence, then—my game were won. If the knight allow me but sufficient time, if father Benjamin will but obey my orders in kindling his breast with enthusiasm, in dragging him from one nation to another, from one contest to another, in holding Heaven before his eyes, whenever his zeal flags—and if, in spite of all his intrepidity, some

lucky heathen spear at last should reach his heart—Ha! What a golden opportunity! To console the mourning widow! To creep into her heart beneath the mask of pity!—But hold! Who comes? I was almost too loud.

WILIBALD and OTTOMAR *hop into the room.*

Wil. God bless you, father abbot!

Ott. God bless you.

Cyr. I thank you, children. Where is your mother?

Wil. I don't know.

Ott. (*Consequently*) But I do.

Cyr. Well, let us hear then, my little fellow.

Ott. But what will you give me, if I tell you?

Cyr. Are you so covetous? Will you do nothing unless paid for it?

Ott. O yes, to poor people. But my father says you are rich, and have more than you want.

Cyr. Does he say so? It seems then, I must bribe you.

Wil. Bribe! Fie, brother!

Ott. How can I help it, if he calls it so?

Cyr. Look, Ottomar! what a pretty picture!

Ott. (*Grasps eagerly at it*) Who is that man, with a great key?

Cyr. Saint Peter.

Ott. What can he do with that key?

Cyr. He can open the gates of Heaven. Now, tell me where your mother is.

Wil. You've taken a bribe. Now you must tell.

Ott. No.—There father abbot, take your picture back. My mother is gone to the village, to draw water from the well.

Cyr. She herself! Could she not send any of her servants? Are there not springs close to the castle gate? You must be lying, boy.

Ott. Do you know what I did lately, when great Bevys, my father's squire, told me I lied?

Cyr. Well?

Ott. I struck him on the face.

Cyr. And what did great Bevys do?

Ott. He ran to my father and told him. But my father was not angry.

[*Runs away.*]

Wil. And my father was right. [*Runs after his brother.*]

Cyr. Like parents, like children!

ADELAIDE enters with two water-pitchers, and places them before the door.

Heaven bless you, noble lady!

Ade. And you, reverend abbot!

Cyr. Is it then true? I thought that Ottomar had lied.

Ade. That he dare not, even though in jest. What was it that you would not credit?

Cyr. (Pointing to the pitchers) Your descending to the employment of a menial.

Ade. Does this surprise you, reverend abbot? You may perhaps mistake it for ostentation, since I have so many servants, and an industrious wife may be employed to better purpose, than in bringing water from the well. I will explain this, reverend abbot. To you my birth is not a secret. Eight years are on this day elapsed, since I went down with the same pitchers to yonder well. My tears were mingled with the water; for you may remember, at that time the Vandals had just robbed me of my father, the only prop of my poor helpless youth. Sir Theobald saw me, loved me, and made me the happiest of women. Shall I not celebrate this day? Long as I live, these pitchers shall retain their place among my bridal ornaments. Never do I fail, upon this day, as soon as I have finished my morning prayer, to visit yonder well. My reason tells me that it is to recollect my former lowliness. My heart tells me that it is to call to my remembrance, the first words, the first looks of my dear Theobald.

Cyr. This is commendable, noble lady. But beware lest your affection should become idolatry.

Ade. Oh! that my affection were capable of increase! Am I not indebted to him for every thing? Without him, what had I been? A deserted orphan, turned out into the wide world, and exposed to every violence. The tears of sorrow flowed into these pitchers, and for eight years I have shed none but tears of joy. Oh! that my affection were capable of increase! Oh! that this heart could love more fervently!

Cyr. (Aside) Torture!

Ade. (Depressed) For the first time, in all these happy years he is absent on this day. But, he is fighting for our holy church, and I must hold my peace. What think you, reverend father? May he soon return from this excursion?

Cyr. As it happens, noble lady. He swore to me that he would level with the earth the heathen villages which lay beyond the Elbe, and destroy the inhabitants with fire and sword. If he should find the wretches unprepared, he may with ease at once annihilate them. If not, the days may be prolonged to weeks.

Ade. (Raising her hands and eyes) Protect him, God of battles! 'Tis thy holy name for which he fights. Cover him, ye angels, with your wings. Conduct him back victorious, to the bosom of his affectionate wife, to the arms of his children!

Cyr. (Aside) Here am I again alone with her, and not a single syllable comes forth at my command.

WILIBALD runs into the room.

Wil. Mother! The guard upon the tower has blown his horn.

OTTOMAR hops forward.

Ott. Mother! What a many men on horseback! They make a dreadful dust.

Ade. Has not the centinel discovered who they are?

Wil. They're too far off.

Ade. Go then, children. Climb upon the turrets, and when they are nearer, come to me again.

(The boys run away!)

Cyr. (Somewhat afraid) 'Tis not—one would hope—any hostile surprise.—

Ade. Oh fear it not, reverend abbot. My husband has no quarrels with his neighbours. Perhaps they may be guests: Then I am only sorrow Sir Theobald is abroad.—Perhaps too they may pass on the left to Ermersdorf.

WILIBALD and OTTOMAR enter with a shout of joy.

Both. Mother! Mother! My father's coming! My father's coming!

Ade. My Theobald!) *Bursts out at the door, followed by Wilibald and Ottomar.*

Cyr. (*As if thunderstruck*) Ten thousand devils!—Father Benjamin! Father Benjamin! This is *culpa gravis*.*

ACT II.

The stage represents a place in front of the castle of Wulfingen. In the back-ground is a part of the castle, surrounded by a moat, over which is a draw-bridge that falls when the curtain rises.

ADELAIDE, CYRILLUS, WILLIBALD and OTTOMAR, pass swiftly from the Castle-gate, over the bridge.

Adelaide.

OH! That I may not be deceived!

Wil. (*hopping and springing*) No, mother, no! The guard on the tower knew my father's armour perfectly, and the white crest upon his helmet; and father Benjamin was trotting behind him on the mule.

Cyr. I congratulate you, noble lady.

Ade. Reverend Abbot, I thank you. Run, children! climb upon the hill, and tell me when they approach.

Both—(running up the hill) Huzza! my father's coming! My father's coming!

Cyr. (*concealing his vexation beneath a smile*) What transport these children feel!

Ade. Oh! Mine is not more sedate. Willingly would I run with them, over every stone, were it but becoming in a wife. And why should it not? Custom and fashion

* *The Premonstratens make very nice distinctions between culpa levis, media and gravis.*

are fell tyrants, and they impose their bondage even upon love and tenderness. Children ! can you distinguish nothing ?

Wil. (holding his hand above his eyes) The sun dazzles me.

Ott. (raising himself upon his toes) Ottomar's so little, mother.

Cyr. (in a tone of derision) It would seem as if the knight had been paying a friendly visit.

Ade. (emphatically) He has, I cannot doubt it, done his duty : and that he has done it in so short a time, deserves your thanks as the author of the expedition, and mine as the expectant wife. Wilibald, can you see nothing ?

Wil. Dust, dear mother, a great deal of dust, and amongst it something glitters like arms.

Cyr. (in a tone of derision) If they raise as much dust on their return, as at their departure, 'tis a happy sign that no one can have lost his life in the excursion.

Ade. (smiling) I know not, reverend abbot, what inference I am to draw from your remarks. Do you mean to attack the honor of Sir Theobold : Or why do you insult my ear with such discourse ?

Cyr. Not so, noble lady——

Ade. Not so, reverend abbot. I am not disposed for any interruption to my joy. Wilibald, can you still discover nothing ?

Wil. (claps his hands) Huzza, dear mother ! It is my father ! It is my father, I know his grey horse : and great Bevys is riding behind him, and father Benjamin upon the mule like a bear upon a beam.

Ott. I see them all too, mother.

Ade. I thank thee, O God, that thou hast listened to my fervent prayer, and thrown my dark presages to the winds.

Cyr. Presages, noble lady ! Have you ever felt their influence ?

Ade. Presages, or thick blood, or nervous terror—call it what you will. With fearful heart I always have surveyed the steed which was to bear my husband to the heat of battle. But never have I felt what yesterday oppressed me. Methought a world was laid upon me !—Methought a gulf divided me from my beloved Theobold !—

Heaven be praised ! 'Twas but ideal. My imagination catches such quick alarm.

Cyr. Be not so quick in your conclusions. Presages are the warnings of the Almighty. 'Tis true ; your husband now returns in health. For this we render thanks to God and to St. Norbert. Yet is there nothing but life, for which you tremble ? I know full well, fair lady, that strict fidelity lies nearer to the heart of one who loves like you. How if—(which heaven forefend, but our tempter is ever on the watch)—how if Satan, in an enticing moon-light night, should have availed himself of some fair heathen, to ensnare the pious knight. I have seen these fiery dames. Lust is their idol : Modesty can find no sanctuary with them ; and Sir Theobold, as they say, inherited warm blood from old Sir Hugo.

Ade. (smiling) Reverend abbot, if you would not mistake the jest, I should freely tell you, that you bear poison on your tongue—but hark ! I hear the sound of horses' hoofs already echo through the valley. Come, children ! Quick—to meet your father.

(She runs with WILIBALD and OTTOMAR to the side where THEOBOLD approaches.)

Cyr. Damnation ! She is armed on every side.

Sir THEOBOLD bursts into ADELAIDE's arms.

Behind him enter the MONK, BERTRAM, &c. &c.

Ade. (throwing her arms round Theobold's neck) My husband ! So soon returned !

The. (rallying) Not too soon, I hope.

Ade. (the same) Banterer ! I could almost answer—yes—

Cyr. (aside) And I could almost burst.

The. Never have I made so good an expedition ! Heaven bless you, reverend abbot !—I bring thee, Adelaide, a present more valuable far than all thy jewels.

Ade. Yourself.

The. Would'st thou make me vain ? I have long been thine. No. I restore to thee a stolen treasure, which has

cost thee many a tear. May he and and I forever share thy love ! Look round—does thy heart guess nothing ?

(Ade. (Spies Bertram, who, till now, has been standing, full of terror, among the attendants, and flies into his arms) My father !

Ber. (returns her embrace, but sorrow and confusion overspread his countenance) My dear daughter !

Ade. Oh ! This is more than all my warmest hopes.—Almighty Providence ! I have no words to thank thee.—Grant me tears ! Oh ! Grant me tears.—And is it really you, whom I thus fold in my arms ? Alas, I feared that you had long since sunk beneath the weight of age and grief. I cannot look at you enough. You are just the same, except that your hair is somewhat greyer.—Oh ! God ! I have no words. My thanks are swimming in these tears—Dear father, I am married—These are my children. Come hither Wilibald and Ottomar—This is your grand-father. Embrace his knees, and beg his blessing.

WILLIBALD and OTTOMAR kneel before BERTRAM.

Ber. (carressing them by turns, and raising them)—Rise ! Rise ! If the blessings of an old man—who loves you as his children—has any influence with the Almighty—I bless you—God shield you from every misfortune—or give you strength to bear it !

Ade. How can misfortune enter in your thoughts at such a happy hour ? All my wishes are fulfilled.

Wil. Dear grandfather, kiss me.

Ott. And me too, dear grandfather.

Ber. (kissing them) Sweet boys ! (mournfully) Poor good children !

The. Why poor, honest Bertram ? What is wanting to their happiness ? Reverend abbot, such a scene as this might draw down angels from the throne of God.

Cyr. Fie, sir knight ! To compare such earthly joys to the blissful contemplation of the Highest.

The. Pardon a layman, to whom the enthusiasm of religion has not yet lent wings, to soar into the third heaven.

Cyr. Enthusiasm, do you call it ? You heap levity on levity. But I pardon you, for the sake of that good work which you have done. Your return was very sudden—

Doubtless you have rooted out the heathen tribes, overturned their altars, abolished their idols, and brought their gold and silver chalices for the service of the church.

The. I have done all that I could : I have done more than I ought. My oath, as a knight, bound me, with fire and sword to exterminate the heathen idols and erect the holy cross among them. Father Benjamin can testify I have fulfilled my oath.

Cyr. 'Tis well. But as the angel of the Lord assuredly was with your arms, why did you not proceed to all the neighboring tribes, spreading destruction throughout the heathen territories ?

The. Because——hear it once for all, reverend abbot,——because my sword shall never fall again on those, who never injured me. If they be sheep, which wander in the desert, let the right path be pointed out to them, but let them not be led to slaughter. I, at least, have no desire to be the butcher.

Cyr. Knight——

The. Abbot——

Cyr. Do you pretend to dictate to the church ?

The. (*discontented*) Oh, no ! reverend abbot, I know my duties, and fulfil them—But will you not participate our joy ? Look round and read in every eye, the wish to spend in pure tranquillity a day, which heaven has so singularly marked.

Ade. What can be the matter, my dear father, you seem uneasy ?

Ber. I am not well.

Ade. Quick ! Come in. You want rest. To-day, so many different sensations have crowded on each other—

Ber. True ! True !

Ade. Come then. Lean on me, that I may bring you to a quiet chamber.

Ber. Not in this castle, my dear Adelaide. I am not used to live within huge walls and towers. Let me return my old hut.

Ade. Your hut is in ruins, uninhabited, and-exposed to every blast. Allow me the pleasure of attending on you.

Ber. (*with forced acknowledgment*) I must be left alone——or I shall die at your feet. I will have no other dwelling than my former hut.

The. Your will is to your children a command. I will this instant dispatch my people to repair your hut, and provide it with every convenience. Meanwhile, use the best chamber in my castle, and let a cheerful meal complete the pleasure of this day. Reverend abbot, is it your pleasure to follow us?

Cyr. When I have fulfilled the duties of my office.

The. Till then, farewell.

THEOBALD and ADELAIDE follow BETRAM. WILIBALD and OTTOMAR, with the retinue, follow them.

Cyr. (looking at the Monk with extreme gravity)—Well, father?

Monk. (with great humility) What does my worthy superior command?

Cyr. Yes, pretend that you have executed all my plans, and justified my confidence in you.

Monk. My conscience acquits me.

Cyr. Indeed! Then I wish you joy of an easy conscience. You know not, I presume, how much I wished for time, how much I wished to plunge Sir Theobald from danger into danger, if possible to cause his death—at least his absence for many weeks. You know not these were my only reasons for promoting the excursion?
—Speak!—

Monk. How can I be ignorant that such were your intentions? Yet have I done every thing to prolong the expedition. I have not been content with empty words. I seized a sword, I plunged into the throng, and often was besmeared with hostile blood.

Cyr. Yes, forsooth, ! You have done so much, that nothing now remains for me to do, and I perhaps may wait in vain whole years for such an opportunity. Will you not retire to rest after your numerous fatigues—You will scarcely recognise your cell—'tis so long since you forsook it.

Monk. I have done my duty. We must pray to God to bend their hearts, and grant his aid to all these good intentions.

[*Goes.*]

[*Goes.*]

Sir HUGO of WULFINGEN, *in the habit of a pilgrim, appears upon the summit of the hill, which rises opposite to the Castle.*

Hu. Ha! There it is! There is Wulfingen!—Hail, castle of my fathers! Hail, ye moss grown towers! In blooming manhood I forsook you. In drooping age I now again behold you. I left these gates, accompanied by a hundred valiant warriors: the swords of the Saracens have slain them, and I return alone. (*Descends the hill, and, for a few moments, surveys the castle with violent emotion.*) All is as I left it. No stone is broken: no tree is fallen. I could almost fancy that the swallows' nests against the wall were still the same.—There, in the shade of yonder towering oak, I, for the last time, pressed to my heart my weeping wife, and blessed the child that hung upon my knee. There, beneath the roof of yonder straw-thatched cottage, I for the last time held the infant in my arms, the offspring of my crime, the source of my never-ceasing anguish. Alas! what a crowd of sensations, which have slept for three-and-twenty years, wake in this solemn moment! Great God of Heaven! I thank thee, that thy angel, thro' so many perils, has thus brought me to the habitation of my fathers, were it but to lay my sapless bones with their's.—How my heart beats! Even more than at the storm of Ptolemais. Each tree, each stone could I ask, is my wife, and is my son alive?—The windows of the castle are forsaken: the bridge is down: No reaper in the field. Here peace must reign, or the plague must have exhausted its fury.—Thou guardian angel of my latter days! whisper to me whether joy awaits me in this castle: or, shall I turn again to Palestine, and seek some heap of earth, where the poor pilgrim may repose in peace for ever?

WILIBALD and OTTOMAR *come from the Castle.*

Ott. Come, Brother! I'll shew you the nest, that I found yesterday.

Wil. Is it high? Must one climb?

Ott. No. It's only in a low bush.

Wil. Then I don't want to see it.

Ott. Why not.

Wil. Where there is neither trouble nor danger, there can be no pleasure.

Hu. Two sweet boys! my heart throbs.

Ott. Look brother, at that man with a long beard. Let us go.

Wil. No. We'll speak to him.

Ott. I'm afraid.

Wil. Then go, and look for your nest. *(To Hugo)* Who are you, old man?

Hu. A pilgrim from Palestine.

Wil. From Palestine! Do you bring any news of my grandfather?

Hu. Your grandfather! Who is your grandfather?

Wil. *(With pride)* The valiant Sir Hugo of Wulfingen. Have you ever heard of him?

Hu. *(Scarce able to contain himself)* I believe I have.

Wil. *(Contemptuously)* You believe you have! You have not heard of him, or you would not have forgotten it.

Hu. *(Turning aside and trembling with joy)* Oh! God! What a boy is this! And this is my blood!—Compose thyself, old man. Thy hour is not yet come.

Ott. *(To his brother)* What is he muttering to himself?

Wil. I believe he is thinking of some lie.

Hu. Allow me to ask a question, my dear boy. Who is the knight, that dwells in yonder castle?

Wil. Sir Theobald of Wulfingen, my father.

Ott. *(Raising his voice above Willibald's)* And my father too.

Hu. *(Turning away—with the utmost possible energy)* God of Heaven! I thank thee.—One question more. You spoke of your grandfather, who went to Palestine. *(With tremulous utterance)* Have you then still—a grandmother?

Wil. No. She has long been dead.

Hu. *(Trembles, and slowly repeats the words)* Has long been dead! *(Aside, sorrowfully)* Margareta! *(Endeavours to compose himself)* Dear children, I am faint and weary. Dare I beg a crust of bread, and a cup of wine?

Both. Directly! (*They are running to the castle.*)

Hu. And if your father would allow me a night's lodging in the castle—

Wil. I'll ask my mother. My father's just returned from battle, and asleep. I daren't wake him. Ottomar, stay here till I come back.

Ott. (*Running after him*) I won't stay alone with that long-bearded man. [*both go.*]

Hu. Oh God! Have then the sufferings of three-and-twenty years at last appeased thee? Is it then true, that I shall yet find happiness? Hast thou, too, forgiven me, oh! Margarett, my acknowledged wife? Didst thou not quit this world, with a curse upon my head? Yes, I am unworthy of the bliss, which now awaits me. Let me but have happy tidings of my Adelaide, and angels may envy my old age.—What boys! Scarce could I refrain from folding them in my arms. Of what race may their mother be? Early has she sown the seed of love and honour in their hearts. God reward her for it!—Right glad I am, that no one here can recognize me. The hearts of my son and daughter-in-law will lie open to me. I shall try their kindness and their hospitality. I shall see if Theobald still remembers his old father, if he wishes his return, if he will shed a tear for his death. What a scene, if all should happen as I wish!—Let me only be upon my guard, lest a father's heart too soon betray itself.

ADELAIDE comes with WILIBALD and OTTOMAR.

The Boys. There he is, mother! There he is!

They run to him with a cup of wine, and crust of bread.

Hu. Heaven reward you, noble lady! And you too, good children!

Adc. You are welcome, old man. If my boys have understood you right, you are come direct from Palestine.

Hu. Noble lady, it is true. I have passed through Greece, Bulgaria and Hungary. For five long months, I have contended against hunger, thirst, and all the hardships of this life. Oft has Heaven been my roof, and the

Ade. There comes my husband.

Hu. (aside) stedfast, old man!

Sir THEOBALD enters with WILLBALD and OTTO-MAR.

The. Where is the pilgrim, who has named my father? Welcome with this hand: thou art the messenger of God.

Hu. Sir knight, I greet you. The Lord be with you, and with your house.

The. Thou hast known my father: Speak: My heart yearns to hear thy message.

Hu. For more than twenty years, Hugo of Wulfsingen has been my friend. I have fought at his side in Parthia, Media, Mesopotamia, and Persia. Oft, with fraternal love, we bound each other's wounds, inflicted by the sabres of our enemies. Oft, with fraternal love, we shared the last dry crust, the last poor draught: until the wayward chance of war divided us. For when the emperor Frederick died, he went towards Askalon with English Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion. There was the battle between Saladin and us. Fierce and bloody was the contest. Many a valiant knight was left upon the field. Among the rest your father was supposed to have fallen, and I spent many tedious years in vain enquiries after him. At length, weary with toil, I, eight months since resolved on my return to this my native land, when unexpectedly, I found old Hugo among the sultan's prisoners in Babylon.

ADELAIDE and THEOBALD

(Cry aloud) A prisoner!

Hu. Thus it is Sir knight. He pines away in grievous thralldom. How was his visage altered! Scarce could I recollect the features of my friend. His cheeks were sallow—his eyes sunk—his beard long and knotted. With tears he threw his arms and chains around my neck, lamenting that he saw no end to his miserable days. He showed me his bed: It was a stone—a pottsherd filled with water was his drink—a little rice was all his meagre diet.

The. Oh, my unhappy father!

Hu. "Alas, said he, dear Robert, thou seest the base condition in which I languish, the chains that gall my

hands and feet. But how my body is exhausted by the noontide heat, and labor, to which I am not enured; how the blood gushes from my back upon my keeper's whip: how the cold dews, and the unwholesome damps of night within this prison, rob me of sleep, of health and peace—this, friend, thou dost not see.”

The. Hold, I beseech thee, hold! Each word is a dagger to my heart.

(Adelaide weeps.)

Hu. “Thou, continued he, thou happy man, art now returning to thy native country. May the Almighty be thy guide! But should'st thou pass my castle, commend me to my wife, if she be still alive, and my son Theobald. Paint to them all that my age is forced to suffer. Awake in their bosoms the feelings of a wife and son, that they may quickly gather all that heaven has bestowed upon them, and hasten to relieve from cruel bondage, a husband and a father. Meanwhile, farewell, I shall count the days of thy pilgrimage, and on this stone will I pray, the long, long nights, that angels may direct thee on thy way.”

The. Thanks, worthy old man, thanks for thus faithfully fulfilling his directions, Quick! What is his ransom?

Hu. *(shrugging his shoulders)* Ten thousand gold bizantines.

The. 'Tis much: 'tis very much. But God will lend his assistance. We must sell our castles, my dear wife, we must convert every thing into money, and do the utmost we are able.

Ade. With all my heart, dear Theobald! This moment I will bring my jewels, golden clasps and bracelets.

Wil. And you shall have my dollar too.

Ott. *(sorrowfully)* Have I nothing to give?

Hu. *(aside)* My heart will break.

The. *(embracing Adelaide)* I thank thee, my good wife. I thank you, children. This moment binds my heart to you forever.

Hu. *(aside)* And mine too.

The. We will retire to a cottage, and till the earth. Bread we shall never want, and instead of luxuries, let us feast on the delightful expectation, that we shall liberate my poor old father. I hasten to the abbot. He has long coveted my demesnes. When he knows my wants, he will pay but niggardly. It matters not, if he will only give us what we want directly.

Hu. (aside) I can hold no longer.

The. Enter, old man, and refresh yourself with what my castle contains. My wife will let you want for nothing. See ! here comes Bertram—let him be a partaker of our joyous hopes.

Hu. (aside) True, 'tis Bertram. Oh that I durst but call to him : Where is my daughter ?

BERTRAM comes from the castle.

Ber. You have left old Bertram quite alone.

The. Come hither. Grieve and rejoice with us. This pilgrim brings accounts of Sir Hugo, my father. He is a slave in Babylon. But this day I'll sell my castle and demesnes, cast all at the Sultan's feet, and conduct my father back in triumph.

Ber. (fixes his eyes attentively on Hugo) How is this?

———Sure I am not deceived———Those features——

Hu. Thou art not deceived———I am he.

Ber. (throws himself with a loud cry at Hugo's feet)—Sir Hugo !—my master.

[*At these words all start, utter broken syllables, half articulated sounds of joy, astonishment, and admiration, and surround the old man. THEOBALD and ADELAIDE hang upon his neck, while WILIBALD and OTTOMAR embrace his knees—The curtain falls.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A saloon in the castle. On the walls hang eight pictures, large as life, the ancestors of the race of Wulfdngen.

Sir HUGO, clad in armour, enters with BERTRAM.

Hu. Here we are secure. Here we shall not be overheard by monks or women. Come nearer ! Answer me Read the question in my eyes.

Ber. (*with fearful hesitation*) You wish for information of your daughter ?

Hu. Tedious babbler. How can this climate make these men so cold ? Speak ! Speak ! Be not so sparing of thy words.

Ber. Ah !

Hu. A sigh ! I understood thee. She is dead—Another soul is gone, to denounce vengeance against me, at the throne of God.

Ber. Would to God she were dead !

Hu. What say'st thou ? Is she dishonoured ?

Ber. Sir knight, prepare yourself for a recital—To you the world is not unknown—You are well aware what chance—fate—Oh God ! my tongue denies its office——Your hair will bristle towards heaven, your blood congeal with horror in your veins.

Hu. To whom dost thou say this ? I have lived full sixty years. For five-and-thirty I have been a knight.—Since I forsook the cradle, I have been the sport of fortune, have learnt to distinguish truth from error—If she be not dishonoured, speak ! I am prepared for all.

Ber. For fifteen years your daughter was educated as my own. She increased in stature, beauty, worth. She enchanted every youth, attended on my age, and managed on my wife's decease, my little household. Never did any one suspect her to be other than the real daughter of old Bertram. My wife died, and carried the secret with her to the grave. I alone was able to solve the mystery of her descent. I knew your sentiments, Sir knight ; I resolved never to withdraw the veil which covered what was past ; and as she now had reached a proper age, I

cast my eyes around, in search of some good lad, who would promote her happiness.

Hu. Right, old man ! such was my wish.

Ber. The inscrutable designs of Providence have willed it otherwise—Once, on a festival in honour of our guardian saint, the villagers proceeded early to the abbey leaving behind them only the old men. To my daughter too, I granted permission to accompany her friends, as I myself was unable to attend her. The neighboring Vandals had waited for this moment, when all our strength was absent. They fell upon our village, where not more than fifty persons were left, plundered our dwellings, drove away our cattle, and took the old men prisoners who had staid behind—among the rest myself. Eight years past away. I was a slave among the heathens—my daughter dead to me, and I to her. But this morning—(Oh ! why have I survived it ?)—but this fatal morning I was released from bondage by your son. I came, and found your daughter——in the arms of her brother.

Hu. (*Starts like a man, who suddenly spies a phantom but has courage enough to run towards it, and unmask it. The muscles of his face, for some moments, express an inward struggle, which, however, soon subsides. That serenity which ever accompanies firmly-rooted principles, resumes its place in his countenance, and he turns to Bertram*) Well, proceed.

Ber. (*astonished*) Proceed—Pardon me, sir knight—anguish has robbed you of your senses, or you have not understood me.

Hu. Nor one, nor the other. I still am waiting for the dreadful story which will cause my hair to bristle towards heaven.

Ber. Blessed Virgin ! is not this dreadful enough ?—Your son the husband of your daughter—your grandsons sprung from incest—your family subjected to the churches ban !——

Hu. Is Adelaide faithless ? Is my son a robber ? Are my grandsons villains ?

Ber. Oh no, no ! There lies all the misery. They love each other with such strong affection, and yet must part forever. They have children too, who resemble angels,

and these little innocents they must resign to scorn and infamy.

Hu. Must !——And who shall force them ?

Ber. Heavens ! Can you ask, sir knight ? Are you a christian, and would suffer this abomination ?

Hu. Why not ? Old man, thy scruples I can pardon. Papal superstition has instilled them, ignorance of the world has nursed them, and custom given them gigantic strength——But let us view a little closer the shadow which so much startles thee. What mischief can ensue from this connexion ? Two hearts, attached by a double tie, what increase can their love, their happiness admit ? A mother by a brother, are not the children still more precious ?——Are not the parents still more enviable ?

Ber. All true, sir knight. But——

Hu. Hold : The picture is not half complete. I have but painted them within the castle : let us now look without——Can a good father and a tender husband be a bad neighbour ?——Can he covet his neighbour's property, who, with *this* wife, and *these* children, thinks himself far richer than a prince ?

Ber. Just and true, sir knight. But the sin——

Hu. Sin ! Whom does it affect ? Not *me*. Perhaps *thee*. Be easy, old man. This phantom too, I dare be sworn, I can dissolve. Yet, there are higher duties, thou wilt say, than I have mentioned.——Duties towards God——

Ber. Alas ! There it rests——

Hu. Hold again !——Will he pray less fervently ? and mark ! his prayer is not the urgent and insatiable coveting of riches and of honours. 'Tis gratitude which streams from a contented heart. Will he fight less bravely for his country and the church, than the vagabond whose courage is not fired by any thought on wife and child ? Will he, with less piety receive the holy sacrament, when he beholds the companion of his life devoutly kneeling by his side ? Will the pangs of conscience, in his last hour, assail him, because true to the impulse of nature, he has given to his native land two useful citizens, to the world two honest men, to heaven two angels ?——No ! no ! no !——With joyful assurance will he appear, accompanied with

his wife and children, before the throne of the Almighty, receive his sentence without trembling, and join his voice to the hallelujah's of the blessed——

Ber. But God's absolute commandment that we should not——

Hu. I know what thou would'st say. God's first commandment was the happiness of us his creatures.—— This commandment is as old as the creation. It extends to every nation, every religion. What Moses, through the mouth of God, established for the welfare of a single state, what, perhaps, may really promote the welfare of every state, must, at least, be subject to exceptions, and never was a case more worthy of exception——Here, then, old man, give me thy hand with confidence, and let this secret be concealed forever. Still let Adelaide be Bertram's daughter.——Rejoice with me, at the happiness of our children——Rejoice, and be silent.

Ber. As God may have mercy on me in my dying hour, I cannot, sir knight, I cannot. That inward consciousness of an avenging God rises in opposition to your arguments. You have addressed my senses—they are weak—address my heart, and I will listen to you.

Hu. Thy heart!—Shall I paint the misery which thou bring'st upon us all? Shall I describe the horrible distresses of my children, and my grand-children—the despair of thy old master?—Shall I—(unwillingly I do it) shall I remind thee of the many kindnesses which I poured first on thy old parents, and since on thee?

Ber. (*falling and embracing his knees*) Oh, no, dear sir! To you I am obliged for all. 'Tis written in my heart. But pay more reverence to God than man——Sacrifice the temporal rather than risk the eternal. Oh! could you feel the pangs of hell, which rage within me, you would have compassion on me. Oh! that I could erase the tale of horror from my recollection! At least, let me shake the burden from my heart at the confession chair. Our reverend abbot——

Hu. (*with grim ferocity*) Peace! Listen to me for the last time. If the misery of my children, the distresses of their boys, the despair of thy benefactor, can have no effect upon thee—hear this solemn oath, which, on the word and honour of a knight, I pledge in the ear of the

Almighty. If, with a single look, a syllable, or sign, thou darest to hint at this our secret, with my own hand I'll plunge my sword into thy heart.

Ber. Do with your servant as may be your will.—My last breath shall bless you. But my troubled conscience orders me, in terms more dreadful than your oath, to ensure the salvation of my soul. As yet your children may do penance for their sin, and through temporal misery ascend to spiritual bliss. But tell me—what can I answer, when your son appears before the dread tribunal of the Judge, and thus accuses me: "This man was privy to it. He concealed the impious secret. He robbed me of the only means by which my soul could have been rescued from damnation."

Hu. Hear me, Bertram. Wilt thou be easy, if my son, when told of all, should think as I do?

Ber. (*scrupulously*) Then—perhaps—I might—

Hu. Go, then, and send him hither.

Ber. How?—would you—

Hu. I will myself disclose the secret to him? but at first without a witness. Be thou at hand, and wait till called.

Ber. (*as he leaves the saloon*) Oh, all ye saints!—Have pity on a poor old man, bending beneath the weight of conscience! (*Goes.*)

Hu. Such are the cursed fruits of superstition! But what must I expect in this approaching hour? Theobald must be tried, ere I venture the discovery. Should he be so weak as to prefer the dogmas of a monk to the everlasting law of nature—should his head and heart too be swayed by bigotry, let my tongue be silent, and let Bertram die. 'Tis better that one, already on the brink of the grave, should be a victim to his blindness, than that my whole race should fall a sacrifice to prejudice, and sink forever.

Sir THEOBALD enters.

The. You have sent for me, my father.

Hu. My son, come nearer. We are alone. I have much to ask of thee, and much to say to thee. I left thee a boy, occupied in climbing among the wood, and stripping the hazel of its nuts. Thou art now become a man

and thy amusement is to break a lance in combat. Hast thou acquired fame at any tournament ?

The. Twice, my father. At Worms and Regensburg. Both times in presence of our Emperor.

Hu. 'Tis well. Hast thou ever been engaged in honourable quarrels, and settled them as well becomes a knight ?

The. Thrice for my friends, and for myself but once.

Hu. Why that once, and against whom ?

The. Against Conrad of Rudolsheim. His servants had been guilty of disorders in a neighboring village, had seized a woman, and destroyed a house, and he refused reparation.

Hu. When did'st thou make peace with him ?

The. When he was conquered.

Hu. 'Tis well. Hast thou never lost thy shield ?

The. Never, my father.

Hu. 'Tis well. Hast thou any wounds ?

The. Five.

Hu. All on thy breast ?

The. (rather hurt) All, my father. *(with exalted heat)* In the abbey of Ermersdorf hangs a hostile banner. I placed it there.

Hu. 'Tis well. Who instructed thee in arms ?

The. My uncle.

Hu. Who conferred knighthood on thee ?

The. Duke Henry, the Lion, of Brunswick.

Hu. 'Tis well. Thus far, 'tis all right well. Embrace me.

The. (embracing him) And now, my father——

Hu. Hold ! Our account it not yet settled. How long is it since thy mother died ?

The. Nine years. She expired in my arms, and was buried with the bones of our fathers.

Hu. (turning away) Margareta ! *(to Theobald)* Did she die calmly ?

The. Calmly, and full of hope. She died as she had lived. She blessed yourself and me. *(extremely moved)*—Oh ! my father !——Will you open all my wounds afresh ?

Hu. 'Tis well, Who gave thee instructions in religion ?

The. Father Bernard, a monk of the Premonstrantes.

Hu. This is not well. Which of thy duties is to thee most sacred?

The. My father, I have not considered this. To me they are all sacred.

Hu. Right, my son, but not all of equal weight. Duty towards God is the first duty—next honour—then love—and then the church—Or, makest thou no distinction between God and church?

The. The church is in the place of God.

Hu. But is not always the mouth of God—Hear me, my son. Receive and ponder my discourse. After sixty years of cool experience, a father now addresses his only, his beloved son, whose happiness will ever be his warmest wish. To-day or to-morrow, I may be gone. With a lie upon my tongue I durst not look into eternity—Hear me, ye spirits of my ancestors! You I summon as witnesses of truth. Strike me with icy dumbness, and spit sharp venom on me, if this last branch receive destructive doctrines from me (*kneels down*) And thou, eternal being, whom I worship, take from me the bitterness of this hour, and let it overtake me on my death-bed!—Praise be unto thee that I have found ~~him~~ an intrepid knight: But let me find him likewise ~~absolutely~~ utterly steadfast—with a heart equal to his courage. Let me find him iron towards prejudice—wax towards love and honour.

The. Your discourse, dear father—

Hu. My son, more than three hundred years are passed away, since Hans of Wulfingen built this castle. He was the first of all our race, whose own valour girded on his loins the sword of knighthood. Our emperor, Conrad the first, dubbed him in the year nine hundred and twelve, upon the very field, where he had shed his blood, in fighting for his native country against Hungary. He married Wulfhild of Sickingen, and from love towards her, he called this castle Wulfingen. He was slain in a quarrel for an image of Saint Paul, which his attendants had secretly suffered to be stolen. This, his son, (*pointing to the second picture*) Egbert of Wulfingen, was accused of having murdered one Count Baldwin. The sacred tribunal before which he was tried, obliged him to attest his in-

necence by the sword. He was slain, but his last breath affirmed the accusation to be false and villainous. (*Pointing to the third picture*) his son, Maximilian of Wulfingen asserted, at some jovial banquet, that the image of the Virgin Mary, which worked miracles at Emmerick, was a pious fraud. He was, in consequence, secretly assassinated by the instigation of the monks—(*pointing to the fourth picture*) His son Henry of Wulfingen, not profiting by the example of his father, dared to utter some unmeaning words against the pope's authority, was subjected to the ban, and forsaken by his friends, died broken-hearted. (*pointing to the fifth picture*) His son Albert of Wulfingen, fearful and weak from the example of his fathers, and the education of a monk, gave half his fortune to the cloisters, endowed the church with many of his best demesnes, died with a relique in his hand, and was almost canonized—(*pointing to the sixth picture*) His son Herman of Wulfingen, went on an excursion to convert the heathens to our christian faith. His heart betrayed him. He became attached to a fair heathen, and was compelled to leave her, because she continued faithful to the idolatry of her forefathers. He married Maria of Simmern, who bore ~~one~~ ^{one} son, but ill supplied to him the place of the good heathen. He arrived at a discontented old age, and died. (*pointing to the seventh picture*) My grandfather, Otto, of Wulfingen, from some long smothered resentment, was assaulted by three villains of the house of Leinengen, as he was returning, somewhat weary, from the chace. They slew him, and took refuge in a Benedictine cloister, where, for a sum of money, they were pardoned in the name of God, and not a mortal dared to bring an accusation. (*pointing to the eighth picture*) My father, Francis, of Wulfingen, wishing to revenge his father's death, and enraged in a just cause, struck a lay brother of the Benedictines, was subjected to the ban, excommunicated, and died in misery. Well can I recollect the grief of my poor mother ! But of that no more. I myself, my son, I myself have completed this number of unhappy beings, whom superstition has plunged into destruction.—I am not ashamed to tell thee, that for one moment, I have been a villain—and what man is without such moments ? One only wicked deed has been to me the source

of endless agony. Thy mother was a good woman, though beauty was not her inheritance. She loved me while I was but her friend. It was not in my power to press her with ardour to my bosom. For her I seldom felt desire, and often avoided her embraces. Whether she were ever conscious of what passed within me, I am ignorant. She herself, (God reward her for it) she herself never uttered one harsh word to me, never received me with a frown, and forced from me, my whole respect. But this was all—My love—(*stammers*) I must disclose it as a warning to my son—my love was oft bestowed on prostitutes, and every woman but my wife, inflamed my passions.—Once, on a parching summer's day, I met a lovely creature in the field. Her name was Rosamond. She was an orphan. She had nothing left in this wide world, except her honour—and of that I robb'd her—Thou start'st, thou shud'rest—Right, my son. Let this moment never be eras'd from thy remembrance—Heaven is my witness I had ever been an upright man—except in this one instance. Dost thou see the tear that starts into my eye? Of these I have shed millions. yet each still scalds my soul as if it were the first. The poor creature bore a girl in secret and expired. I entrusted the unhappy fruit of my transgression to an honest boor, whose wife had lately been delivered of a dead child. He swore eternal secrecy, and reared the forsaken being as his own daughter—My peace of mind was gone. In motion, or on my pillow, the palid image of my Rosamond was floating in my sight. In motion or on my pillow, her dying groans assailed my ear. To regain tranquility I vowed an expedition to the holy land against the Saracens, forsook my wife, my child, and country, to follow our emperor Frederick, the Red-beard, and in the name of God, to murder men, who never had offended me. Oft as I plunged my sword into the vitals of a Saracen, I fancied that his blood would cleanse me from my sin. In vain! I writhed myself, in anguish, on the holy tomb. In vain! I imposed severe penance on myself, and went through many a weary pilgrimage. In vain! nor scourge nor absolution, could avail to cure the viperous sting of conscience—At length I was dangerously wounded in a skirmish,

and taken prisoner by the sultan of Babylon. There, for twenty years, I languished in the fetters of the infidels, till at last, with other knights, I was ransomed by the emperor of the Greeks. Weary of a delusive world, full of anxious wishes to behold my family and home, I took a pilgrim's staff, and am this day returned—I find my wife no more, and my daughter (*keenly rivetting his eye upon his son*)—in the arms of her brother.

The. (*petrified with horror*) Thunder of heaven ! (*after a pause, during which he is agitated by the full force of this discovery*) Oh ! my wife ! my children !

Hu. (*closely surveying him aside*) 'Tis well—Speak, my soul—What wilt thou do ?

The. Take my life, or let me have my Adelaide.

Hu. Impossible ! Thou know'st the prohibition of the Almighty.

The. Then, let the Almighty punish me. Why did he suffer me to feel affection for her ? I cannot lose her ?

Hu. Dost thou not tremble at the rigor of our church ?

The. I laugh at its rigor and its ban, He that robs me of my wife, can plunge me into no deeper misery.

Hu. Thou must renounce her. I command it.

The. I cannot, my father.

Hu. My curse be upon thee !

The. I cannot, my father,

Hu. The curse of thy mother be upon thee from her grave.

The. And if every stone should curse me, every gust of wind should breathe damnation on me, it matters not I cannot—She is my all—And my children.

Hu. 'Tis well, 'tis right well. Embrace me, my son.

The. (*astonished*) How, my father !

Hu. Heaven be praised ! Thou hast fulfilled my every hope. Be at ease. I wished to prove thy sentiments.—Adelaide is thy sister, but therefore is not less thy wife. Were such a marriage in such circumstances sinful before God, he would have planted natural abhorrence in the hearts of both. What is wholesome to society at large, is not always a law for a solitary instance. Be of good courage, then, my son, trust in God, love thy wife, endeavor to make thy children honest, and deserve the blessing,

which, in this hour, from the fulness of my heart, I bestow upon thee.

The. Heavens ! My father ! my dear good father ! You awake me to new life. You restore to me my senses—Alas ! They were almost-gone forever.

Hu. Yet must Adelaide suspect nothing of all this. A woman's nerves would be too weak for such a shock. In a woman's soul superstition is too deeply rooted. She would forever think herself the vilest sinner, and by pious penitence embitter her own days, as well as thine and mine. Let her be as heretofore, the daughter of old Bertram, and, except ourselves and him, let no one ever dive into the secret. Where is he, that he may enter into this our bond, and chain his oath to ours. Come nearer, Bertram. (*opens the door.*)

BERTRAM enters.

Hu. (*seizes his hand*) Old man, congratulate me. I may now rejoice in safety at my children's happiness.

The. (*embracing him*) Though thou art not the father of my Adelaide, I never shall forget, that to thy instructions I am obliged for my good, my faithful wife—

Ber. (*still always sorrowful*) Then you know all ?

Hu. He knows all. Thy doubts are removed. May the sin fall upon me, upon him and his children !

The. Disperse those hypochondriacal whims, remember the passed, but in order that we may rejoice in our present happiness, forget all, only not the love we have for thee.

Ber. My good, noble sire—Yes, I will be tranquil—if I can. Ye are a pair of pious, honest knights—Ye will not trick me out of my eternal happiness.

Hu. May God deprive me of mine—though firm in my faith—We walk not on the paths of darkness. (*draws his sword*) Come ! lay your hand upon this sword, and repeat the oath of eternal secrecy.

(THEOBALD and BERTRAM repeat the oath. THEOBALD with a firm, but BERTRAM with a trembling voice.)

Hu. I swear by God, and all the saints ! that this tongue never shall reveal the secret of Adelaide's birth. If I

break this promise, may the eternal punishment annexed to perjury, fall upon me ! may absolution never restore my peace of mind ! may the torments of conscience follow me, whithersoever despair may drive me ! may it follow me to my death-bed, and torment me in my last moments ! May I pray in vain, and when I pray for death, may it be to no purpose. May no sacrament, no priestly benedictions have power to discharge me from this oath ! May the grave to which they once will carry me, also be the grave of my secrecy. I swear it—so help me God. Amen. (*sheathes his sword*) It is done. Embrace me both. The feeling of rest, which these three-and-twenty years was strange to me, returns this day to my bosom : the serene view of a happy old age brightens again this day. I feel so happy, every thing around me appears in a more pleasing light. Come, my son ! come to the arms of my double daughter ! (*Exeunt Theobald and Hugo*)

BERTRAM—alone.

Woe's me ! What have I done ! What shivering pervades my views !—What anxiety of hell lays hold on me ! my oath was blasphemy !—Old sinner—the grave already opens before thee—a dreadful crime bows thy neck !—I am the concealer of incest—thunder clouds are hanging over me—lightening dazzles my eyes—what mountain can conceal me from the sight of the all-seeing judge ! (*sinks upon a chair, pause*) weak old man ! thy brains are distracted—Cool thy blood, thou seest ghosts. Throw a glance upon yonder pious couple, on yonder children of innocence, but one glance of humanity, it needs no more—What fiend, if he had served in hell for thousands of ages, what fiend would venture to draw upon him the curse of those babes !—But am I not threatened by the damnation of the church ! Will they not vomit me out of its bosom ? Give me up a prey to the torments of conscience in my last hour ? Conscience ? have I only a conscience ? Are not Hugo and his noble son partners in the deception ? Does their example contribute nothing to my ease ?—Ah ! tripple chains of love fetter those innocent hearts, the lustre of wordly things dazzles their eyes, eternity vanishes before their view—

Eight years have elapsed, and God has suffered this crime to pass unpunished, no lightening has struck this castle—no hail devastated Wulfingen's fields, the husband, the brother, the wife, the sister—the offspring of incest—all are alive, wake every morning to new happiness—praise their maker with sincerity of mind, yet nothing has happened to them. God marked the brother as a murderer, why not the incestuous man?—Audacious being! dost thou venture to question God's forbearance? to dive into his secret counsels——Miserable wretch! art thou perhaps chosen to put a stop to those horrors? and yet darest to be silent?—look forward to your last hours, when thou wilt pray for consolation, when the priest requires thy confession, and before thou canst utter one word, an evil spirit strangles thee! When thou art panting for the holy sacrament, and receive it but to eternal punishment! When thou continuest in thy sins, and the devils carry thee before the Almighty's throne!——Away compassion!——Away, fear of man!—I must save my soul! I must save my soul! rocks are laying upon me! abysses open below me! (*sinks down*) holy virgin pray for me!

Enter the ABBOT CYRILLUS.

Cyr. God's blessing upon thee pious Bertram.

Ber. God has sent you hither.

Cyr. What ails thee! thy looks are wild, as if oppressed by heavy sins.

Ber. Ah! I am tormented by the tempter.

Cyr. Then throw thyself into the bosom of the holy church, and thou wilt find repose. What is it that torments thee?

Ber. Venerable man! thou art pious and learned, do a work of compassion, and solve a doubt.—It is well known to thee that I was eight years among the heathens, many horrid and wicked deeds have I there witnessed, and when I sometimes threatened the sinners with God's punishment; I was laughed at, and refuted by reasoning as they called it.

Cyr. Reason without faith, is a staff upon the ocean, an anchor upon the main land.

Ber. Among them resided a young couple united by sympathy and love, encircled with sweet children. Peace dwelt beneath their roof, unsullied virtue in their hearts, and yet this couple—(would you have believed it, reverend abbot?),—were brother and sister!

Cyr. Strikes a cross. Oh God! How long suffering art thou, that the torrents of thy clouds, and Sodom's liquid sulphur have not yet consumed every dwelling of abomination! And thou, old man, darest to ascribe virtues to such people—sinners, who wantonly transgress the most sacred commandments of our God; who, like the sons and daughters of men in the time of our father Noah, daily provoke the Lord to vengeance? Dost thou not know that these seeming virtues are the wiles of the deceiver!—I see—and my heart bleeds; I see that the heathen has corrupted thee. Haste! haste! thou wandering chicken! Fee for refuge beneath the wings of the mother church! Chasten thy body by fasting and mortification! Ave Maria, ora pro nobis!

Ber. Very much agitated. Then you think, right learned sir, that if a true believing christian,—by chance—without knowing it—should have married his sister, such a marriage ought not to be valid.

Cyr. Holy Norbert! thou offendest my ear by such a question.—Incest—scarcely dares my tongue pronounce the word.

Ber. Forgive me, reverend abbot, if I wish to dive to the bottom of this matter. Now, if for many years an union, like this, had been to the surrounding country an example, if hopeful and well-educated children—

Cyr. Hold! I shudder. Woe, woe be on the offspring of incestuous intercourse—Or, think'st thou then, that sin is less a sin, because the dreadful consequences are not visible to short-sighted mortals? Think'st thou that a thief is less a thief, because he revels in apparent peace upon the profits of his spoil?—who is able to fathom the long suffering of God? Who is able to unveil his wise designs, if his arm be slow in launching the avenging bolt?

Ber. Oh reverend sir! Answer me but another question. What must he do, who is privy to a sin like this?

Cyr. Go, and deliver up the guilty to offended justice,

lest, at the latter day, he be condemned together with them.

Ber. But if they be his benefactors—

Cyr. Who is his first benefactor? God. Who has the first, most sacred claim upon his duty? God.

Ber. But if he be bound to keep this secret by an oath—

Cyr. Woe be unto him, who has, in the delirium of his sins, been led away to such an oath! Mistake not. God is not mocked. Has not the church alone the power to bind and to absolve? To break this oath would be the first step towards repentance.

Ber. (*Beyond himself, kneels down*) Oh reverend abbot! Hear the confession of a miserable sinner.

Cyr. (*Observing him attentively*) No, Bertram—This place is not proper for the dispensations of our holy office.

Ber. Hear me, for God's sake, reverend sir! You have wounded me in my most tender part! You have pierced my conscience! You have poured glowing fire through all my bones! For God's sake hear me! Alas! If—oh, if at this moment, the angel of death should seize me, and I should be called to render up my spirit, laden with this weight of sin, without confession and absolution—
Oh! have compassion on me, reverend abbot! You are a servant of the Almighty, and *one* may, at any time, converse with the Almighty.

Cyr. Proceed, then.

Ber. 'Tis now some twenty years ago, that early in the morning, Sir Hugo walked into my hut. But a few hours before, my wife had been delivered of a dead child. "Bertram," said he as he threw back his cloak, and showed a new-born infant, "I know thee to be honest, and I place confidence in thy honesty. Behold this girl. She is the fruit of an unhollowed hour, when I forgot the faith, which I had sworn for ever to my wife. Her mother is no more. The child is helpless. Take care of it. Let it be reared as thy own daughter. Here is money for the purpose"

Cyr. Just Heaven! The scales fall from my eyes. This child—

Ber. Is Adelaide.

Cyr. The wife of her brother.

Ber. And mother of two boys.

Cyr. Wretch! And thou didst not hinder—

Ber. Reverend abbot, you forget I was a prisoner.

Cyr. (*Checking himself*) Is Adelaide acquainted with this dreadful story?

Ber. She believes me to be her father.

Cyr. Holy Virgin! Holy Norbert! What a discovery!

(*Aside*) Excellent this will answer.

Ber. What think you first of doing reverend sir?

Cyr. (*With feigned humility*) I am a weak mortal, like thyself. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged. I hasten to the temple of the Lord, to watch, this night, at the steps of the altar, and chasten myself with fasting and mortification. Perhaps, God may be pleased to favour his servant with a revelation of his will.

Ber. I beg then, reverend sir, that you would grant me absolution.

Cyr. Appear at the confession-chair to-morrow after matins, and I will then impose some penance on thee, that thou may'st, with a pure heart, receive the holy sacrament.

Ber. Willingly, oh how willingly would I wound my back with the sharpest scourges—would I kneel till the flesh was worn from my knees,—would I fast until my body was a skeleton,—if I thereby could rescue the unhappy pair from everlasting damnation. [*Goes*]

Cyr. Joy! Joy! The day is won. The period of silence is now at an end. I laugh at her rigid looks. I laugh at her unshaken fidelity. Shall I, like a fool, any longer stammer forth these distant hints? No. With open front will I declare my passion. Some degree of courage always will be felt, when addressing one who is not totally devoid of guilt.—Welcome, old Bertram, welcome! Hail to thy devout simplicity! It brings me nearer to the goal of my desires, than love, though armed with cunning. [*Goes*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.*The same saloon as in the third act.**CYRILLUS and ADELAIDE enter.*

Cyr. At last, noble lady you have understood my wink.

Ade. (*Rather hurt*) Your wink, reverend abbot!— You must be disposed to jest. A pious priest, an honest wife—and a wink! How can these agree! Secrets I have none, even at the confession-chair.

Cyr. Emblem of virtue! You misunderstand me. Methought that to us both the time seemed long; and therefore my wink. The knights are sitting with full goblets, and relating tales of chivalry and war. My garb ordains sobriety in me. My ear is more accustomed to the psalter. You too are out of place, when seated at these revels. The horrid descriptions of stabbing and of hewing, of murder, and of fire, must hurt your tender heart. Can you then think me wrong if, for the sake of milder conversation, I have drawn you hither.

Ade. Did you observe how my boys, with open mouths, hung on Sir Hugo's words? Did you observe, how my spindle even sometimes fell upon my lap, when he recounted, in such admirable terms, his feats among the Saracens? I attend with rapture to such dangerous exploits, when related by a humble knight, I feel a pleasure in the pain. I hold my breath, and listen to his every syllable. Nay, more than once, I started from my seat with a loud shriek, when my heated imagination saw the falchion sweep within a hand's breadth of his head.

Cyr. Like a child when listening to its nurse's tales.

Ade. And as happy as that child.

Cyr. Such stories serve but to inflame the fancy, and to cause bad dreams.

Ade. A bad dream is pleasant too, for the sake of waking.

Cyr. Fair lady, you are fond of contradiction.

Ade. I hope my husband is not of the same opinion.

Cyr. Your husband! every third word must be your husband. Do you live, then, for him alone?

Ad. I should think so, reverend abbot.

Cyr. And, on his account, renounce all sociable virtues?

Ad. That were wrong. Nor, does he require it. But where can I find opportunity to practise them? since the last tournament, at Regensburg, I have not left our castle. Here no one ever visits us, except our stern old uncle, who prefers the pictures in this room, to all the conversation of a simple woman.

Cyr. Then, to my visits you pay no regard?

Ad. Your visits, reverend abbot! Why, yes. Have I ever been uncivil to you? And even if I were, your office teaches you to bear with the failings of your flock.

Cyr. Yet not to hold my peace, but by good advice endeavour to amend them. Your conduct to me borders on disdain, (with a look of tenderness) and I have not deserved it from you.

Ad. Nor was I conscious of it. The reverence which your office must exact——

Cyr. Is of little value to the heart.

Ad. Have you a heart too? I thought it was your duty to renounce it, when you received the tonsure.

Cyr. My duty! Yes. Yet it will often rebel against my inclination. All these oaths and ceremonies are but a farce, to catch the multitude. The church is not so cruel to her children. To be an example to the world we must appear to be poor, chaste, and obedient. But to require, that, in private too, this path should be inviolable, were to magnify the monk to an angel.

Ad. (Seriously) You teach a doctrine which I never heard before.

Cyr. Noble lady, understand me right. I mean to say, the virtue of a mortal must be reckoned in proportion to his strength. I myself can solemnly swear, that since I wore this sacred garb, I never have departed from my duty. (With increasing tenderness) But there are master pieces of creation, to which all vows, and all religion are in vain opposed, where the eye forgets

itself, the mouth becomes a liar in its prayer, and the heart enters on its rights.

Ade. (With cold humility) Reverend abbot let us return to the knights.

Cyr. No, noble lady. That I must not suffer. My looks must long have been no riddle to you. Long have I been unable to conceal my trouble and confusion. Your image follows me to the mass, the confession-chair, and to the altar. *(Seizes her hand)* Fair lady, I love you.

Ade. (With the full sensation of that dignity which is the constant companion of virtue) What have I done, sir, that has inspired you with audacity to make so infamous a declaration? Have I ever been forgetful of my duty? Have I ever borne the semblance of a painted harlot? Have my eyes ever wandered round me? Has any unguarded word ever betrayed an unchaste heart?—And you dare to avow your love to me—dare, in the presence of God, surrounded by the spirits of my husband's ancestors, to attack that nuptial fidelity which I vowed in *your* hands.

Cyr. Be not enraged, fair lady——

Ade. Enraged! No. I despise you, and haste into Sir Theobald's arms, that I may complain of the indignity, which has so daringly been offered to the companion of his bed.

Cyr. (Hindering her attempts to go) Hold, Adelaide! as yet my eye is beaming with affection. You know how nearly a rejected passion is allied to hatred, and revenge. Beware!

Ade. Leave me sinner! Thou art a dishonour to thy habit, and cover'st villainy with the venerable mantle of religion.

Cyr. (Holding her fast) With a single epithet I can annihilate thee.

Ade. Where can slander find an epithet, able to annihilate virtue?

Cyr. Incestuous.

Ade. You have lost your senses.

Cyr. Thou art thy brother's wife.

Ade. You have lost your senses.

Cyr. Never were they clearer. Thou need'st but ask

old Bertram. Thou need'st but ask thy (what shall I call him father-in-law.) At once wife and sister—at once aunt and mother. A goodly family in truth!—

Ade. Forget not, sir, that you must render full account of what you now declare.

Cyr. Account! Why not? Do you suppose that there is any want of proofs? One word may suffice. You are the offspring of a happy hour, in which Sir Hugo revelled on the charms of some poor wench. Bertram was but your foster father. The heathens carried him away, and you become your brother's wife.

Ade. This is too much. Remember that I am a wife and mother, that you are plunging a soul into despair. Retract your dreadful declaration, or produce some testimony of its truth.

Cyr. Are you not satisfied with the confession of old Bertram, which he, tormented by his conscience, has entrusted to my ear?

Ade. Heavens! It is not—cannot be.

Cyr. 'Tis even thus, fair lady, Yet need you feel no fear, while I remain your friend. Collect yourself. All may yet be well. Away with that rigid look! Learn to know and esteem my heart. You can no longer be Sir Theobald's wife. I must report what has happened to the holy chair at Rome, but you well know, that all depends upon the mode in which I report it. I will contrive, that instead of being punished, you shall be fixed in the neighbouring nunnery at Siegmar, for your life.—This nunnery, my beautiful Adelaide, is by a subterraneous road, connected with my abbey. The abbess is my friend. You shall want nothing, and your affectionate Cyrillus will esteem himself a happy man, in sweetening your solitary hours.

Ade. Scum of infamy! hence, thou infernal hypocrite! Revere my misery! Revere the sufferings of virtue—Thou never shalt degrade me to a deed unworthy of that title.

Cyr. Exasperate me not. Remember that your fate rests in my hands.

Ade. Say in the hands of God.

Cyr. Do you still resist my love? Are you determined

to drag me by compulsion to a vengeance the most horrible ?

Ad. Begone, villain ! Obey the devil, whom thou servest.

Cyr. Enough ! As you are deaf to the voice of a friend, hearken to the priest of God—In the name of the crucified, I pronounce damnation on you ! In the church I pronounce its ban upon you ! Cursed be Theobald, and his incestuous wife ! Cursed be their children, and their children's children ! Let no true believer have compassion on their hunger and their thirst. Let fire and water be denied them through the holy Roman empire ! Let him be defiled who dares to touch them ! Let this castle, the seat of rank abomination, be demolished, and not one stone left upon another ! Let the armour of the knight be broken at his feet ! Let him and the partner of his infamy be chained together to a pile of wood, and vomit forth their sinful souls amidst the flames, to the glory of God's commandments ! Then, head-strong being, when the fire shall have reached thy hair, and when the smoke already chokes thy utterance, then call in vain for succour and relief to the despised Cyrillus. With the smile of satisfied revenge, I'll listen to thee, and withdraw the glowing coals, to feast upon thy lengthened sufferings. (*Goes.*)

Ad. Heavens ! what is the meaning of all this ?—My joints totter—My head swims—I cannot yet conceive the horrors of my situation. I fancy all a dream—and look around for some kind soul who can relieve me from it. But in vain !——Whichever way I look—or here—or there—despair is standing with a ghastly grin.—Bertram's dubious conduct now too plainly verifies the dire assertion !——Oh ! from the summit of happiness and peace, thus, in a moment, plunged into the bottomless abiss of desolation !——Nor I alone—my husband—children—Heavens !—My children !—Is there then no possibility of saving them ?—will not *one* sacrifice atone for all to God and to the church ? I am ready—I'll fly into the deserts—waste my life in dreary solitude—mourn in distant cloisters—mercy only, mercy on Theobald, and his guiltless children !—On me alone fall the vengeance of the Lord !—against me alone, who, forgetful of myself, dared to exchange the

lowly cottage for the grandeur of the castle, he the son of the Lord stretched out—not against him, that generous youth, who, in the fullness of affection, led a poor orphan to his bridal chamber, and now finds the grave of his repose in the arms of his sister!—Away! away! Adelaide, through night and darkness—Haste! Thy ill-starred wounded feet can no longer support thee!—Away to desert!—Bury thyself within some holy convent, that he may never hear thy name again—Alas! 'tis all in vain!—This hypocrite, this monk pronounced a curse upon my children, and my children's children—A mother's wretched fate will not alone content him: He will annihilate us all!—Oh! to whom may I, without sin, confide my misery?—but soft! who comes?—Away! away! away! into the garden! Every one who dwells within this castle is a companion in my guilt!

(As she is going, she encounters Bertram, and sinks with a shriek to the earth.)

Ber. Oh! the unhappy creature knows already!—*(throws himself at her side and endeavours to revive her)*—My daughter! My dear daughter!

Ade. *(recovering)* Ah! Repeat that name!—Give me life again—Declare once more I am your daughter.

(BERTRAM silently raises her.)

(Seizes his hand hastily) Come hither, father! It was false. Was it not?—That Monk is full of poison.—Poisonous wicked lies!—Were they not, my father?

(BERTRAM is silent.)

You do not answer. Perhaps you do not understand my words—He has dared to say that I am not your daughter—and I love you so tenderly!

(BERTRAM attempts to speak, but cannot.)

You want to speak. I understand you. 'Twas silly to torment myself for such a reason.—Your Adelaide is but a child.

(BERTRAM throws his arms round her neck, and sobs.)

With what affection do you share your daughter's grief!—Who can now doubt that you are my father?—Peace! Peace!—'twas but a phantom!—'Tis past, and I am well again.

(BERTRAM turns away, raises his hands, and prays in silence.)

He is praying. I ought not to disturb him. But my heart! My heart! It will burst from my bosom. Dear father! Let me only hear one syllable. With one single syllable I will be content. I own that my alarm is folly, yet—think—your child is now before you.

(BERTRAM sobs and continues to pray.)

Good heavens! Is it then so difficult but once to call me daughter? While I was little, when at any time you held me on your knee, and I was playing with your beard, I've often heard you say: "Dear child, thou art my only joy." And now surely I cannot have offended you.—Oh, quick!—Call me your daughter!—Quick! my father! Think but, if that were true which the vile monk declared—Your poor Adelaide—and the poor little children—

(BERTRAM remains in his former position, weeps bitterly, and is scarce able to stand.)

(Raising her voice to the highest pitch of anguish)—Yet speak!—Father! father!—Oh! speak to me!—(shaking him) Call me daughter! For God's sake! call me daughter!

Ber. (falling to the earth) No! Thou art not my daughter!

Ade. (wringing her hands in despair: bursts through a side door into the garden) Oh, God! Oh, God!

Ber. (raising himself with difficulty) The cup is empty to its last dregs. I'll follow her. Despair has hurried her away, and may perhaps lead her to the edge of

some steep precipice, or to the river's brink. I'll follow her, and if my search be vain, plunge after her. (Goes.)

Sir HUGO, Sir THEOBALD, and CYRILL enter.

Hu. (in jocund humour) How, reverend abbot! could you vanish thus, ere you had pledged a welcome to me, in the goblet ornamented with my arms? You pious men, are not in general averse to wine.

Cyr. Wine cheers the heart of man. My heart is blithering, and is dead to every joy.

Hu. Alas! what may have happened to it?

Cyr. The abominations of the world have wounded it.

Hu. Oh! think not of them. The world will neither go worse nor better than it did a thousand years since, and will, another thousand hence. It turns round, and stumbles over good and bad. The bad we generally ourselves throw in its way.

Cyr. Sir knight, detain me not. The bell has rung for vesper.

Hu. No longer than is needful to present you with some gifts, which I collected for your abbey when in Palestine: A thorn twig from the crown of Christ, green and unwithered: a splinter of the holy cross, on which a drop of blood has fallen, that no hand is able to wash off—And a piece of the garment, for which the soldiers cast lots. Enter, and receive these reliques from the hands of my son.

Cyr. Not from his, nor from your hands, Sir knight.

Hu. No!—Well—as you please. What has entered your head now?

Cyr. Have you patience to hear me?

Hu. Yes, if you be not too tedious. For, the wine sparkles in the cup.

Cyr. Stretched at midnight, sleepless in my cell, I felt a strange oppression at my breast, and big drops stood upon my clay cold brow.

Hu. You had eat too much before you went to bed.

Cyr. Scoffer! know that I speak in the name of the Almighty. Already I had prepared to leave my couch, and enter on some penance, when suddenly a more than mortal light illuminated my cell. I lighted up my eyes,

and lo, the angel of the Lord stood before me in snow-white raiment. His forehead was covered with a cloud. In his right hand he held a sword. Then I fell down on my face, and prayed.

Hu. (Smiling) Well! what said the heavenly messenger?

Cyr. (Significantly) He said: "Among thy flock are tainted sheep, and from the hand of the shepherd, shall I require their souls in the last day."

Hu. Was this all?

Cyr. (More significantly) He said: "Sin has lifted up her head. The seed of destruction has taken root. The dark ages, which went before the flood, are come again."

Hu. Well! Further!

Cyr. (Rivetting his eyes upon him) He said: "Men have transgressed the holy law of marriage. They have become the seducers of innocence, and have given their daughters to be wives unto their sons."

HUGO and THEOBALD are thunderstruck.

Now, sir knight! why thus altered? Whither is your sportive scoffing humour fled? Will you hear me more? He said: "Arise! Arm thyself with the church's ban. Report this abomination to the sacred representatives of Saint Peter, that he may snatch the incestuous wife from her brother's arms, that he may destroy all, which has been generated in the lap of sin, that he may utterly extinguish this race which is a shame unto the righteous, that he may give both the root and branches to the flames, and scatter the ashes to the four winds of Heaven."

[Goes.
Hu. (After a pause) We are lost, my son. God has given us into the hands of a blood-thirsty monk.

The. Heavens! How is it possible——

Hu. How! Bertram is perjured—that is evident. The appearance of the angel is a pious fraud.

The. Then shall this sword be plunged into the hoary traitor's——

Hu. Hold, my son! First rescue, then revenge.

The. Alas! How is rescue possible? He is gone, to

bellow forth our wretched story, poisoned with all his rancour, to the fanatic priests at Rome. Nothing now remains, but to close the gates of our castle, and fight till its huge walls shall fall upon our heads.

Hu. No, My son. That were only unavailing rashness. The Roman church will call on every knight throughout the empire. All our neighbours, friends, relations, *must* direct their arms against us. What can'st *thou* oppose to such a force?

The. Resolution to die. Resolution, with this hand, to slay my wife and children, and then to bury myself beneath the ruins of our castle.

Hu. 'Tis well. I rejoice to find thou art a man. Be this our last resource.

The. Our last and only resource. I hasten to make preparations, to provide ourselves with victuals, to repair our walls, collect my followers——

Hu. Be not so rash, my son. (*Reflecting*) Has fate, then, left no other means?

The. None but ignominious flight.

Hu. Ignominious! Why ignominious? Is a hero less courageous, if he forsake the uncertain shelter of an oak, because the approaching lightning threatens to rend it from its base?

The. Enough! Let us fly. Let us turn our backs upon this castle, and, in some distant country, seek a hut large enough to hold a loving couple, small enough to escape the eyes of our pursuers.—Heavens! What a thought darts across my mind!—Mistivoi! Honest! old Mistivoi! (*Draws out the half of the ring*) My father, this token of hospitality was given me by a heathen. Little did I imagine, I so soon should use it.

Ha. No, my son. Flight brings us no nearer to our purpose——*peace*. Flight is impossible, at least so long as Adelaide is unprepared. What pretence could'st thou urge for her following thee? To conceal the truth from her would be impossible, and to disclose it, highly dangerous. Thou know'st my thoughts upon this subject. She is a woman.

The. True—but a woman far above her sex; noble and exalted in her sentiments, pious without superstition,

stedfast, and resolute in danger. And do you reckon nothing in her love for me?

Hu. All, my son. But thou know'st not how firmly prejudices, which have been instilled in childhood, are rooted in the soul of woman, and the more firmly, the less they are loosened by an acquaintance with the world. Hast thou not to-day confessed to me, thyself, that it was only the last bloody scene of desolation, which had proved to thee the cruelty and injustice of excursions for our church?—No. I have hit upon another plan. Thou know'st, that, to defray the expences of my journey to the holy land, I mortgaged Kappach and Simmern to the abbey. Let us find the abbot, and, as the price of secrecy, make him a full donation of these two villages. The avarice of a priest will secure to us what zeal for God's honour never will tolerate.

The. But how, if he refuse——

Hu. 'Twill then be soon enough to think of other means. Come! Let us haste, ere in the rage of blind fanaticism, he has roused against us, the whole body of the church. (*As he goes*) Fool that I was, to think that I could bribe a monk with reliques! As if they wanted help to make as many as they pleased!—— [*They go*]

The stage remains clear for a few minutes. ADELAIDE, with dishevelled hair, downcast head, and cheeks pale as death, slowly enters the saloon. A wild rolling of her eyes, and, at intervals, a faint contracted smile, betray the absence of her reason.

Ade. Still am I left alone.—Every living creature shuns me.—I was in the garden :—The birds flew from me :—Not a butterfly came near me :—Every flower I touched sunk shrivelled to the ground.—I looked towards Heaven :—The sun withdrew behind a cloud.—What is to become of me?—I am the most desolate wretch on earth.—Who will have pity enough to kill me?—(*Looking wildly at the pictures*) What men are these around me, with swords girt on their sides?—All stare at me,—and yet the blades start not from their scabbards. (*Kneeling before the picture nearest to her*) Have com-

passion on me, thou that lookest so sternly at me!—Rid the earth of a monster!—Or, if thou think thy sword too noble to be stained with my incestuous blood, lift up that foot, and, with its iron armour, tread on my neck, as on a poisonous worm.—I ask in vain!—'Tis my doom, to linger here, a prey to all the agonies of conscience.—If I could but prey—if any one would but prey for me.—Where are my children?—(*Shuddering*) Children! Have I children?—Have I a husband?—I am not a mother.—I cannot be a mother.—What I have born has been the brood of hell. Satan's grin was mingled with the first smile of my babes.—Guide them hither, great Avenger, that I may sprinkle these massy walls with their brains, collect their scattered limbs, consume their bones with fire, and give them to the hurricane, to sweep the dust aloft!—(*Sinks exhausted upon a seat.—A pause.*) Where am I?—My eyes are dim.—Methinks it must be evening.—All is so still—so still!—No bird is singing.—Not a gnat is humming.—The sun sets.—To-morrow, perhaps, he will throw his earliest beams upon my grave, and kiss a tear from my dear brother's cheek.—Where will they dig my grave?—Beneath the lime-trees towards the East?—Oh no!—Among the nettles, under the wall of our church-yard.—They will fix a small black cross upon it.—“The Lord have mercy on her soul.”—Yes.—Die—I will die—I, and my poor children. Without him I *cannot* live; with him I *must not* live.—God will judge us. He will cleanse their tainted souls for millions of years in purgatory, and, at last, receive the innocents among his angels.—The idea dawns.—To die!—No evil spirit has inspired that thought. (*Kneels*) Holy mother of God! Behold, a sinner kneels before thee in the dust! Mercifully deign to look upon me, and if the dark design of death, which broods within my soul, be not the delusion of my own brain, or the instigation of the tempter, oh! vouchsafe some miracle to me, thy handmaid! Steel my breast, nerve my hand, and arm me with some instrument of murder, that I may discover, thou art with me!

WILIBALD and OTTOMAR enter.

Wil. (with a dagger in his hand) Mother ! mother ! look at this dagger—My grandfather took it from the Saracens—See how it glitters.

Ade. (dreadfully alarmed) I am heard !

Wil. Only look, mother ! only look !

(ADELAIDE rises trembling, starts at WILIBALD, walks slowly to him as if intending to catch something by surprise, and snatches the dagger from his hand.)

(Affrighted) Dear mother it's sharp !

Ade. Is it so ?

(She looks wildly at the dagger, at her children, and then again at the dagger. By degrees her wildness softens into sorrow. She heaves deep sighs, and at length weeps.)

Ott. (creeping to her and fawning) Dear mother, what's the matter ?

Wil. Are you ill, dear mother ?

Ade. Ill ! very ill—weak, very weak. Blessed mother of the Crucified, complete thy miracle ! Oh strengthen me !

Ott. (pulls Wilibald sorrowfully) Come brother !

Wil. Come, and let us pray for my mother. *(going.)*

Ade. (hastily intercepting their way) Whither would you go ?—Back !—*(Drags them to the front of the stage)* Back ! spawn of hell !—This arm is consecrated by the Lord—Ah ! Ye shall not escape it. Immortal strength is given to this hand !—Tremble !—Your hour is come !

Ott. (creeping behind Wilibald) Oh brother ! What does she mean ?

Wil. Dear mother ! my father will be coming soon—Let us go to meet him.

Ade. Father, said'st thou ?—Who is thy father ?—Ha ! Viper !—Must thou still recal it to my mind ? *(lifts*

—Hold ! Come higher, Wulfbald—Come in—
—Tell me—Have you said your prayers

O! yes, dear mother.

What was your prayer ?

That God would be merciful to us.

(*bursts into tears*) God be merciful to you !

You're crying, dear mother.

Answer me further. Have you, since you said
that, done nothing wrong ?

I've done nothing wrong, I'm sure, mother.

Ott. (*stammering*) I— I— I stole a bird's egg from one of
the village boys.

Ade. Kneel down and ask God's forgiveness.

Ott. (*kneels*) Give me : for I'll give him
all the first next I find.

Ade. (*in a tremor*) 'Tis done !—The moment
is arrived—Guide me to God !—Let me but reach
the heart at once— I may not see the struggles—that
I may now hear the groans—A—away ! away ! Quick ! (*She
flies at*—*her dagger, and sinks at his
feet dead*—*her dagger falls from her hand.*
*She throws her arms round the children, presses them
close to her heart, and weeps bitterly.*)

Both. (*hanging on her neck and carressing her*) Dear
mother !

A!/. In vain does the stern sense of duty exact the
murder of these sweet innocents. They are the fruit of
infamy, an abomination both to God and man. Look !
ye inexorable judges, look at this guiltless smiling face—
In truth, if Satan be concealed behind this mask, no won-
der he so easily seduces saints. This child has robb'd
another of an egg. This is the heaviest transgression,
and he heartily repents it.

Ott, I do indeed, dear mother.

Ade. He has prayed too, this morning. His prayer
was not the gabble of a vile dissembling monk. 'Twas
that pure praise, which God has prepared for himself,
from the mouths of infants. No—in the eye of God, you
are forgiven, you and your parents : for they knew not

what they did. Come, children,—Help your mother to seek consolation in your father's arms. (*As she is going, she suddenly starts trembling back*) Woe be upon me! What am I about to do? Some infernal spirit is trying to delude me—is trying to rob me of my last and only consolation—happiness hereafter. 'Till now I have been ignorant, and the mercy of my judge will pardon me. But the next embrace must be eternal death—In vain does the tempter whisper to me: "'Tis but fraternal love. A sister sure may clasp a brother to her heart." Begone, ye lures to sin!—I cannot command my heart. 'Tis the heart of a fond loving wife—a sister's love is foreign to it.—God has passed his heaviest denunciation upon incest.—Did not the abbot say this?—Did he not curse me and my children?—Did not the holy Virgin arm me by a miracle?—Was it not the finger of the Highest, which pointed to the sacrifice, ordained to be offered to him by my hands?—Oh temporal and eternal welfare of my children, the most sacred of a mother's cares, what will become of you, if, in this hour my strength forsakes me?—Come nearer, my pretty ones. Tell me what you mean to do, should you ever become men?

Wil. I'll be a brave knight, like my father.

Ott. So will I, mother.

Wil. I'll do good to the poor, protect widows and orphans, and rescue the oppressed: for my father says, these are the duties of a knight.

Ott. I'll do all this too, mother.

Ade. Will you indeed?—Alas! no. You never can be knights—No one will engage with you—No one will draw his sword against you—Your name will be erased from heraldry—The badge will be torn from your helmets—Your horses will be slain—Your armour broken, and your shield trodden upon. Overwhelmed with ignominy, you will fly the lists, and curse the breasts which gave you suck. You will take refuge in deserts and in forests: will turn your backs on the demesnes of your forefathers, and be pursued into every quarter by the church's ban—The pious man will strike a cross when he espies you at a distance—The dastardly assassin will, unpunish-

ed, plunge a dagger in your hearts, and give your carcases for food to ravenous vultures—No—(*seizes the dagger*) No! Rather shall you perish by a mother's hand—Never shall any base poltroon be able to attack you!—Never shall your name be marked with infamy! Never shall whispering slander tell your mother's crime! Ye shall not wander in the wilderness, scratching the earth for food, suing to the clouds of heaven for drink, cursing the creator and your own existence. My soul was pure and undefiled when I conceived you. My soul is pure and undefiled in this sad hour—Oh God, their spirits came from thee. Thou gavest them to me. Take them back, and hereafter let me find thee at thy throne (*quivering and almost beyond herself*) Why do you tremble, children?—Why do you look at me so fearfully?—Do not tremble—You will be happy—You have prayed—You have done nothing wrong—Come hither, Wilibald,—Embrace me—Embrace your mother once again.

Wil. (embracing her) Dear mother—

Ade. (plunges the dagger into his back to the hilt)—Farewell! beloved child, farewell!

(*WILIBALD sinks, with a faint groan, at his mother's feet, writhes his body, and expires.*)

Ott. (shuddering) Oh, my brother!

Ade. (fixing her eye instantly upon the corpse) There! 'tis done! But another struggle!—But one convulsion more!—Now he's dead—the spirit gone—its tenement momentary—There soars the liberated soul—Its chains are broken—A more than mortal lustre folds it—And see—an angel takes charge of him—leads him with friendly guidance to the throne of God—There he stands!—Sweet babe!—Why art thou there alone?—Where is thy brother?

Ott. (who in the mean time has crept into a corner, kneels, and raises his little hands) Dear mother, let me live?

Ade. (violently startled) Ha !—What sobs in the dark there ?—Speak !—Answer me !

Ott. (in a tone of supplication) It's little Ottomar.

Ade. Thou still here ! and alone !—Where is thy brother ?

Ott. Oh !—There he lies.

Ade. 'Tis false !—Canst thou not hear his call ? Art thou deaf to thy brother's voice ?

Ott. I hear nothing, dear mother.

Ade. Hark !—Again—And now a third time ! Look up ! He is smiling on us—He beckons ; He calls !—Quick ! Quick ! follow him.

(She stabs him in the breast several times.)

Ott. (strikes both hands upon the wound, and creeps towards her on his knees) Oh ! Mother ! Oh ! poor little Ottomar—

Ade. Away, basilisk ! *(stabs him once more—he falls and dies)* Ha ! that was well aimed : that hit the vital part ! He moves no more !—Not one more sigh—Triumph—Triumph—I have torn them from the claws of Satan—There they hover hand in hand—Their voice is hymns of praise, their raiment light—Triumph—Triumph—I laugh at the church's ban, and at its threats—The sacrifice is offered. God look down, well pleased. *(throws the dagger from her)* Away !—Away—to chapel--Away to supplication and thanksgiving—*(spies blood upon her hands)* Hold ! This is blood—Thus I dare not pass the thresholds of the temple---Thus stained with blood, I dare not sprinkle myself with consecrated water, nor strike the token of the holy cross upon my bosom—I will wash myself—I will go down to the well, where my beloved waits. *(Stumbles against Wilibald)* What is this ?—Gently ! Gently ! Hist ! The children are asleep—Oh that I may not have been too loud—See !—This poor boy must have some horrid dream---His mouth seems contorted, as if he were in pain---Poor child ! The gnats will not suffer him to sleep---They have stung him till he bleeds—Stop ! Stop ! *(tears off her veil and covers Wilibald)* There, little slumber-

er ! Sleep in peace ! But what have I left for this ?----
 Shall I for this boy's sake, tear my veil ?---Is it not large
 enough to cover both ?---Why do you lie at such a dis-
 tance from each other, as if some storm had cast you hi-
 ther ? ?---Let me bring this close to his brother---Gently
 ---softly, that he may not wake-----

*[She carefully lifts up the body of OTTOMAR, lays it
 near that of his brother, kneels, covers both with the veil,
 and is busy in observing on every side that no hale is left.]*

Sir HUGO and Sir THEOBALD enter.

The. What art thou doing, Adelaide ?

Adc. Hist ! Hist ! I have sung the boys to sleep.

(She raises the veil and discovers the bloody bodies.)

The. Jesus Maria !

*(He staggers backward to the nearest pillar, against
 which he leans, without strength. His whole frame qui-
 vers. His countenance is horribly convulsed. His eyes
 are rivetted upon the bodies, and he sheds not a tear.)*

Hu. Heavens ! Too late ! Wretched being ! What
 hast thou done ?

*(He stands with both hands claspt, and fixed to the
 spect.)*

Adc. *(with the smile and air of insanity)* I sung a pret-
 ty hymn---The holy Virgin taught me---and while I sung
 the sweet boys dropped asleep.

Hu. Alas ! She raves ! ---

Adc. Hist !---Speak lower, grey-beard---I'll go into the
 garden---I'll pluck flowers---violets, roses, pinks and
 lilies. I'll scatter them upon my cherubs---and when
 they wake, with pleasant odours round them, they will
 reward their mother with a kiss for all her care---Sit down
 here, old man-----Beware, lest any breath of wind disturb

the veil----Or any gnat come near to sting them---Hush!
----In a moment I return----

*Hu. (after a pause, looks at his son, then at the bodies,
and then towards heaven) Almighty God! Oh, let this
sacrifice to superstitious madness, be the last, and receive
these guiltless souls among thy holy host of angels!*

(He kneels and blesses the children. The curtain falls.)

FINIS.

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